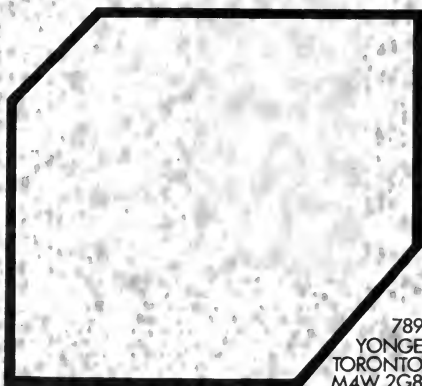


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CANADIAN MAGAZINE

**OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,
ART AND LITERATURE**



VOL. XXIX

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIX

TORONTO, MAY, 1907

No. 1

The Eccentricities of Genius

By O. J. STEVENSON

Affording a contrast in the attitude of Dickens and Wordsworth towards a proposed memorial of the poet Cowper.



R. GOLDWIN SMITH has quite properly observed that while Charles Dickens, by airing his domestic infelicities in *Punch*, showed that he was capable of doing degrading things, he must, nevertheless, have possessed redeeming virtues or he never could have produced so genuinely good a book as "The Christmas Carol." And yet we find Dickens by his own hand refusing point blank to sympathise with a proposal to erect in Westminster Abbey a tablet to the memory of William Cowper, poet. Of course, there was nothing degrading in the refusal, but it is reasonable to suppose that a man possessed of the wide range of sympathies of which Dickens has left unmistakable proofs would have gladly given a helping hand to perpetuate the name of a fellow-craftsman. Nor can it be said that Dickens was unkind to Cowper's memory, for many persons could have readily agreed with him that the proper place to erect a tablet to the memory of a modest, unostentatious man like Cowper was the retired churchyard wherein his bones had been reverently laid. Wordsworth was not of these. The beloved poet of nature expressed genuine sympathy with those who wished to honour Cowper, and he even offered to increase the amount of his contribution should it be found necessary. Dickens' refusal to contribute to this object is best presented in his own words, as addressed

to Mr. Adam White, a distinguished scientist of the middle of last century, who was from 1835 to 1861 curator of the Zoological Department of the British Museum*:

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. White, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of his obliging communication. Apart from considerations of selection and preference which arise in the case of such a proposal as Mr. White's, and which might perhaps suggest to Mr. Dickens that there are other English writers besides Cowper as yet unrecognised in Westminster Abbey, who have at least as strong a claim on public gratitude and remembrance. Mr. Dickens fears he cannot forward the object in view, for he has resolved never to subscribe to any monument to a man of genius, which cannot be contemplated by the people of this country, who speak the language in which he wrote, free from any charge and at leisure.

1 Devonshire Terrace,

Yorkside, Regent's Park.

Second October, 1847.

How very different is Wordsworth's letter on the same subject:

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for mentioning to me your project of having a tablet placed in Westminster Abbey to the memory of the Poet Cowper, and I hope you will put my name down as a subscriber. As his works are so popular among his countrymen, there can be little doubt that, with

*The letters and autographs reproduced in connection with this article are now in the possession of Mr. David White, of Toronto.

due pains taken, a sum sufficient may be raised by a subscription at the rate you propose, namely, five shillings a head. Should it not prove so, more would be contributed by many persons, in which number I wish to be reckoned. I have already received five shillings as a subscription for this purpose from my friend John Monkhouse, Esq., of the Stow Hereford (?), and if you will take the trouble to call upon Mr. Moxon, at 44 Dover St., when it falls in your way, he will pay you five shillings

for myself and friend upon your showing him this part of my letter.

I remain, dear sir, your obliged,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

September 13th, 1847.

Another letter of Wordsworth's that is of much interest, is dated May 22, 1846. It is interesting, not because it contains any important facts or ideas, but because it gives us a glimpse of Wordsworth him-

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his
compliments to Mr. White, and begs
to acknowledge the receipt of his
obliging communication. apart from
considerations of selection and
preference, which arise in the case of
such a proposal as Mr. White's, and
which might perhaps suggest to Mr.
Dickens that there are other English
writers besides Cowper as yet unrecognized
in Westminster Abbey, who have
at least as strong a claim on public
gratitude and remembrance. Mr.
Dickens fears he cannot forward
the subject in view. For he has resolved
never to subscribe to any monument

self, and shows his practical interest in the "weeds" of Rydal Mount, which is, of course, "the small-pleasure ground" which he speaks of. Wordsworth has been described as having absolutely no sense of humour—but is there not a suggestion of amusement at least, in his mention of the American traveller in the last paragraph? The letter is, in part, as follows:

*and simply tell her ~~that~~ that
your book is no collection of
Extracts of Poetry, but a Bk
of Natural History. I shall be
glad to see your memoir at
your convenience*

Believe me

sincerely yours

Wm Wordsworth

WORDSWORTH'S HANDWRITING SHOWS THE EARMARKS OF GENIUS

You do not appear to have received a packet of flowers, wild ones I mean, that grow in my small pleasure ground. I sent it per post about three weeks ago, and also a letter. Thank you for your insect tract, which I read with much pleasure. I am surprised that this communication has not reached you, for it was carefully dispatched through our post office.

Seventeen steps lead down from a platform in front of my house into a part of the little pleasure ground. The front of each of those steps is beautifully decorated with small wild flowers, of which I send a specimen, the wild geranium, Red Robin, a favourite flower of mine, and also one of the Ferns; these are all of course self sown; and would you believe it, an American Traveller once rather reproved me for not clearing away these weeds, as he called them. By the bye, in what consists the difference between a weed and a flower?

Believe me, my dear sir, sincerely yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

The white geranium which I send also from my garden is very rare in this country; it was transplanted by a friend of mine from the only place in the country where it is found. It gives me much pleasure to

put you in possession of this flower. How my other package failed to reach you I cannot conceive.

Another letter of Wordsworth's in the collection, is dated "Rydal Mount, Christmas Eve, 1844," and is interesting on account of a couple of clerical errors which it contains. The reader will notice that the "Sir" is missing in the introduction. The poet had evidently been called away after writing "Dear," and overlooked the omission on resuming the letter. Then, too, it will rejoice the hearts of the unlettered to observe that even the great William Wordsworth spelt "believe" with "ei" instead of "ie." The same error occurs in the preceding letter also, showing that it is not a matter of accident. By the way, I wonder if the "Mummers" or "Waits" visited Rydal Mount on this particular Christmas Eve.

RYDAL MOUNT, Christmas Eve, 1844.

DEAR,—I should deem it an honour to have any extracts from my poems inserted in

*affectionately
Oct. 31. 79.
Wm Cowper.*

WILLIAM COWPER'S WRITING IS AT LEAST LEGIBLE

*I am yours very truly
Dante G. Rossetti.*

THE AUTOGRAPH OF A FAMOUS PAINTER,
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

If you think necessary, you may enclose this note to him and simply tell him your book is no collection of Extract Poetry, but a Book of Natural History. I shall be glad to see your memoir at your convenience.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

such a book, as I have no doubt yours will prove. But as Mr. Moxon has a part interest in the profits of my volumes, it would be as well to ask his permission and to let him know that I have readily granted mine.

The following letter from Browning is addressed to F. O. Ward, Esq., and is dated by Mr. White in pencil as being written in 1852. The Brownings had spent the summer of 1852

Robert Browning 26 Devonshire St.
author of Paracelsus Wednesday 29.
My dear Ward, 1852

I leave to-morrow & shall not see you - (unless at Paris, who can say?) Here are my books, commended to your kindness - & I hope a little worthier of it than in their first form. (Direct to Paris)
If you can give me a letter to Mr. Forges (& Mad^e F.) telling them that besides being Poets we are good simple folk in want of lodgings near the Madeleine - that will be one more favor to
30. Yours ever faithfully
R. B. Browning

ALL WHO DOUBT THAT BROWNING HAD GENIUS SHOULD
CONSIDER THE EVIDENCE OF HIS HANDWRITING

in London, and returned to Florence in the autumn.

26 Devonshire St.,

Wednesday Ev'g.

MY DEAR WARD,—I leave to-morrow and shall not see you (unless at Paris, who can say?) Here are my books commended to your kindness, and I hope a little worthier of it than in their first form.

If you can give me a letter direct to Paris to Mr. Forgues (and Mad. F.) telling them that besides being Poets, we are good simple folk in want of lodgings near the Madeleine, that will be one more favour to

Yours ever faithfully,

R. BROWNING.

Two letters in Mr. White's collections with which I was particularly delighted were those of Tennyson, written in 1866, and Coventry Patmore, written in 1865. These letters are both sent in reply to an enquiry of Mr. White's as to their opinion of the value of natural history as a subject of the school course; and it must be gratifying to the advocates of the teaching of nature study in the present day, to know that, over forty years ago, two such men as Tennyson and Coventry Patmore gave it such hearty encouragement. The letter of Coventry Patmore,



MR. ADAM WHITE

Who promoted the proposed Cowper memorial

From a pencil sketch by Norman Macbeth

which comes first in point of time, is as follows:

BRITISH MUSEUM,

Dec. 4, 1865.

MY DEAR WHITE,—I and my children have been delighted with your lucubrations in natural history. I entirely think with you as to the utility of obtaining, if possible, a place for natural history in the ordinary educational course. It is a study of which even a smattering is an advantage. Almost everything one learns concerning our fellow creatures of the field and air increases our friendship for them and our pleasure in their society. Some day you must come and see my bird cage; it contains fifty-four little fellows from all parts of

I remain

Dear Sir

with great estimation

Yours

Thos Campbell

To W. Wordsworth Esq.

THOMAS CAMPBELL'S HANDWRITING

the world, living together on excellent terms.

Yours most truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

In his love of birds and animals, Patmore evidently was scarcely less enthusiastic than Rossetti, who had a regular menagerie of tame "pets" in his back yard. Patmore's letter, it will be noted, was written only a few weeks before he retired from the position of Assistant

Librarian at the British Museum. Mr. White had already retired in 1861.

The letter of Tennyson, which follows, is much more formal in tone, as Mr. White was evidently not on terms of such close intimacy with Tennyson as with Patmore:

January 26th, 1866.

DEAR SIR,—I much regret that, owing to a somewhat prolonged absence from home when your letter reached Farringford, and a

remedy if he be aware
of even a small portion
of the mystery and might
of the Nature that
surrounds him. They may
learn this practically—
I ~~shall~~ remember our
meeting at The British
Museum—~~I think~~—
I thank you for your little book
I am dear Sir

Truly yours
Tennyson

consequent accumulation of letters which made the answering of all impossible, and obliged me to answer those first which required an immediate reply, I have not yet told you how heartily I agree with you in the desirableness of encouraging the study of Natural History, especially among children, whose eye can be so easily educated to observe, and where restless natures must have some occupation, and that too likely harmful if not good, at an age when nothing can be indifferent, if indeed at any age anything can be really indifferent. The dullest country can scarcely be dull, if as in man the human being can look with seeing eye on the things around him; the most difficult outward circumstances can hardly be without remedy if he be aware of even a small portion of the mystery and might of the nature that surrounds him. They ought to learn this practically. I remember our meeting at the British Museum. I thank you for your little book.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,
A. TENNYSON.

The remaining letters from authors, in the collection, are less interesting, being, in most cases, merely formal notes, of which the following from Campbell and Rossetti may serve as illustrations.

The letter from Campbell, which is

addressed to Wordsworth, is unfortunately not dated. It is as follows:

MY DEAR SIR,—Will you excuse me for taking the liberty of introducing to you my countryman, the celebrated sculptor, Mr. Park. He is ambitious of taking your bust. I remain, dear sir,

With great estimation, yours,
To W. Wordsworth, Esq. THOS. CAMPBELL.

The final letter, or rather note, is written by Rossetti to Mrs. Coventry Patmore. Rossetti was at this time a young man of twenty-five, but had already published "The Blessed Damosel," and had helped to found the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Coventry Patmore was thirty years of age, and had been married some six years when this note was written.

14 CHATHAM PLACE,
BLACKFRIAR'S BRIDGE,
Friday, January 14th, 1853.

MY DEAR MRS. PATMORE,—I fear I shall be prevented from availing myself of your kind invitation for Tuesday, for which pray accept my best thanks.

Hoping that all your family are well,

I am, yours very truly,
DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

on excellent terms.

Yours most truly

Coventry Patmore

Adam White, Esq

HOW COVENTRY PATMORE SIGNED HIS NAME

The Pioneer of Atlantic Steamships

By ROBERT KER

Vindicating the claim that a Canadian vessel, the Royal William, was the first craft to cross the Atlantic without using sails.

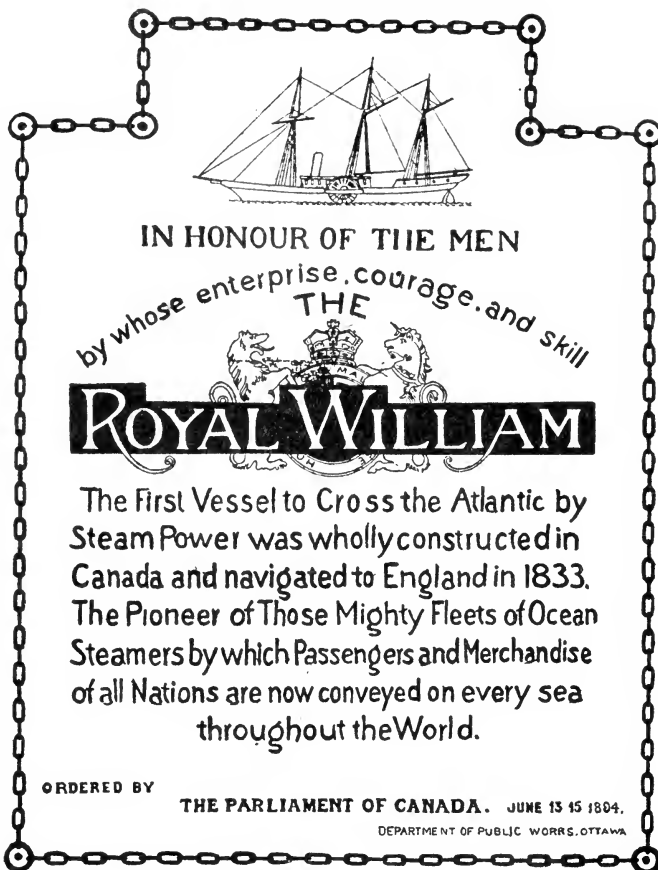


URING the year 1905, the press of the United Kingdom gave interesting details of a souvenir which had been presented to and graciously received by his Majesty King Edward. The souvenir was presented by the Messrs. Mason, of Birmingham, and was supposed to have derived its interest from the fact that it had been manufactured out of the pump of the steamship *Sirus*, alleged to have been the first passenger steamer that had crossed the Atlantic under her own steam. The record is that the *Sirus* left Cork on the 3rd of April, 1838, for New York, which city she reached on the 22nd of the same month. In June, 1847, she was lost, and after lying for fifty-one years she was salvaged, and the metal work purchased by the firm already referred to. There is no particular reason to question the details that are available either as to her passage across the Atlantic or her subsequent history. After making, as they allege, several voyages across the Atlantic, the *Sirus* finally returned to the coasting trade between Cork, where she was built, and the English ports. In 1847, on a voyage from Glasgow to Cork, via Dublin, she went ashore in a dense fog in Ballycotton Bay, and became a total wreck. Such in brief is an outline of the history of the *Sirus*, and as far as it goes is quite creditable, but the claim made on her behalf of having been the first steamer to cross the Atlantic cannot be sustained. Whatever honour attaches to the enterprise unquestionably belongs to a Canadian built steamer called the *Royal William*, built in the city of Quebec, and registered in that port on the 22nd of August, 1831.

During the past quarter century much

newspaper correspondence has taken place on the subject, and the whole question was supposed to have been definitely and conclusively settled about twelve years ago by the labours of the Honorary Librarian of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, Captain F. C. Wurtele. It is a matter of surprise to those familiar with the facts on this side of the Atlantic that any well-informed company should have fallen into the mistake of giving currency to a claim that is absolutely without foundation and against which there is the clearest and most conclusive evidence, as I shall now proceed to show. The materials are to be found in the shape of an appendix to the Annual Report of the Canadian Secretary of State, and is thus certified by John J. McGee, Clerk of the Privy Council, on a memorandum dated 29th February, 1894, from the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, submitting a pamphlet prepared by Capt. F. C. Wurtele, Honorary Librarian of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, free of charge, in which evidence is collected establishing the fact that the *Royal William* was the first vessel to cross the Atlantic, propelled by steam, and recommending that the same be referred to the Secretary of State for publication. The *Royal William* was not by any means the first vessel built under the far-famed cliffs of Cape Diamond, Quebec, but about 1825, the spirit of enterprise was very active, and as a result the Quebec and Halifax Navigation Company was apparently contemplated, and six years later duly incorporated. An act of the Province of Lower Canada (1825) offered the sum of £1,500 to the first person or company "that shall cause a steam vessel, of not less than 500 tons burthen, to be built

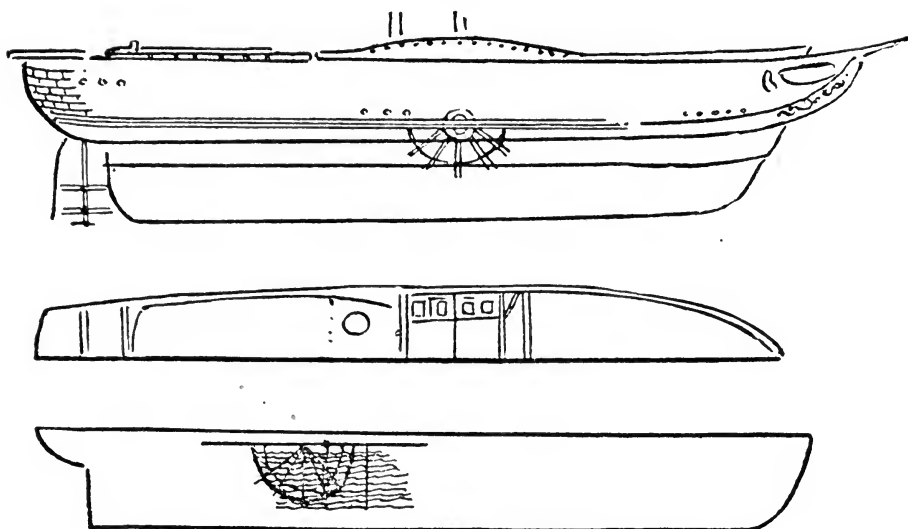
and regularly navigated between the ports of Quebec and Halifax during four years." This amount was found insufficient and accordingly in 1830 it was increased to £3,000, and on the strength of the increase the company referred to was duly incorporated on the 31st March, 1831. The company consisted of some 240 persons and three of the names are deserving of special mention, namely, Henry Cunard, Samuel Cunard, and Joseph Cunard; so that they are thus directly associated with both the first and later efforts to bridge the Atlantic. This proprietorship doubly enhances the historic interest of the *Royal William*, which thus becomes the pioneer of the magnificent fleet which now ploughs the Atlantic with clockwork regularity. The contract for building the *Royal William* was given to John S. Campbell and George Black, shipbuilders, under the supervision of James Gondie, marine draughtsman and foreman. The keel was laid on Thursday, 2nd September, 1830, in the shipyards, situated under the cliff where Wolfe's monument stands. The vessel was built with such expedition that she was launched on the 27th April, 1831, and the interesting ceremony was performed by Lady Aylmer, a name that has become closely identified with the history of Canada, and is well represented even now by Lord Aylmer, Adjutant-General of the Canadian Militia. The *Royal William*, we are told, had a magnificent appearance on the stocks; the prow, stern and quarter galleries being particularly tasteful. Her actual builders'



FAC-SIMILE OF TABLET IN PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA

measurement is 1,370 tons, but she would not carry more than 400 to 500, owing to narrow gauge and the space occupied by the engine.

On Saturday, the 30th April, she proceeded in tow to Montreal to receive her engines, which were about 200 horse power. On the 24th August of that year she sailed for Halifax, having on board twenty cabin passengers, namely, Mr. and Mrs. Bedard, M. Massue and daughter, Miss Marret, Miss Kreene, Lieut. Seymour, 71st Regiment, and others. Steerage passengers numbered seventy. The cabin fare was £6 5s. od., including meals and berth. The vessel was very cordially welcomed into Halifax on the 31st August, having occupied six and a half days to make the voyage, but this included two days' detention at



SKELETON OF THE ROYAL WILLIAM

DIMENSIONS—Length of Deck, 169 feet; Length of Keel, 159 feet; Extreme Breadth, 47 feet; Depth of Hold, 19 feet; Rake of Port, 2 feet; Rake of Stem, 13 feet; Draught of Water, 14 feet; Burden, 1,645 tons.

Miramichi. Having made several trips between Quebec and Halifax, she concluded her season on the 9th November, in the port of Quebec, and a few days later proceeded to Sorel, where she lay up for the winter. It was then first suggested that she should make a voyage to England, but as it was thought that such a trip might invalidate their Act of Incorporation the suggestion came to nothing.

Such was the position of this affair at the close of that year's navigation, and the incoming year (1832) was destined to prove very eventful in the history of the *Royal William*. Who has not heard of the Cholera Year? The Asiatic cholera was rampant in Europe and of course Quebec was destined to suffer. No less than 3,000 victims were claimed by the terrible disease, prostrating business and carrying disaster to the Quebec Steamship Company. The *Royal William* started on the 16th June with eleven cabin and fifty-two steerage passengers on her first, and as events proved, her only voyage to Halifax. When the captain brought the Quebec letters to the wharf at Miramichi, the contents were no sooner made known than a panic seized upon the inhabitants and the unfortunate vessel was promptly quarantined and the passengers landed on Sheldrake Island. She was released

on the 12th July, and proceeded to Pictou, but on attempting to enter the harbour she was met by an armed vessel, and had to proceed at once to Halifax where she was again quarantined, and after an absence of fifty-three days she returned to Quebec, having on board a dozen cabin passengers and twenty-seven time-expired non-commissioned officers and men of the 71st Regiment, and her service was discontinued until she could obtain a clean bill of health from the port of Quebec, but not succeeding, she went into winter quarters on the 24th October. To meet the heavy expenses a loan of £5,000 had been obtained on mortgage, and as the mortgagees were urgently pressing, the stockholders held a meeting, but apparently without much success, for the judgment was obtained against the company, and the vessel was advertised to be sold at the church door in the parish of Sorel on the 3rd April, 1833. She was bought in by the mortgagees for £5,000, although she had cost £16,000. The purchasers made an offer to the original stockholders, but as nothing came of it another company was formed and the *Royal William* was re-registered at the port of Quebec on the 18th May, 1833.

The new owners decided to send the

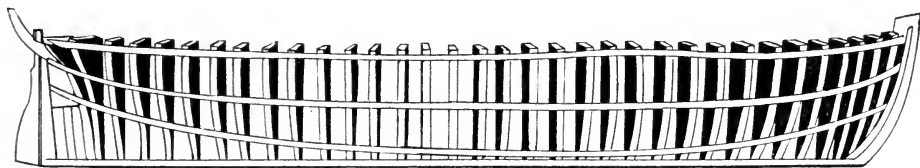
vessel to England for sale, and advertised her to sail on the 1st August. Cabin passage to London, £20 exclusive of wines. The following memorandum appears on the records of the Quebec Custom House: "The steamship *Royal William*; McDougall, Master, cleared on Saturday the 3rd August, 1833, for London, and sailed for London at 5 o'clock a.m., on Monday, 5th August, 1833. The *Royal William* arrived at Gravesend, 25 days' passage from Pictou, N.S."

From Quebec we follow the *Royal William* to Pictou, her last port of clearance, and the following official declaration speaks for itself: "I, Donald McDonald, of Pictou, in the said Province of Nova Scotia, aged fifty-six years, do solemnly declare that I am the collector of customs for the port of Pictou, N.S." In the book

September, in 25 days from Pictou. Was sold for £10,000 to carry troops for the Pedroits to Portugal."—*Quebec Gazette*.

"London, September 14th. Steamer *Royal William* arrived here some days since from Pictou in nineteen days out, of which she had two days' detention to make some alteration in machinery. The whole distance was performed by steam with most perfect success with Pictou coal."—*Quebec Gazette*.

It is a matter for regret that her log is not forthcoming, but fortunately there is the next best thing, namely, a letter from her master, John McDougall. It bears date, London, November 16th, 1833, and was addressed to Mr. William King. The original is, or was, in the possession of Sir James Le Moine, and was published in the transactions of the Literary and



MODEL OF STEAMSHIP ROYAL WILLIAM

of records of exports, wherein I find the following particulars which I now give *literatim et verbatim*:

"Date of clearance, 17th August, 1833, *Royal William*, 363 tons, 36 men, John McDougall, Master; bound to London (British); cargo, 254 caldrons of coal, a box of stuffed birds, and six spars, produce of this Province (N.S.), one box and one trunk, household furniture and a harp, all British, and seven passengers. And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true and by virtue of the act respecting extra judicial oaths."

The barque *Rokeby* arrived in Quebec on 24th September, and reported meeting the *Royal William* on the 27th August in latitude 47° 55", longitude 6° 45' 30", sails set and steam up, nine days out, wind W.S.W.

"Arrived at Gravesend on the 12th

Historical Society of Quebec. It reads as follows: "Dear Willie. You will, I am certain, think me very neglectful in not giving you an earlier account of our proceedings with the *Royal William*. We left Pictou on the 18th August, after having waited several days for some passengers who were expected from Prince Edward Island, and for whom we had laid in a stock. We were very deeply laden with coal, deeper in fact than I would ever attempt crossing the Atlantic with her again. However, we got on the Grand Bank of Newfoundland where we experienced a gale of wind which rather alarmed my engineer; he wished very much to go into Newfoundland. We had previously lost the head of the foremast, and one of the engines had become useless from the beginning of the gale; with the other we could do nothing, and the engineer reported the vessel to be sinking.

Things looked rather awkward; however, we managed to get the vessel clear of water, and ran by one engine after the gale ten days. After that we got on very well, and put into Cowes to clear the boilers, a job which generally occupied them from 24 to 26 hours every fourth day. However, we managed to paint her outside there; the inside we had previously done, which enabled us to go up to London in fine style. Ten days after her arrival she was sold, and has since been thoroughly repaired and coppered; her model is considered to be superior to any of their steamers here. I should not be surprised to hear that George Black had got orders to build some more like her. She was sold for £10,000, which I believe has all been paid. I am now employed by her owners at £30 per month, and I shall sail in a few days for Lisbon, etc., etc."

In Christie's "History of Lower Canada," there is another letter from Captain McDougall, which he promised Mr. Christie for the purpose of giving further details of the vessel. It is dated Saint Foy, 10th August, 1853, and is extremely interesting in every way. "Robert Christie, Esq., M.P.P. Dear Sir,—I lately found some papers connected with the *Royal William* steamer which brought to my recollection my promise to furnish you with a brief sketch of her history while I was attached to her, from the 19th April, 1833, to the 1st January, 1838. I took charge of her at Sorel after she was sold by sheriff's sale, from Captain Nicholas, and was employed during the month of May towing vessels from Grosse Isle, and afterwards made a voyage to Gaspe, Pictou, Halifax, and Boston in the United States, being the first British steamer that entered that port. On my return to Quebec the owners decided on sending her to London to be sold, and I left for London via Pictou on the 5th August, and was detained at Pictou until the 18th, repairing the engines and boilers and receiving coals.

"I then started for London and was about twenty days on the passage, having run six or seven days with the larboard engine in consequence of the starboard

engine being disabled, and was detained at different times about a week, lying to repairing the boilers which had become very leaky. About the latter end of September the *Royal William* was sold by Messrs. George Wilds & Co. (the agents to whom she was consigned) to Mr. Jos. Sirres, the shipowner of Radcliffe, through Messrs. Wilcox & Anderson, for £10,000 sterling, and chartered to the Portuguese Government to take out troops for Don Pedro's service, and on my arrival in Lisbon, offered to them for sale as a vessel of war, but rejected by their Admiral, Count Cape St. Vincent. I then returned to London with invalids and disabled soldiers from Don Pedro's service, and laid her up off Deptford victualling office. In July I received orders to fit her out to run between Oporto and Lisbon, and made one trip between these ports, and a trip to Cadiz for specie for the Portuguese Government; and on my return to Lisbon I received orders to dispose of her to the Spanish Government, through the Spanish ambassador at Lisbon, Don Evanston Castor da Perez, which was completed on the 10th September, 1834. Her name was changed to *Isabel Segunda*, being the first steamer the Spaniards ever possessed, and Commodore Henry hoisted his broad pennant on board as commodore of the first-class, and commander-in-chief of the British Auxiliary Steam Squadron, to be employed on the north coast of Spain against Don Carlos. I joined the Spanish service under him with the rank and pay of a Commander, but with a special agreement by which I was guaranteed £600 sterling per annum, under a contract to supply the squadron with provisions from Lisbon. We proceeded to the north coast of Spain, and about the latter part of 1834 returned to Gravesend for the purpose of delivering her up to the British Government to be converted into a war steamer at their dockyard, and the crew and officers were transferred to the *Royal Tar*, chartered and armed as a war steamer, with six long 32 pounders, and named the *Regina Gobernadora*, the name intended for City of Edinburgh steamer, which was chartered and then fitted up

as a war steamer, to form part of the squadron; when completed she relieved the *Royal Tar* and took her name.

The *Isabel Segunda* when completed at Sheerness dockyard took out General Alava, the Spanish ambassador, and General Evans, and most of his staff officers, to Saint Andero and afterward to San Sebastian, having hoisted the Commodore's broad pennant again at Saint Andero, and was afterwards employed in cruising between that port and Fuesti Arabia, and acting in concert with the *Legion* against Don Carlos until the time that their service expired in 1837. She was then sent to Portsmouth with a part of those discharged from the service, and from thence she was taken to London and detained in the City canal by Commodore Henry until the claims of the officers and crew on the Spanish Government were settled, which was ultimately accomplished by bills, and the officers and crew discharged from the Spanish service about the latter end of 1837, the *Isabel Segunda* was delivered up to the Spanish ambassador, and after having her engines repaired returned to Spain, and was soon afterwards sent to Bordeaux, France, to have the hull repaired. But on being surveyed it was found that the timbers were so much decayed that it was decided to build a new vessel to receive the engines which were built there and called by the same name, and now forms one of the Royal Steam Navy of Spain, while her predecessor was converted into a hulk at Bordeaux.

"She is justly entitled to be considered *the first steamer that crossed the Atlantic by steam, having steamed the whole way across*, while the *Savannah*, an American steamship which crossed in 1822 to Liverpool and Petersburg, sailed the most part of the way, going and returning."

The *Savannah*, to which reference is made in the foregoing letter, possesses a unique history, and in many respects fairly indicates the enterprise of the nation to which she belonged. She left Savannah for Liverpool under steam on the 22nd of May, 1819, and we are told arrived "with all sails set to the best advantage at 2 p.m. Sunday, June 20th, in the River Mersey; hove to off the bar

for the tide to rise, and at 5 p.m. shipped the wheels; furled the sails, and running to the River Mersey at 6 p.m., came to anchor off Liverpool, with the small bow anchor, twenty-nine days, eleven hours, from Savannah." During the whole voyage the vessel had only been under steam for eighty hours, if indeed so much, for on the return voyage, which was evidently a stormy one, the engines were not once used until Captain Rogers was entering the harbour of Savannah. He always got up steam entering a port, thus giving foundation to the idea that, like the Irishman who swam across the Atlantic, he had steamed the whole way. In addition to the fact that the *Royal William* was the first vessel to cross the Atlantic under her own steam there are one or two other points that may well cause regret that she had not a more honourable ending than that of becoming a Bordeaux hulk, and the first is, that of her close connection with the Cunard family, but still more that under her new name she was the first steamer in the history of nations to deliver a hostile shot. The circumstance is thus stated: "It was on the 5th May, 1836, in the Bay of San Sebastian, during the action on land then in progress between the British Legion under General Sir De Lacy Evans and the Carlists, entrenched behind a series of field works. The first shot from the ship dislodged some Carlist sharpshooters who were picking off rank and file and officers of the Eighth Scottish Highlanders."

A memorial brass of the *Royal William* was placed in the corridor of the library of the Canadian Parliament, Ottawa, and formally placed by his Excellency the Governor-General in the month of June, 1894. There were present members of both Houses of the Canadian Parliament, and the representatives of many distinguished literary and historical societies.

If the enterprising Birmingham firm could secure the remnants of the old *Royal William* and make a souvenir out of it, that indeed would be a present worthy of a king; but the fiction about the *Sirus* is one that should never have been perpetuated, and most certainly not by a souvenir to our Most Gracious Sovereign Lord, King Edward VII.

Ottawa: A Retrospect

By J. E. B. McCREADY

Affording sketchy and humorous glimpses of the Capital of the Dominion about the time of Confederation.



AMONG the capital cities of the world Ottawa is but of yesterday. Washington is older by some sixty years. Mexico is still older. London dates from the Christian Era. It was 753 years earlier when Romulus with two white oxen drew a furrow around the base of the Palatine Hill, marking the boundaries of earliest Rome. Athens, "the Eye of Greece," has existed for nearly 3,500 years, and is still a capital city. Damascus, coeval with Abraham, yet reposes in beauty among its ancient palms.

There are some points of resemblance and many of difference between the two great English-speaking capitals of North America—Washington on the Potomac and Ottawa on a mightier river 500 miles to the northward. Both were first established in the primeval forest. Tom Moore, who sang of "Ottawa's Tide," also sang of the Potomac in lines as applicable to the noble Canadian river:

"Oh mighty river, oh ye banks of shade,
Ye matchless scenes in Nature's morning made,
While still in all the exuberance of prime
She poured her wonders lavishly sublime,
Nor yet had learned to stoop, with humbler care,
From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair."

The Irish poet's unfavourable impressions of the capital of the Republic, as it was in 1804 when he visited it, are well known:

"In fancy now beneath the twilight gloom
Come let me lead thee o'er this 'second Rome!'
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davii bow
And what was Goose Creek once is Tiber
now—

This embryo capital where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which second-sighted seers ev'n now adorn
With shrines unbuild and heroes yet unborn,

Though naught but woods and Jefferson we
see
Where streets should run and sages ought to be."

Ottawa was crude and rough, indeed, when the first Parliament assembled in 1867, but less so than the Washington of sixty-three years earlier. Weld has left on record that at the United States capital there was the "necessity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles in order to see a next neighbour in the same city," and Moore tells that "the public buildings, which were in some degree of forwardness, have been since entirely suspended. The hotel is already a ruin; a great part of the roof has fallen in.... The President's house, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself, and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation." The Rideau Hall of sixty years later was not a very lordly mansion, but was neatly kept.

The Ottawa of 1867 was a straggling city, made up of two principal communities, commonly known as Upper Town and Lower Town, with the public buildings on "Barrack Hill" as a connecting link. Lower Town was mainly French, but Sandy Hill at its southern verge was a fashionable residential quarter, with Daly Street as the most exclusive section. Upper Town clustered about the Chaudiere Falls and the great lumber mills, whose operatives were indifferently housed on LeBreton Flats or across the river in the shanty town of Hull. Westward from the Parliament Buildings, just beyond where the statues of the Fathers of Confederation now stand, was an old stone building, known

as the officers' quarters. In front of this building three tall poles were standing, each with a bit of plank about five feet long spiked horizontally to its top. On these positions of prominence three bears, pets of the Regiment, were wont to repose, basking in the sunshine. They were an object of frequent interest in full view from my office window in the southeast corner of the building.

The Library building was still unfinished, and Lovers' Walk not yet carved out of the cliff side. Parliament Square was rudely enclosed with a high board fence, already tumbling down and useless. It was no uncommon sight to see a herd of twenty cattle pasturing on the square on a warm June day, and these, when struck by a tormenting gadfly, would, with heads and tails erect, race madly down the hill across Wellington and Sparks Streets to the open fields beyond.

Ottawa had then no fixed system of waterworks other than wells distributed about the town, from which hard water was drawn for drinking and culinary purposes. French carters from Lower Town peddled soft water from the river, and did a brisk business on wash-days. They also supplied the fire department, when fires occurred, as they sometimes did. Hand engines, of which there were five or six, were exclusively in use. The days of steam fire extinguishers had not yet come. To stimulate zeal in both firemen and watermen the city paid rewards—I think it was \$20 to the engine throwing first water on the fire, and \$5 to the carter who brought first water to the engines, and the usual price per barrel thereafter. There were strange scenes at fires in Ottawa in those days. I am tempted to record a typical incident.

It was a winter night and about ten o'clock when this particular alarm was sounded. The fire was in a shop on Sparks Street, west of Bank Street. The engines responded promptly, as the crowd always did, but there was no water. The entire upper part of the building was soon ablaze, and the bystanders were jocularly throwing snowballs into the seething flames and commenting on the shrewdness of the carters. "They

are waiting for the big light," it was said, in allusion to the apparent custom of becoming assured that the fire was to be really worth while for the watermen to attend. They had a monopoly of the water supply, and the bigger the fire the more barrels of water they would sell. Moreover the Ottawa river was deeply frozen and the descent to it along the canal bank was steep. So on this particular night they were in no hurry. Meanwhile the engines stood in a row near the burning building, the firemen with their hands on the brakes. The roof was ready to fall in when the first carter, driving furiously, appeared on the scene. His horse was seized by the men of the nearest engine while he gesticulated, swore and tried to whip up his horse. Quickly the firemen inserted the suction hose in the barrel and began to pump vigorously, but no water was thrown. The barrel was empty—the carter was just starting after his first load. Later from the eastward came a galloping carter with water, and the bystanders shouted with delight. The men of another engine seized upon the prize with avidity, but the supply was not sufficient to quite fill their hose, and not a drop was thrown upon the fire. Then another carter came racing in. A struggle ensued to obtain possession of this little store and to prevent the engine which had already a little from getting this additional supply. That would mean first water and the reward. Eventually there came a troop of furiously driven nags and water barrels, few of the barrels half full, and intermittently some water was thrown by one and another engine upon the fire. Soon the coming herd of watermen, eager now to make count, formed a cordon about those within with empty barrels, and the latter could not get out nor the former get in until the police broke the blockade. Little remained of the building by this time.

Broad streets and wide spaces between buildings were the city's salvation many times in those days. It were long to tell how at length a movement for a better water supply was set afoot and the *Free Press* was founded by

Mitchell and Carrier as its earnest advocate. When the subject was publicly debated a small army of carters gathered on the square by the city hall and interrupted the speakers for the space of three hours with angry shouts of "No water! No water!" Their craft was in danger. I remember these scenes the more vividly from having been a daily contributor to the *Free Press* on the water question at the time.

The summer of 1870 was a season of gloom in Ottawa and the Ottawa valley. Sir John Macdonald was absent, slowly regaining in Prince Edward Island his shattered health. Following the threatened Fenian invasion of the spring, drought set in and intolerable heat. No rain fell for months. Some days the thermometer rose to 110 degrees in the shade, and all work was suspended in the mills. It was dangerous to venture out without a sunshade in the day and the nights were almost as hot as the days. Fires raged throughout the Ottawa valley, and the smoke was so dense that no one saw the sun rise or set for weeks at a time. Midway of the forenoon a red ball appeared dimly in the sky, glared down fiercely for a few hours and then disappeared in the smoke in the middle of the afternoon. There was a ruddy glare all around the horizon at night from the forest fires.

Then the wind arose and a tempest of flame and smoke swept the valley. Two thousand persons were rendered homeless in a night; houses, barns, fences, crops, and live stock all gone. The green grass burned in the meadows and the very soil was consumed. The city was several times seriously threatened and Rideau Hall was in great danger. To save the vice-regal residence a broad track was cleared through the woods on all sides with great labour, and full water barrels placed at short distances to assist the defence.

Later came the real crisis. A sudden change of wind brought the fire sweeping in on the southwestern side, where the forest was in actual touch with the suburb. Cinders and ashes drifted in the streets. Almost every one believed the city to be doomed. Householders

packed their effects for removal. There was almost a panic when the mayor issued a proclamation ordering all places of business closed, and that every man capable of bearing a spade or a bucket should proceed to the fire line. The case was desperate and the army of fire-fighters resolved upon heroic measures. They cut the big St. Louis dam which impounded the waters of Dow's Lake as a feeder for the Rideau Canal. The dam was high and the plentiful outflowing waters poured in a deluge down the ravine below. Simultaneously, the sweeping fire reached the ravine. Many cinders blew across, but the thousands of ready hands with the plenty of water now at hand, extinguished every incipient blaze. The cutting of the dam left many steamers and barges high and dry, and put the Rideau Canal out of business for the season, but it saved the city.

There was little of society in Ottawa in those days, except that made up of the cabinet ministers and their families, with the civil servants, their wives and daughters, and these as yet but lately become residents. Curling was in some vogue as a winter sport, checkers and chess were played in the winter evenings, but hockey, or tobogganing had not yet come in, nor had baseball, tennis or golf for summer pastimes. Casual visitors of more or less note in the warm season enjoyed the sensation of running the slides at the Chaudière on the cribs of big square timber, en route from the Upper Ottawa for shipment at Quebec to Europe. There were, of course, no telephones, electric lights or street cars. One railway, the Saint Lawrence and Ottawa, gave the citizens ingress and egress by modern methods, and the station was beyond the eastern end of the town.

A talk with one of the older residents in those days turned naturally upon such events as the bringing to Ottawa of the body of the dead Duke of Richmond, on a rough ox-cart, along the Richmond Road, then simply a winter lumber road. That had occurred in 1820. He had been bitten by a pet fox, which had gone mad, and he died in great agony in a barn beside the waterway, in which he

had come by boat from Kingston.⁴ Men and women walked beside the cart, with difficulty holding in its place the rough box in which the body had been placed. Or, one would be told of the days of Col. By and the canal building, or of the later advent of E. B. Eddy, who came to the Chaudière with fifty cents in his pocket, bought an axe and had already become a lumber king. Or, the story would be told of how the whole townsite of Ottawa had been in the still earlier days bartered for a yoke of oxen.

Ottawa was largely Catholic in religion then, from the relatively large size of Lower Town. There were also Episcopalian churches, high and low; Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist, and there was the Catholic Apostolic church, in which the Todds and Patricks of the House of Commons staff were worthy and shining lights. Lord Cecil, a younger brother of the late Marquis of Salisbury, on his retirement from the regiment in garrison, had rented the theatre as a place of meeting for the Plymouth Brethren. He appears to have had the double object of closing the theatre against plays and disseminating what he thought a purer gospel than was

dispensed in other churches. Here he preached in his own eccentric fashion, and his auditory sang hymns of his remarkable composition. A favourite among these began as follows:

If you believe and I believe,
And all together strive,
You shall the grace of God receive
And Ottawa shall revive.
And Ottawa shall revive, etc.

These meetings in the theatre were largely attended by the soldiers whom they were particularly intended to benefit, and by the working classes and servant girls. Others went to the meetings out of curiosity. It was something to hear and see a lord preaching in a theatre. Those who attended from mere curiosity were wont sometimes to leave irreverently in the midst of the service. Once when a party who thought themselves ladies and gentlemen were thus going out, Lord Cecil paused in his discourse to remark in his drawling way, "If there are any more servant girls who wish to go out they had better go now, all together." The shot told, and there was less interruption of that sort thereafter.

Let the foregoing suffice for glimpses at the Ottawa of early Confederation days.

In the July Canadian Magazine Mr. McCready will tell about his dismissal from the railway service and about some interesting events it led to, with reminiscences of Sir Leonard Tilley and Hon. Peter Mitchell.

The Tyro

BY MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

MASTERS, tax I thy patience overmuch?
Be kind for sweet art's sake, if not for mine.
The weakness of my hand makes crude my touch;
Strong burns the spirit for the light divine.
But I am young, my masters, full of fears:
Youth's immaturity is yet my yoke.
Suffice it if some find, in after years,
In this my task of youth, one firm sure stroke.
Oh, masters, I will strive to conquer all;
What though I still be striving at the end;
Yet shall I be content, though young I fall,
If simple truth all my defects defend,
If it be said, though I stop short the goal:
"Though oft he erred, his was a strong, brave soul."

The Haunting Thaw

By E. PAULINE JOHNSON

(Tekahionwake)

A graphic account of an Indian's race with dogs and sled against sunshine and Chinook winds



FOR three minutes the trader had been peering keenly at the sky. Then his eyes lowered, sweeping the horizon with a sharp discernment that would not admit of self-deception.

"Peter!" he called.

Peter Blackhawk came to the door, though he only came to that insistent voice when it suited him.

"Peter," repeated the trader crisply, yet with something of deference in his tone, "we can't wait another hour for Louis. He should have been here with that pack of stone-marten a week ago. There is a thaw threatening and we can't wait." Then almost pleadingly: "Can we, Peter?"

"No, Mr. McKenzie. I am afraid it will be hard to make Edmonton as it is," answered the Indian.

"You have *got to* make Edmonton, or you and I will lose two thousand dollars apiece. Do you know that, Peter?"

The words *got to* lacked the tone of authority. The trader could never bully this Indian.

"Then I'll make it," acquiesced Peter, with the pleasantness born of independence. "The dogs are fit, and I have got the mink and beaver ready, and a few——"

"How many mink skins?" demanded the trader.

"Sixteen hundred."

"Not bad, not bad. They're the primest skins that ever went out of the north, and the price gone up sky-high. Not a bad pack, Peter."

The strain on the trader's face relaxed. "But we must get them to the market, or they're fur, just plain fur, not money."

The Indian scanned the horizon. "I'll

start in an hour, if you say don't wait for Louis and the stone-marten."

"Then don't wait for Louis and his d——d stone-marten," jerked the trader, and turned on his heel with a curse at the threatening thaw.

Within the hour Mr. McKenzie was shaking hands with the Indian.

"Got everything, Peter?" he asked genially, now that the dog-train was really off. "Everything? Plenty of Muck-a-muck, tobac, dog-fish, matches, everything?"

"Everything," said Peter Blackhawk, knotting his scarlet sash about the waist of his buffalo coat. "Plenty of everything but time." He shook his head gravely. "I'm starting too late in the season, I will have to work them too hard," he added, turning towards the dogs, which were plaintively yapping to be away, their noses raised snuffing into the wind, the chime of their saddle bells responding to every impatient twist of their wolfish bodies. Another hitch to the scarlet sash, an alert, quick glance at huskies and pack-sled, then—"Good-bye, Mr. McKenzie."

"Good-bye, Peter, my boy."

The red and the white palms met and the dog-train hit the trail.

An hour later the trader came to the door and looked out. Far against the southern horizon a black speck blurred the monotonous sweep of snows and sky. "He'll make it all right," he assured himself. "He'll beat the thaw if any one can. But, d—m him, he wouldn't have gone if he didn't want to. You can't boss those Iroquois."

Swinging into the southward trail towards the rim of civilisation, Peter Blackhawk was saying to himself, "I'll

beat the thaw if any one can; but I wouldn't have come if I didn't want to. Those d——d traders can't boss an Iroquois," which only goes to show that absolute harmony existed between those two men, trader and train-dog driver though they were.

Blackhawk had come from the far east with three score of his tribesmen on the first Red River Expedition. Voyageurs they were of a rare and desirable type, hardy, energetic, lithe, indomitable, as distinct from the western tribes as the poles from the tropics. Few of them had returned with Wolseley. The lure of the buffalo chase proved stronger than the call of their cradle lands. In the northern foothills they made their great camps, mixing with no other people, the exclusive, conservative habits of their forefathers still strong upon them. And young Blackhawk had grown into manhood, learned in the wisdom of the great Six Nations Indians of the east, and in the acquired craft and cult of the native-born plainsman of the west. McKenzie considered him the most valuable man, white or red, in all the Northwest Territories.



The third night out something disturbed Blackhawk in his sleep, and his head burrowed up from his sleeping bag. It was the heavy hour before dawn. The dogs lay sleeping, exhausted by their over-mileage of the previous day. The gray-white night lay around, soundless, motionless. What had awakened Blackhawk? His tense ears seemed to acquire sight as well as hearing. Then across his senses came the nearing doom—the honk, honk of wild geese V-ing their way along the shadow trail of the night sky. He heard the rush of their wings above, then again their heralding honk as they waned into the north. They were the death-knell of winter. Blackhawk whistled to his dogs.

"Soft snow after sunrise, boys," he said aloud, after the manner of men who face the trail without human companionship. "We must travel at night after this, when sundown means hard surfaces."

"The dogs stretched sulkily. They devoured their fish, while the man brewed

coffee of cognac strength to fortify himself against limited sleep and increased action.

When the sun looked up above the rim of the white north, its gold was warm as well as dazzling. The snow ceased to drift under the keen night wind. The hummocks grew packed and sodden. The dogs slipped in their even trot, their feet wet and their flanks sweating. Peter put up his whip and prepared to stay until nightfall. He could not deceive himself. The snow was going and Edmonton dozens of leagues away! But with sunset the biting frost returned. The south outstretched before him, smooth, glassy, frozen hard; it was the hour of action for man and beast. Again the north became draped with an inverted crescent of silvery fringes that trembled into delicate pink, deep rose, inflammable crimson, and finally shifting into a poisonous purple, with high lights of cold, freezing cold, blue.

"God's lanterns," whispered Peter. "He must mean me to make Edmonton. I cannot miss the trail with those northern lights ablaze."

And night after night it was so, until one morning came a soft, feathery Chinook wind, the first real proclamation that spring was at his heels. That day gray geese in numberless flocks fishtailed the sky. As Blackhawk passed each succeeding slough, scores of brown muskrats crouched in the sunshine on the thin ice at the doors of their humped-up houses.

That night for the first time the Indian lashed the dogs, feeling in his heart the lash of his partner's tongue. Again hanging in the north were "God's lanterns," but the invisible spirit of the coming thaw urged him on like a whip. At night he could feel its fingers clutching at the sled, balking its speed. He could see its shadowy presence ahead in the trail obstructing the course of the dogs, weighting their feet with its leaden warmth. It began to trail beside him, to mock and jeer at him, to speed neck and neck with him hour after hour. In the day-time it outstripped him, throwing up uncovered tufts of grass and black earth in the trail, so that the sled could not carry and the dogs almost bleated like sheep in their exhaustion. At night he distanced it

flying across the newly-frozen crusty snow and sloughs.

But the haunting thaw was on his track, coming nearer and nearer now even in the night time. It was tracing lines on his forehead, painting worry in his eyes. It was thinning the limbs and emptying the bellies of his dogs. It was whispering, then speaking, then shouting the word "Failure" at him. And that night a thin sickle of moon was born with its frequent change of weather. Snow fell, spongy, wet stuff. Once more the dog-train made time, and late the next afternoon, up the slush and mud of the main street in Edmonton trudged a weary-footed Indian, the sole alert thing about him being the shrewd bright eyes that snapped something of triumph to the casual greetings of acquaintances. At this heels lagged a train of four huskie dogs, cadaverous, inert, spent, their red tongues dripping, their sides palpitating, dragging the fur pack as if it were a load of lead.

But when the great fur-buyer greeted Blackhawk with a thousand questions, Peter had but four words to say, and he said them fifty times that night: "I beat the thaw."

And when the sickle moon arose, round and ripened, Peter turned his back on the southern trail, facing once more God's lanterns of the north. This time the dogs trotted free of burden, and Peter took his ease astride a cayuse which had already begun to shed the long ragged coat it had grown for self-protection against the winter cold, leaving but the rich dark fuzz beneath, soon to be bleached buckskin colour by the hot Alberta sunshine. The

little people of the prairies were thinking of spring garments; the rabbit and weasel were discarding their snowy coats for jackets of russet; the white owl was abandoning his ermine robe, calling through the night for darker, obscuring feathers; the wary lynx, which had grown huge, mat-like snowshoes of fur about his feet last November, was replacing these articles, useful only for winter prowling, with his usual summer footwear of soft, silent padding.

W

For the third time that day Trader McKenzie came to the door and looked out. Then once more far against the southern horizon, a black speck blurred the monotonous sweep of prairie grass and sky.

"Peter," he yelled, and taking a key from his leathern fob, unlocked a door that swung clear of the wall. From behind it he took a black bottle, ripped off the capsule, pulled the cork and set it on the table with two large horn cups.

They did not say much as they met and clasped hands, palm to palm, red and white. But McKenzie spoke: "Did you beat the thaw?"

"Beat it by driving like hell. Sold every pelt at the top-notch price—here's the credit."

For an instant the two men eyed the paper with a gratification utterly devoid of greed. Then the Scot's hand reached for the bottle.

The horn cups were spilling full as each man raised one to his lips.

Then McKenzie said with some emotion: "Bully for you, Peter. Here's ho!"

"Ho," said Peter.

She Too Was Gone

BY E. M. YEOMAN

SHE too was gone. The wild birds sweetly sang,
 Rapturing the world with songs of happy lot,
 No note heard I. Entrancing flowers sprang
 By all my ways; but, lo! I saw them not.

The Burden of Widowhood

By L. K. BEYNON

A striking account of an early custom among the Carrier Indians. An awe-inspiring funeral.



NE evening in the year 1835, a fur-trader pitched his camp on the lonely shores of a small lake within the wilds of western America. His simple preparations for the night were soon completed, but, feeling restless, he filled his pipe, and strolled along the lake shore. As he walked, the long twilight faded into night; the moon rose clear, and all around was wildly peaceful. But a strange longing for civilisation and the old home and friends came over him, as he thought of the red men who in their ages of wandering had been the sole visitants of that lovely spot, and of the many deeds of barbarous cruelty, and the sad human tragedies that had possibly been enacted there. His reverie was broken by a human cry, as of someone in great anguish of spirit; soon other voices joined in the weird chorus, which sounded strangely terrifying through the silent night.

The trader was not armed, but he stole stealthily through the forest in the direction from which the sounds issued. Soon he came to an open space among the trees, beside a dark pool. In this space lay the dead body of a young Indian, quite nude, and so emaciated that it looked like a mere skeleton. A young girl of not more than eighteen years sat on the ground supporting the head of the corpse. She was evidently the widow of the dead man. Beside her was a pile of fir-wood cut into long, thin sticks. All around stood the mourners, their faces horribly smeared with grease and tar, while in their hands they held clubs, or hatchets, or guns. Their tall, blanketed figures swayed backward and forward as they chanted the funeral dirge, which became ever louder and more blood-curdling.

The young widow drew her blanket closely around her, as if she might thus hide her shame and grief, while she bent over the dead form of her husband, and joined in the melancholy wail. The trader could hear her stifled sob, and he saw her furtively wipe away the tears of real grief, which the daughters of Eve must always shed when sorrow strange and terrifying first pierces their young hearts. In time she might learn to bear grief with Indian stoicism, but not yet.

Two Indians, evidently relatives of the dead man, built the funeral pyre by laying the sticks of fir-wood in transverse layers, and on this they placed the body. Then all came forward, uttering the most awful cries, and dropped something on the corpse—blankets, clubs, moccasins, anything that they thought might propitiate the spirit on its wanderings to the happy hunting ground. An old woman, the mother of the dead man, then took a lighted torch, and touched it to the pyre. As she did this a deep silence fell on the assembly, because these were the Carrier Indians, who believed that death was often caused by an enemy who was "strong in medicine," and it was the custom for the friends of the deceased at this point in the ceremony to accuse the one suspected of having caused the death and to wreak on him their vengeance. This was the reason that all came armed, no one knowing but that he might be the victim of some enemy. This time it was evidently believed that death resulted from natural causes, for no one was accused, and all with evident relief again joined in the funeral dirge.

Now began the extreme misery of the poor widow, who was left to her husband's relatives to torture, while her own friends looked on in stoical silence. They tor-

tured her unmercifully, until at last her mother-in-law in a fury that beggars description, rushed at her and threw her against the burning pyre. The poor girl struggled away, and was gasping in the cool air, when the old hag again caught her and pushed her into the fire. This time, overcome by the heat, she fell unconscious, when only a few steps from her husband's burning body. It was well that she could not feel, for the awful demon in human shape, not yet satisfied, rushed at her and gashed her unconscious form with a hatchet. She was now left, and all again joined in the funeral wail.

It was a strange and weird sight that the trader saw before him. The leaping flames were greedily licking up the poor skeleton, and casting their flickering gleam over the unconscious form of his widow, while all around were the cruel, barbarous faces of the savages, looking ghastly in their grease and tar, lit up by the pale, unstable light of the fire. In the background lay the dark, silent pool, and all around the wind sighed through the pines. Above the funeral dirge, every now and then, could be heard the wild, terrifying howl of wolves.

Suddenly all was silent. The wails of woe were hushed, and the mourners, one by one, silently disappeared in the forest, all but the old mother and the unconscious widow. The old woman crouched down beside the dying fire, and so motionless was she that one might have thought

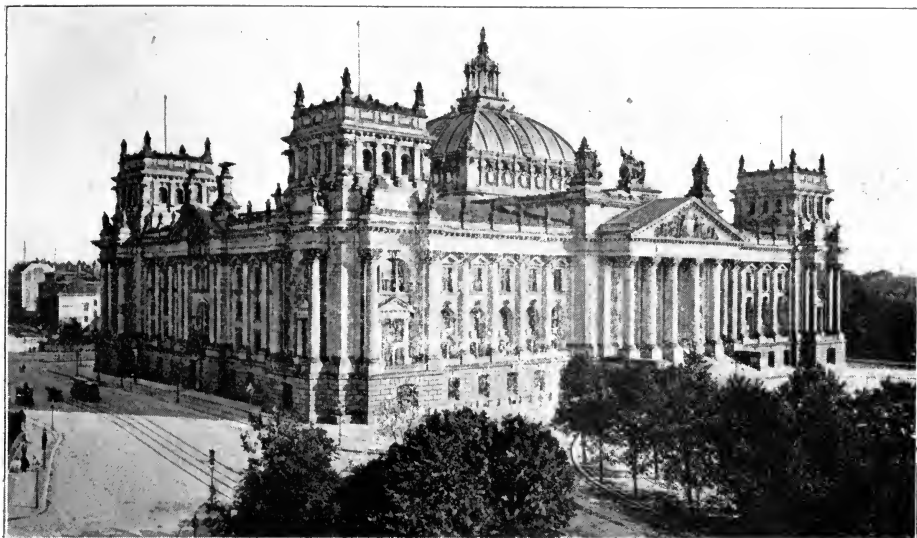
her a statue, had it not been for the tears that trickled down her wizened face, the true tears of a mother's grief.

As the first pale gray light of dawn appeared, the younger woman moaned and sat up. At this the crouched figure by the dead ashes moved also. The old woman got up then, and gathered the ashes, the last remains of her son, and put them into a small bag, which she took over and tied around the neck of the widow. She then gave the girl a rough kick, and motioning for her to follow, disappeared into the woods.

The ashes were the sign of the widow's bondage. For two years she must be the slave of her dead husband's relatives, and must always carry his ashes. At the expiration of that time they should free her. But what might not happen before two years?

The girl got painfully to her feet, and stood for some time looking as one dazed at the place where the pyre had stood; she felt the bag on her neck and over her face came a look of horror. She was motionless for a few minutes, and then with stealthy steps, she crept down to the water's edge. Long she looked into the dark, cold depths of the pool; she moved closer, as if she would still farther pierce its mysteries, but as her foot touched the cold water she shuddered, and lifting her face to the sky, she muttered, "Manitou! Manitou!" and turning limped away into the forest in the direction in which the old woman had gone.





THE REICHSTAG BUILDING, THE SEAT OF THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT

Germany : A Study in Government

By CHARLES T. LONG

Sidelights on an intricate system of government that has worked well for the people.

THE system of government in Germany is most interesting to those who have lived under constitutional and parliamentary rule as obtains in England and Canada. Responsible Government as enjoyed by British subjects is unknown in Germany.

At the conclusion of the Franco-German War in 1871, the twenty-six States which compose the German Empire united as a Confederation, each retaining its own sovereign and reserving the right of local self-government. King William of Prussia was chosen first Emperor. At this time a constitution was framed by Bismarck, and sworn to by each and every ruler of the several States. King William of Prussia was crowned Emperor at Versailles shortly after the surrender of Napoleon III. The constitution then adopted is the basis of the present German

governmental system. It bestows the title of German Emperor upon the Kings of Prussia, but as a matter of fact the position is in reality a presidency, not a sovereignty.

As German Emperor the King of Prussia simply stands among the other German kings and princes as *primus inter pares*. The constitution provides for a federal council composed of representatives from the different States. To this council, called the Bundesrath, belongs the real power. It is composed of fifty-eight members, all of whom are appointed and dismissed at pleasure by the sovereigns of the twenty-six States. In this council Prussia has but seventeen members, consequently her influence does not dominate.

The Bundesrath is unlike the Canadian Senate inasmuch as there is no appeal from its decisions or the laws it may pass. Should the Canadian Senate reject



A LATE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR

a bill passed by the Commons, an issue may be made of the question, and the country appealed to. In case the government should be returned to power the Senate would, of necessity, be required to sanction the bill. Not so with the Bundesrath, which is not in any way responsible to the people. A member is accountable to no one but his own particular sovereign. This body initiates all governmental measures, and then entrusts them to the Chancellor of the Empire, and the Ministers of State, to execute, after they have been submitted to the Reichstag for approval. The Chancellor and the Ministers are appointed by the Emperor, and are accountable only to him and the Bundesrath.

The constitution also provides for a popular chamber called the Reichstag, which is composed of 397 members, elected by universal suffrage. This body, which comes direct from the people, has no power of initiative. To it are submit-

ted the measures which have been framed by the Government and sanctioned by the Bundesrath. The members may discuss the measures, advise or condemn, but they have no power to alter or add to them—the members of the Government are not members of the Reichstag, nor are they in any sense responsible to it. If the Government, after the Reichstag has discussed a measure, see fit to incorporate any of the ideas suggested, or drop any of its provisions, all well and good, but if not there is an end to the affair so far as the people's voice in the matter is concerned.

The Reichstag is composed of no less than seventeen different parties, comprising Conservatives, Liberals, Democrats, Socialists, the Catholic party, the Labour party, Nationalists, Poles, Pan Germans, Natural Liberals, Free Thinkers, etc., but for practical purposes there are four well-defined parties, which

taken in their order of strength as at present constituted are as follows: The Centre, or Catholic party; the Conservatives, the National Liberals, and the Socialists.

As has been pointed out the Reichstag has no power to initiate legislation, but it may refuse to vote supplies which have been decided upon by the Ministers and the Bundesrath. In this case the members are usually dismissed, and a new election takes place. What would happen in case the new Reichstag persisted in its refusal is not known, no such case ever having happened. On more than one occasion Bismarck dismissed the Reichstag for opposition to his measures, and in each case the new members did his bidding. Last December the Reichstag by a majority of nine refused to sanction the estimate for the colonial department, and immediately the Chancellor, Prince von Bülow, dismissed the members in the name of the Emperor, and ordered a new



HERR BERNHARD DERNBURG

The new force in German colonial affairs.

election. The country seethed with excitement. The government estimate had been voted down by a combination of the Centre, the Socialists and Poles, as against the Conservatives, National Liberals, Freisinnige and Anti-Semites. For some years past there has been a growing feeling of discontent because the people have not a greater voice in the affairs of the nation. The Socialists have demanded that the power of the Bundesrath and the Emperor should be curtailed and the Ministers made responsible to the people's representatives.

This was really the meaning of the adverse vote. The Reichstag was dismissed in December and the new election held on January 25th last. In the meantime public meetings were held in all the large centres, and the Government made no secret of the fact that they were making every effort to crush the Centre and the Socialists. They appealed to the people on patriotic grounds, pointed out that the Centre and Socialists had refused to

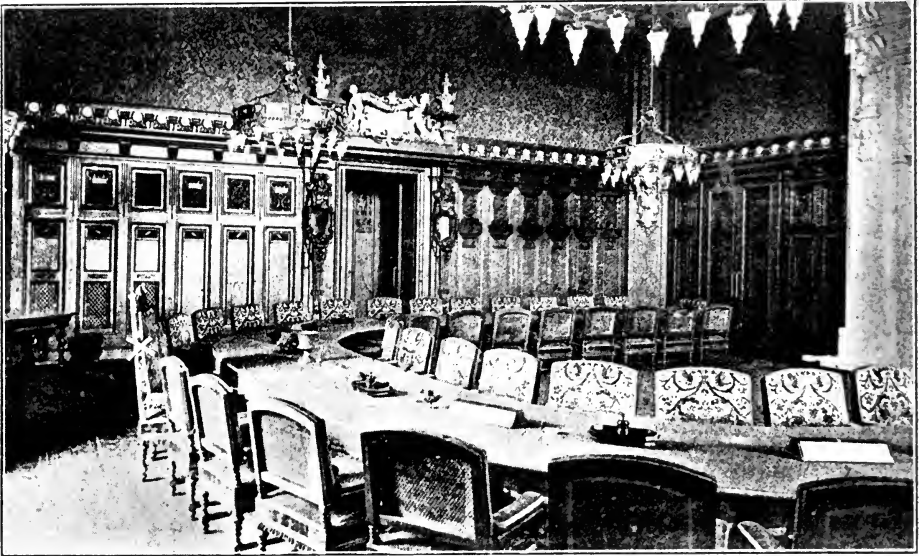


PRINCE VON BÜLOW

Chancellor of the German Empire.

vote supplies to carry on the war in German South Africa, where German soldiers were fighting for their country, and called upon the people to defeat those who had refused to feed the nation's heroes. The result was a crushing defeat for the Socialists, who returned with only 43 seats, having lost 33, but the Centre party came back with 105 seats or five more than they had in the old house.

The new Reichstag promptly passed the

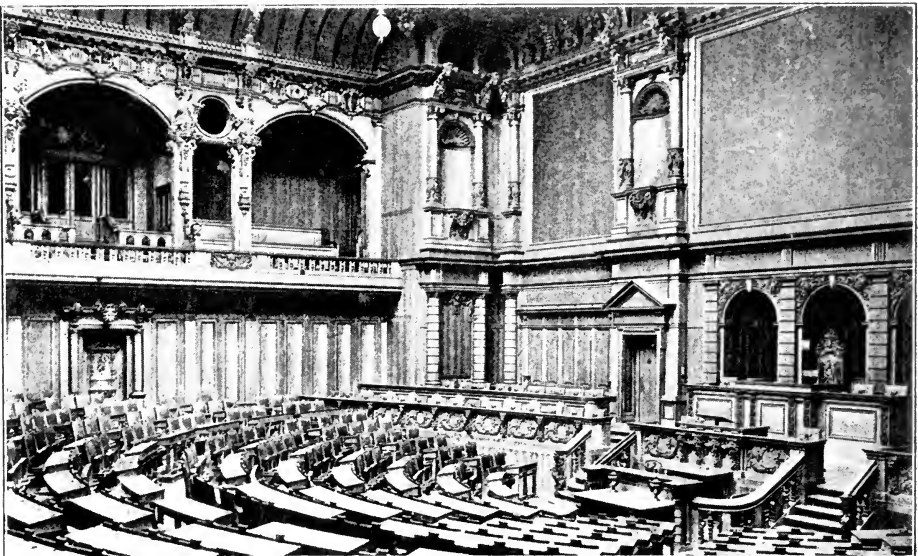


A CHAMBER IN THE REICHSTAG

The meeting-place of the Bundesrath, the power behind the German throne. The chair marked X is the one occupied by Prince Von Bülow, Chancellor of the Empire.

estimate, and so the whole affair has died out, and the Emperor, Chancellor and Bundesrath have every reason for congratulation. What the result would have been in case the new Reichstag had refused the grant can only be surmised. Some

claim the Chancellor would have dismissed them again, but the more conservative think this would have created a grave situation and possibly resulted in a revolution which might have shaken the throne.



THE REICHSTAG CHAMBER

The man of the hour in Germany is Herr Bernhard Dernburg, the new Minister of the Colonies. For years German colonial affairs have been the laughing-stock of the world and a constant source of irritation at home. German colonial officials seemed to do nothing but make mistakes both at home and abroad. The head of the department was a noble who had no training in business, and who had no knowledge of the requirements of the colonies. The result was that while business prospered at home in every branch the colonies continued to be an ever-increasing source of financial burden, and of late it began to be whispered that the officials administering the affairs of the colonies abroad had become corrupt. The Emperor was quick to grasp the situation and immediately set about finding a capable man for the post. In diplomatic circles in Berlin the story goes that the Emperor sent a high official to Herr Dernburg, who was then managing a large private bank, to ask him if he could recommend a capable man for the post. Dernburg, so the story goes, replied he knew the proper man, and that the man was himself. He was then drawing a salary of \$30,000 per annum, and the



WILLIAM V. KARDORFF
Leader of the Pan-German Party.

remuneration of a Minister is not half that sum, but being already rich he could afford the luxury. The Emperor was delighted, and though Dernburg is a Jew, and no one of his race had held office since the formation of the Empire, he appointed him at once to the important office, and gave him a free hand to place the colonial department on a firm business basis and weed out all the old and decayed timber.

Dernburg set to work with characteristic energy, and soon his skill as an administrator and his experience as a business man made a wonderful change in German colonial affairs, and inspired a confidence in the financial world which had the effect of causing capitalists to invest in colonial enterprise. When Dernburg assumed office, he found a rebellion in progress in German South Africa among the native blacks. He called for more troops and energetic measures to suppress the rising. He demanded more money to clothe and feed the soldiers, and here he ran foul of the Centre and the Socialists in the Reichstag. During the election he went about the country delivering addresses on colonial affairs, a thing unheard of in Germany for a Minister of



AUGUST BABEL
Leader of the Socialists.



E. BASSERMAN

Leader of the National Liberals.

the Crown to condescend to address the people direct. The upper classes were shocked, but the people hailed the innovation with delight and rewarded the Minister by smashing the Socialists. After the election Dernburg came back to the Reichstag, and had the satisfaction of seeing his disputed estimate passed by a majority of thirty.

When the present Emperor came to the throne, it was feared by many in Germany, as well as abroad, that he would prove a disturbing element to the peace of the world. He was considered impetuous, vain, arrogant and a determined

autocrat. His first act of importance was to dismiss Bismarck, who had founded the Empire. This seemed to justify his critics, but gradually the people of Germany have learned that while their Emperor may be impulsive, he is very wise; while perhaps vain, he is dignified and of irreproachable character and life; while arrogant, he is just, and a tremendous worker; and while autocratic, he thoroughly believes in his divine right to guide and rule his people, and makes every effort to live up to the part. Whether owing to his influence or not the country has prospered commercially in an astounding manner since his ascension to the throne, the army has developed into the most perfect war instrument on earth, and the national spirit has risen to a patriotism hitherto unknown. There is a growing spirit among Germans that the Reichstag should be clothed with similar powers to those of the English House of Commons and the authority of the Emperor and Bundesrath reduced to that of the English King and House of Lords. but on the other hand many wise ones claim that the country is not yet ripe for such a change and scoff at the idea of Germany being capable of achieving in less than forty years of political life a system which took England centuries to evolve. One thing is certain—the recent signal defeat of the Socialists at the polls has put the reform movement back for many a day in Germany, and possibly as long as the present Emperor reigns the members of the Reichstag will be compelled to be satisfied with the privileges they now enjoy.

Morning and Night

BY KATHERINE HALE

WHEN in the early dawn we slip away,
The sky one pink rose lying on the bay,
The world seems very young to you and me:
As young as love, as laughing and as free.

But oh! at night when we come floating back,
Glooming like shadows on the far moon's track,
How much a part of earth and heaven above,
How old we are, and oh! how old is love!

A Canadian Singer

By THURLOW FRASER

Sketch of Miss Edith J. Miller, contralto, who has won distinction abroad.



It is nothing new to hear of distinguished success achieved by Canada and Canadians, for this is Canada's growing time, a time in which she has attracted more world-wide attention than ever before. But the success we have been winning is mostly material, the success which can be measured by money standards, the success which has come from the exploitation and development of our national wealth of mine and ocean, forest and field.

But it is good to know that Canadians, in the midst of their material successes, are not neglecting art, literature and general culture for their own sakes. And although the demand for the best products of culture is yet so small in Canada that it sends our ablest artists abroad to secure recognition, it is a fact to be proud of that so many of them have achieved fame in the most highly cultivated centres of other lands. One of the latest of these to win such distinction is Miss Edith J. Miller, the Canadian contralto, who has been accorded a most flattering reception in the musical world of London.

Miss Miller's home is in Portage la Prairie, Man., and she is the only surviving child of Mr. W. W. Miller, who has been postmaster in that city for the last twenty-seven years. As a child she gave promise of having a fine voice, and early received musical training from her mother and later in a college which at that time existed in her native town. Afterwards she went to Toronto where, in the Conservatory of Music, she studied under Francesco D'Auria, and won the gold medal for her year.

After teaching for a year in the Winnipeg Conservatory of Music, she followed Signor D'Auria's advice and went

to Europe to continue her studies. In London, under the tuition of Randegger, and in Paris under Madame Marchesi, she made such progress that Col. Henry Mapleson, the impresario, made her a most flattering offer. But she felt that a rest was needed, and returned to Canada.

A short holiday was followed by Miss Miller's début as a prima donna in Toronto, her first concert being given in Massey Hall. Her success was immediate. The *Toronto World* described her song recital as "A decided triumph." The *Mail and Empire* noted her power of interpretation of both the light and serious numbers, and told how she was "applauded and recalled during the evening with spontaneous enthusiasm." Other critics were equally generous in their praise. In every Canadian city where she appeared she had a similar reception.

A brief visit that Miss Miller made to New York resulted in engagements which lasted three years. Out of three hundred applicants she was chosen as contralto soloist in St. Bartholomew's church, often known as the Vanderbilt church. Then she held a similar position in Tomkins Avenue Congregational church, Brooklyn, probably the largest of that denomination in the world.

It was during her stay in New York and Brooklyn that Miss Miller became known to the great audiences that gather at Chautauqua. For a season she filled an engagement there, singing at two concerts weekly.

At one of these an incident occurred which aroused the enthusiasm of the Chautauquans. Lord Aberdeen, then Governor-General of Canada, and Lady Aberdeen, were on the platform. When Miss Miller came out to sing, Lord Aberdeen recognised her at once, and, with-



MISS EDITH J. MILLER

A Canadian contralto whose singing recently was rewarded by a bouquet of flowers from King Edward.

out waiting for her song, hurried across the platform and greeted her most warmly, to the immense delight and enthusiasm of the throng that filled the great auditorium. Miss Miller gracefully responded to his Excellency's greeting by singing some of his favourite Scotch songs.

Wearied with constant and exacting work, Miss Miller returned from New York to her home in Portage la Prairie. There she remained three years. During that time she conducted the choir of Knox church, bringing it up to a very high state of efficiency.

In September, 1904, she again went to

England and, after a period of hard study, gave her first concert there in the Aeolian Hall on November 3rd, 1905. It was under the distinguished patronage of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Lord and Lady Minto, and Lord and Lady Strathcona. The concert was a decided success; the musical critics of the great London dailies had very flattering words for the new contralto, their encomiums having hardly one qualifying phrase.

After her initial success in London, Miss Miller made a concert tour of the provinces and of Ireland, returning to London to fulfil many public engagements in leading halls, as well as private engagements in drawing-rooms.

But it is during the present season that the young Canadian singer has achieved her greatest success. The Royal Choral Society, of which H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, is president, and Sir Fredrick Bridge, conductor, chose her as mezzo-contralto soloist in Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*. Of course, in such a selection nothing but merit counts. It was made as the result of exacting tests successfully sustained before Sir Fredrick Bridge and the committee on selection. The *Dream of Gerontius* was rendered in Albert Hall on February thirteenth last. Miss Miller sustained her part so well that, as we learn from English papers, musicians like Sir Hubert Parry, Ffrangcon Davies, and others "overwhelmed her with congratulations."

The following evening, February fourteenth, the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, of which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is president, gave their concert in Queen's Hall. At this King Edward was present, and with him the Prince of Wales and a distinguished company of British nobles and foreign ambassadors and diplomats. Miss Miller's rendering of "Gavotte" from *Mignon*, sung in French, produced a double encore.

After her first song, the King sent a bouquet of flowers to Miss Miller, and when the concert was over commanded that she should be presented to him. Both the King and the Prince of Wales

warmly praised the voice and powers of expression of the Canadian singer.

The undoubted position Miss Miller has attained in the musical world is shown by her second engagement with the Royal Choral Society as soloist in Elgar's "Kingdom." These two concerts of the Choral Society are Miss Miller's first appearances in oratorio, and it is a remarkable tribute to her musical skill that she should be chosen as contralto soloist in the two most important oratorio engagements in London this year. With the exception of Madame Albani and Madame Donalda, no other Canadian vocalist has won such recognition. As might be expected, her success has led to many other important engagements for the rest of the season.

Like every other true success, Miss Miller's has been quite as much the result of a genius for hard, persistent work, as of a genius for vocal music. No one understands better than she the necessity for self-discipline, for unremitting care, study and training. Indeed, it is this tireless persistence which is perhaps her chief characteristic.

I take the liberty of quoting a couple of paragraphs from a sketch of Miss Miller's life, and an appreciation of her singing which appeared in *The Gentleman's Journal* (London), of October thirtieth, 1906:

It has been said, and we endorse the statement, that Miss Miller's wonderful gift is evidenced to the highest advantage in oratorio, concert and song recitals; but although generally described as a contralto, she really has a mezzo-contralto voice of fine quality and flexibility, and her singing of a wide range of songs is marked by admirable method and control. She is, too, possessed of dramatic powers of no mean order, whilst her refinement of delivery imparts to every class of song she sings, a spirit of grace and beauty.

Since being in England, she has sung much in many fashionable drawing-rooms. Socially, she is most popular; and, apart from her singing, her natural Western freshness, her vivacity, and charm of conversation have gained her many friends. Both Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie and Mr. Henry J. Wood have given her valuable assistance. Mr. Harold Speed, R.A., has painted her portrait, and it hangs at the Academy this year in the same room in which are exhibited Mr. Colin Forbes' portraits of the King and Queen.

China: A Great Opportunity

By JOHN WADDELL

A review of the situation in China, giving reasons why Canada should extend her trade with that empire.



S introduction to this article I shall quote from the London *Outlook* on foreign affairs in 1906: "The year has seen China for the first time in half a century in the enjoyment of external security, and it has watched in that colossal empire the resurrection of old ambitions and the stirring of new internal forces. Throughout the eighteen provinces, Japanese influence has made enormous strides. The Middle Kingdom is being intellectually irrigated. She is arming herself; her sons are being encouraged to complete their education abroad; a commission has been touring the world to collect data for the establishment of a Chinese parliament; she is feeling her way towards a handier and more efficient system of government and a greater, unity and centralisation in her administrative framework; China for the Chinese has become more than a policy *pour vivre*; the boycott of American goods, the opium edict, the trouble over Sir Robert Hart's position, the disinclination to grant any further concessions to foreigners, the abolition of the examination system, and the rise of a native press, are all tokens that China intends as quickly and as completely as possible to be mistress of her own household. Compared with this mighty *risorgimento* there is only one other event in the calendar of 1906 that deserves more than a moment's consideration. That event, of course, is the summoning and the dissolution of Russia's first parliament."

Since China is about to become one of the great factors in the world's history, it behooves Canadians, as being among her nearest neighbours, to take a vivid interest in her progress.

A few comparisons will help to make our ideas about the country less vague than they unfortunately are in the case of most of us. The Chinese Empire has an area somewhat greater than the United States, with a population about five times as large. By far the most thickly populated part is China proper, which in an area, five-fourteenths of the whole, contains more than thirteen-fourteenths of the population. China proper bears to the rest of the empire somewhat the same relation that Old Ontario does to New Ontario. The United States, including Alaska, has an area of 3,622,933 square miles; Canada, 3,655,946; the Chinese Empire, 4,277,170. Of this area, China proper contains 1,532,420 square miles, with a population of about four hundred and seven millions; the remaining 2,744,750 square miles having a population a little over twenty-six millions.

The Chinese Empire has slightly more than one hundred inhabitants per square mile, while in China proper the number is 266. England and Belgium, the most thickly populated countries in the world, have about 640; the United Kingdom as a whole, 360; Japan, 326; New York State, 148; the whole of the United States about 25; Prince Edward Island, by far the most thickly settled province in Canada, 51; the Dominion as a whole, *two*.

In round numbers the imports of China in 1905 were worth \$335,000,000; of the United States, \$1,180,000,000; of the United Kingdom, \$2,825,000,000; of Canada, \$265,000,000; of Japan, \$250,000,000.

In the same year the exports of China were valued at \$170,000,000; of the United States, \$2,665,000,000; of the United

Kingdom, \$2,035,000,000; of Canada, \$220,000,000; of Japan, \$165,000,000.

One comparison more: In 1905 China had 3,000 miles of railway; the United Kingdom, 38,431 miles; the United States, 212,349 miles; Canada, 20,601 miles.

On all hands one sees and hears of the awakening of China. For centuries she was the fountain of civilisation; for centuries the fountain has run dry. Western nations carried on and perfected the arts and sciences imported from the East. China herself made no advance. The Chinese, however, continued to regard themselves as the aristocracy of the earth and at the highest point of civilisation, and they resisted the entrance of foreigners and foreign inventions. On the one hand there was the pride of the learned class, who gloried in the wisdom handed down through hundreds and even thousands of years; on the other hand, there were the vested interests of millions of poor labourers. The anti-progressive influences are seen conspicuously in the case of railways. Millions of coolies earn a living of five cents a day by carrying merchandise in baskets or wheeling it in barrows. They object to being replaced by a locomotive, which can do the work of thousands of them. Moreover, religious sentiments or superstitions are an important factor. The Chinese people the earth and air with spirits whom they do not worship in a true sense, but whom they regard with terror. On the one hand, they try to conciliate them; on the other, they endeavour to hoodwink and outwit them. They believe that spirits cannot turn a corner, but must move in straight lines. Hence in a house two windows are rarely opposite, lest spirits should pass through, and few roads from one village to another are straight. The Chinese in burying their dead attempt to dodge the spirits, and in choosing a lucky spot will sometimes keep a body for years. Then, no matter how inconvenient or unnatural a place may seem to western ideas, if it fulfils the condition of prospective immunity from the machinations of malignant and designing spirits, *there* the grave is made. Hence there are tombs everywhere scattered all over the coun-

try, and these tombs are so sacred that three dollars or more are demanded of a railway company for every grave that has to be removed. In the case of one railway forty-six miles long, built in such a manner as to avoid the places most thickly covered with tombs, three thousand graves had nevertheless to be removed, an average of one for every eighty feet. The first railway in China was built by British promoters in 1876. It was fourteen miles long, and so great was the sentiment against it, that no sooner was it completed than it was bought by the Government. The roadbed was torn up and the engines dumped into the river. There were no further attempts at railway building till 1881. By 1905 there were three thousand miles, and there are a number of concessions for building other roads. Most of these concessions were obtained from China forcibly, and are not likely to be added to. The Chinese wish to control their own railways. They bought back from the United States, at what was almost a fanciful figure, the concession for the Canton-Hankow railway, which, in connection with the Hankow-Peking railway, will make one of the longest and most important lines in the country.

Japan and Russia, as a result of the late war, have the largest control of railways, especially in Manchuria. Japan has 669 miles and Russia 967 miles. According to the treaty of peace, each nation is entitled to provide a military guard of fifteen for every kilometre (about twenty-four per mile). This gives Japan 16,032 soldiers in that country and Russia 23,208. The Chinese plenipotentiaries expressed a desire to have the guards removed as soon as possible, and Japan promised to withdraw if Russia would; but Russia will probably not accede to the request. The growth of railways promises to be very rapid. As the superstitious objections are fast disappearing, the commercial advantages are more and more evident. The rate of progress will depend largely upon the financial resources of the Chinese themselves.

China is now following in the course pursued by Japan a generation ago. In

1868 Japan entered upon its new career. Delegates were sent to Europe and America to study the constitution of other countries, and in 1889 a constitutional government was established. Western education was introduced, university professors were imported for a certain number of years, and the military system was remodelled. Meanwhile China kept in her old way, but the war with Japan in 1894-5 seemed likely to bring about a change, and it was the general opinion that if China meant to maintain her position among nations, she must adopt western ideas. She was, however, in the grip of Russia, and, moreover, the official class hoped that the old system would be able to stand against any force that western influence could bring to bear against it. The Russo-Japanese war freed China largely from Russian control, and gave her a lesson in the benefit to Japan of western civilisation. The younger generation of Chinese had recognised that China's defeat in the war with Japan was due to official corruption and to the lack of science such as Japan had derived from the West. The Chinese army was supplied with charcoal instead of gunpowder for the cartridges, and with black beans instead of pebble powder for the shells. The arms purchased from foreign nations were out of date, and were sold to the Government at a ridiculously high figure by the army contractors. The education and training of the officers was such that even the best weapons were of little avail; and it is not to be wondered at that the common soldiers, taking advantage of the lax discipline, deserted whenever they thought fit. So a reform party was started, and its members were increased on account of Germany's seizure of Kiaochow in 1897, and of Russia's consequent demand for Port Arthur, as well as owing to the public discussion of the partition of China. The Emperor in 1898 issued a series of edicts instituting reforms, but the conservative forces prevailed, the Emperor was deposed, and the Dowager Empress seized the reins of power.

The Boxer movement and the repris-

als therefor on the part of the European nations helped forward the reform party. The edicts of the Emperor, promising reforms, were re-issued with additions, and now since Japan's defeat of Russia China is sending out commissioners as the Island Kingdom did forty years ago, with a view to collecting information regarding western modes of government and western civilisation. The Emperor last September issued a decree promising constitutional government when the people should be fit for it.

Of all the outside nations, Japan exerts the most influence. As China sees Japan conquering by a combination of patriotic enthusiasm and scientific appliances, she asks herself why she should not take a place in the world equal or even superior to that of Japan. In order to learn from Japan, China is sending her own men to that country to study, and has obtained Japanese instructors for her schools. In 1897 the Chinese Government sent two students to Japan. After the late war the numbers, which had increased gradually from year to year, made a sudden bound, and a few months ago there were nine thousand Chinese students in Japan, every steamer bringing an additional quota. Students educated in Japan are not required to pass provincial examinations in China, which are preliminary to the final examinations in Peking, the door to the highest official appointments. This means that instead of the futile learning which has for centuries been required of candidates for office, modern education is encouraged. The effect has been also to modify the old system of examination in China itself.

About two hundred Japanese are serving the central and provincial governments of China. Some are teachers in schools and colleges, some are military officers, some are police officers, and some are financial advisers.

Foremost in the progressive movement in China is Yuan-Shih-kai, viceroy of Chih-li, the metropolitan province. He is an enthusiastic advocate of military reorganisation. The army is now national instead of provincial, as hitherto. The reorganisation has begun, and in

a few years there will be half a million men trained for service.

Now that China is abandoning her old futile learning, is changing her military organisation, is introducing railways and steamboats, is beginning to absorb western ideas, is even to some extent changing her diet and mode of living, what are other nations going to do about it?

It is to be noted that the Chinese nation does not contemplate being absorbed by the West. She does not contemplate foreigners gaining control of her transport and her industries, and there is no more talk now of the partition of China than there is of the annexation of Canada to the United States. As our motto is "Canada for the Canadians," so China's motto is "China for the Chinese," but this motto is not coupled as formerly with "down with the foreigners." The foreigner is now recognised as an important consumer of what China has to sell, and a necessary provider of what China wishes to buy.

It is noticeable that the imports are nearly double the exports, the ratio being greater than even in the case of Britain. But these imports are largely for the development of the country, not for buying native produce for export. China's imports are greater than those of Canada though its exports are less. When we consider that the population of China is seventy times the population of Canada, it is evident that her external trade is relatively small. A large country may have a small external trade because it is self-sufficient. The external trade of the United States is less in proportion to its population than that of Canada, but its internal trade is enormous. But notwithstanding its immense internal trade, the external trade of the United States is seven times that of China. It is evident then that if China is to have the civilisation and commerce of the West, there is an unparalleled opening for development in external trade. In 1904 there was an increase as compared with 1903, and in 1905 an increase over the preceding year. It is very noticeable that while the increase in imports from the United

Kingdom in 1905 amounted to twenty-four million dollars, the increase from the United States was over thirty-six million, or rather more than half as much again. This in spite of the boycott against America. There was a subsequent decrease of about ten million dollars in the imports from the United States during 1906, but this was largely due to the small importation of copper, for which there was a special demand in 1905 for coinage purposes. There was also a falling off in cotton, which in 1905 had been imported beyond the demand. In addition, the boycott affected the importation of petroleum.

The cotton trade in China is peculiar. In some departments Great Britain supplies the greater proportion, in others the United States. As an example, over ninety per cent. of gray plain shirtings are from Britain, while nearly ninety per cent. of gray plain sheetings are sent by the United States.

The imports from the United Kingdom have increased greatly during the last twenty-five years, but the imports from other countries have increased at a greater rate. During the decade, 1880-89, the United Kingdom supplied 23.9 per cent. of the imports; during the decade 1894-1903, only 17.3 per cent. This may be due to the growing demand for goods not provided by Britain, which could not compete with the United States in wheat or in copper. It is to be feared, however, that Britain is losing some of the trade which she should retain.

The exports of China have undergone a great change in the last forty years. In 1864, tea formed 58 per cent. of the total export, silk 24 per cent., and raw cotton 12 per cent. The export of cotton was abnormally high, owing to the civil war in the United States. In 1904 silk led with 33 per cent., tea was 12½ per cent., and cotton 10½ per cent. Forty years ago tea and silk combined constituted 82 per cent. of the whole; in 1904 they were only 45½ per cent. The total exports have so increased during the period mentioned that the amount of tea exported in 1904 was greater than in 1864, but now the actual amount is diminishing year by year owing to the

competition of India and Ceylon. The high-water mark for the Chinese tea trade was in 1886, and the quantity exported in 1905 was only about three-fifths of what it was at that date. The export in 1905 was ten million pounds less than in 1904, and in 1904 thirty million less than in 1903. Of the tea consumed in the United Kingdom only $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was Chinese in 1904, and only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in 1905.

There seems to be a difference of opinion as to the cause of the falling off. By some it is attributed to the primitive methods of cultivation and curing, hand curing being employed in China, while machinery is used in India and Ceylon. By others hand curing is said to be preferable, and the fault is believed to lie in lack of advertising. It is generally admitted that the very highest grades of tea are supplied only by China, no Indian tea selling for more than one hundred dollars a pound, while on several occasions Chinese tea has been sold in London for between two hundred and twenty-five and two hundred and seventy-five dollars a pound.

Though within the last four years silk has passed from the second place to the first among China's exports, yet the industry has of late years declined somewhat. The Chinese silkworm is the best in the world, but latterly disease has attacked both eggs and worms, and practically nothing has been done to remedy the evil, though in other countries it has been successfully combated, and now their silks are superior to the Chinese. While it does not seem likely that the tea trade will ever recover its former position, there is nothing to prevent the silk industry from becoming more valuable in the future than in the past. The two staple industries having fallen off, the one in all probability permanently, the other temporarily, it is fortunate that their place is being taken by a large number of products, none of which approaches silk and tea in value, but all together amount to a considerable sum.

The shipping of China has grown enormously of late. It was about ten per cent. higher in 1905 than in 1904, and it

has more than doubled within nine years. The British tonnage was in 1905 more than the total in 1896, but the British proportion has in that period declined from 65.23 per cent. of the whole to 48.24 per cent. Germany and Japan have made the greatest percentage of advance, but the actual tonnage increase of British shipping is greater than that of Germany and Japan together.

The resources of China are first of all agricultural, but the mining and manufacturing possibilities are great. It is said that every province contains coal, some of them in large quantities, while iron, copper and other ores are found, and will probably be found to a still greater extent as the country is prospected.

The Chinese are to a certain extent changing from rice to wheat, and the probability is that wheat will become more and more important as a food. Manchuria is largely prairie, and can raise wheat sufficient to supply the whole country. The quality compares favourably with that of wheat grown in the United States; probably it is not so good as our best grades. In the meantime the United States trade in flour has grown extensively. The methods of farming in Manchuria have hitherto been very primitive, but there is an enormous tract of country suited to cultivation on a large scale with the most modern implements. Steam ploughs and threshers are, according to the consular reports of the United States, being now introduced.

Americans are pressing into China. The monthly consular reports devote a great deal of attention to the country. The consuls give in detail the condition of trade, point out the openings for American goods, suggest how trade may be wrested from other countries, as for instance, the cotton trade from England, and in every way stimulate to effort. Direct agencies are recommended, not agencies in which other countries are represented as well as the United States. American agents are urged for the principal places, such as Shanghai and Hong Kong, with Chinese sub-agents throughout the country. Emporiums for the display of American goods are proposed, so that the Chinese may see the goods and

not depend upon catalogues, which apparently are not very effective. One consul reports that he found that there were many applicants for catalogues that he was distributing, and he thought that they were doubtless creating an interest in the goods described. He learned on enquiry, however, that the Chinese found the paper of the catalogues useful as insoles for their shoes, liking especially those with the thickest paper. Chinese newspapers have lately been obtaining a very wide circulation, hundreds of new papers having been started, and advertisements of American goods are appearing in them with good result.

It is a question for Canadians to consider what share they are going to take in the rapidly increasing trade with China. We cannot compete in cottons; we cannot compete in many branches of manufacture, but we ought to be able to compete in agricultural implements. We ought to be able to compete in wheat

and flour. We ought to be able to compete in some varieties of fruit. China is almost deforested. A great deal of lumber has gone from Seattle and other American ports. Canada ought to be able to compete in lumber to great advantage. The condensed milk trade is a considerable one. Within just a few years the American export of this commodity to China has grown from zero to \$350,000. The total import is \$800,000. An American firm in Canada has shipped extensively. There is no reason why Canada should not make a profitable trade in this article. A writer in *The Forum* advocates the establishment of American banks in China. Canadian bankers whose reputation is high should be able to aid Canada's trade at least as much as American bankers can that of the United States.

China is nearer to Vancouver than to San Francisco, and with our growing railway facilities we ought to be able to get our fair share of the trade of the Orient.

Lost Illusion

BY LILIAN M. MOWAT

BLUE is the mountain side;
White is the summer sea—
My eyes look out through tears
For the joy that is gone from me.

What was my joy? Ah, well—
I hardly looked to see:
Light and gossamer wings,
Hum of the errant bee.

Touch of the morning air,
Breath of the currant bloom,
Green of the breathing pine,
Yellow of massing broom.


Rose of the dawnlit cloud,
White of the summer sea,
Blue of the mountain side—
These were my joy to me.

My eyes look out through tears;
But others, I know, will see
The wonderful, shining face
Of the joy that is gone from me.

Geneva Burton's Buzzing Party

By HELEN E. WILLIAMS

How an innocent prank, a youthful desire for originality, led to embarrassment and finally to an original announcement.

 AM sorry to go off and leave you in this way, Jean," said Mrs. Burton, turning from a hasty descent to the panting motor, beside which the Judge already stood waiting, in begoggled hideousness.

She settled herself on the cushioned seat, and continued: "Nora and Emma will see to everything about the house, and you will have Bessie," with a smile towards the latter, "to stay with you over night. If they had not written so peremptorily about sister Louise's condition, I—"

The car started. "If anything happens, go"—called back Mrs. Burton; but Geneva never learned where she was to go, for the car was bumping down the avenue, like a wicked-looking beetle spitting back steam as it went.

Geneva and Bessie sat on the side steps, looking out on the tennis lawn. Beyond it stretched the orchard. Judge Burton was very proud of its size, and the shapeliness of its row upon row of trees. "You must not go without seeing my orchard," was the frequent remark to visitors. Now it was really beautiful. Each tree seemed enveloped in a cloud of rosy and pearly blossoms, over and through which bees hovered and clambered, humming drowsily. To the girls, sitting disconsolately on the steps, it sounded like the roar of the ocean, beating its ceaseless music on the beach.

"How lonely a house seems after anyone goes away!" broke out Geneva impatiently. "Why, I can just hear the silence in there," with a backward jerk of the head.

Bessie acquiesced by a nod. "It's always like that at home—when Mother or Katherine leave, you know."

Geneva drummed her fingers on the post against which she was leaning. "Everything looks so sleepy and forsaken, I wish we could do something to wake it up. What's the crowd up to?"

"I saw Brackley Shaw at the post office this morning, and he asked the same thing, only he particularised."

Geneva looked conscious. "I wish we *could* do something," she repeated, to hide it. "Can't you think of something, Bessie? You ought to know of something, you go to all the different summer resorts. What do they do there?"

"Why," pondered Bessie, "we go in bathing."

"Of course we can't do that here," interrupted Geneva.

"And dance, and talk, and walk," continued Bessie; "there is always something going on. The time simply flies."

"That doesn't help me much," commented Geneva, crossly. "What I want is something original, and larky, and just heaps of fun."

They were both silent after this, Bessie looking a trifle resentful at the reception of her suggestions, Geneva tapping her toes, and cogitating absently.

Suddenly her face lightened, and she burst into a triumphant laugh, and springing to her feet, gave Bessie an affectionate hug. "Bessie, I've got it, the very thing!" She indulged in more laughter, while Bessie somewhat stiffly extricated herself. "What is it?" she asked coldly.

"Such fun! I couldn't think of a solitary thing, and then as I sat there, looking over at the orchard, it suddenly flashed across me, and I could have

shouted, it was so—so apposite, I suppose Dad would call it.”

“What *is* it?” repeated Bessie, her pique melting before her curiosity.

Geneva stopped gesticulating and assumed an air of great gravity.

“A buzzing party,” she announced, watching for the effect of her revelation upon her friend. It was disappointing. “What in the world is that?” queried Bessie in bewilderment.

Geneva threw herself down beside her, and poured into Bessie’s astonished ears explanations which made her eyes bulge with interest.

“Come on,” cried Geneva, as she finished, and they stood regarding each other with feelings of mingled awe, admiration, and daring; “come on, we must begin.”



Margaret Burton was Geneva’s sister, but, unlike the latter, she was staid and sedate and proper and—much older. To sit in a hammock with a gentleman, for instance, was to her simply unthinkable. She had been in Boston studying music for nearly a year, and as she stepped off the train at Mapleton on this particular evening she realised that it was good to see the little station again and the familiar faces of the station-master and the few old acquaintances, who shook hands so warmly. It was good to be home again. She was experiencing a delicious thrill of anticipation, too, for she was unexpected, and the moment she had so long looked forward to, of stepping in upon her family unannounced, was at hand. As she looked at the little stores and post-office (hadn’t they shrunken? Surely they used to be larger) she was meditating upon the fact that every one she had spoken to had seemed so surprised, and almost amused to think she had come. She could understand the surprise, she *was* unexpected, but why the amusement, she asked herself.

“I guess Geneva didn’t expect you to-night,” one acquaintance had asserted, glancing significantly at her companion.

“No one expected me. It’s a sur-

prise. I’ve never been able to do it before, and—”

“Well, you will this time,” the acquaintance turned back to call.

There was a double meaning to it, somehow. It sounded ominous. She hurried on. The church and the old school-house, where she had had the best times of her life. It was turned into a museum now, and full of all sorts of curiosities. She turned a corner, crossed the road, and entering an imposing gateway, hurried up the avenue. Home at last.

The upper part of the house she saw was dark, but several lights shone out from the lower windows. Suddenly she paused. What was that hum? She listened intently. Voices! She went toward them. In the orchard of all places! Suddenly she found herself before a hammock, strung up between two of the trees. A girl she didn’t recognise was sitting in it. And as she started to back away, murmuring an apology, Alec Hunter, one of the younger village boys, emerged, and came forward with a somewhat awkward greeting.

“Why, Margaret Burton, how did you get here? This *is* a surprise!” And after a few minutes’ conversation, “Judge and Mrs. Burton were called away to Quebec, suddenly, this afternoon, you know.”

“Oh,” said Margaret, disappointedly, “that must have been what the others meant. Well, Jean is here, isn’t she?” and interrupted herself to ask, “But why don’t you come into the house, Alec? What is Jean thinking of to leave you out here?”

She glanced at the stranger, and Alec introduced her. “Come right into the house,” she repeated, assuming the air of hostess. “I can’t think what Jean—”

“Oh, we are all right here, Margaret, thanks; fact is, we—” he stumbled for a word, “we would rather stay out here, don’t you know?”

“No, I certainly don’t. Why, what nonsense! Ugh, it’s chilly, come in, come in!”

Alec glanced at the girl in the hammock, who got up, and they followed

Margaret across the lawn toward the house, talking commonplaces.

A sound caught Margaret's ear. "What's that?" she inquired, stopping short. Alec tried to hurry her on. "I'm sure I heard some one talking behind that tree."

She circled round it, and saw another hammock with two more occupants. It was a girl, this time, who extricated herself. "Why, Margaret Burton, you don't mean to say that you've got back to-night!"

"It seems to surprise everybody," smiled Margaret.

"Well, I should think so," said the other, kissing her. "Seen Geneva yet?" "No, I've just come."

"I'll go and get her. You'd better stay here."

Margaret turned to Alec Hunter. "There is something very queer about things here, what is it?" she asked, anxiously.

"Better wait until Geneva comes back," he returned uneasily.

"Well, it's very queer," she repeated.

Geneva came running out of the door and down the steps, which they had by this time reached, and flung her arms round her sister's neck. "Well, Madge, of all things; this *is* a surprise to-night!"

"That is what everybody says," plaintively observed Margaret, somewhat mollified by the sight of her extremely pretty sister; "but why is it particularly surprising to-night?"

Geneva flashed a look at Alec Hunter, who slowly shook his head.

"Come into the house, dear."

A peal of laughter rang out, and then died away again, in the precincts of the orchard.

Margaret stopped determinedly. "Jean, what is going on here? What are all the girls doing out in the orchard at this time of night? Why, the dew must have fallen, and it's chilly."

The two girls protested, faintly, that it was "lovely," while the boys looked sheepish.

"We are having a buzzing party," threw out Geneva, somewhat defiantly. "I didn't know that you were coming

to-night, or of course I would not have planned it."

"A 'buzzing party'? Geneva, are you out of your senses? What is a 'buzzing party'?"

"Can't you hear them?" retorted Geneva, with a wave of the hand toward the orchard, from which the distant murmur of voices floated; "they are all at it—buzzing."

Margaret turned to Gertrude. "What does the child mean?"

"Why, you see, it's a new kind of a party. The hostess, Geneva, asks all the girls to come and bring the boys they are—oh, you had better explain it, Geneva."

"No, go on, you are doing it beautifully."

"Well, each one brings along the one who is 'rushing' her, don't you know, and she, Geneva, has hammocks put in various places throughout the orchard, and when she, Geneva again, rings a bell we all go off to our different hammocks, two and two, you know, and talk, or 'buzz,' till she rings the bell again, at about eleven, when we all come in and have refreshments and things, and dance or play games, or sing, don't you know? It's quite simple, you see," ended Gertrude, gaining courage as she saw the interest, as she interpreted it, with which Margaret listened to her recital.

She was rather abashed, therefore, when the latter said in a firm, appallingly calm voice, "This must be stopped immediately."

This edict drew forth such an outcry, and so many explanations and promises, and wheedlings, that Margaret was finally, and very unwillingly, cajoled into letting the "buzzing" proceed.

"Are you—er—doing it, too?" she inquired, avoiding the obnoxious name, as she turned coldly to her sister.

"He's waiting now—Brackley Shaw."

"Whatever put it into your head I can't imagine," wailed Margaret.

In the little dip where the orchard connected with the south end of the garden, Geneva found Brackley Shaw swinging moodily, and slapping viciously at mos-

quitoes. As her figure emerged from the surrounding trees, he resigned his seat to her, and leaned sulkily against one of the gnarled limbs.

"Why didn't you call this a mosquito party?" he inquired; "their's is the only buzzing I have heard this last half-hour. They have kept me fairly well entertained—and employed," he supplemented with a savage thrust at the invisible foe.

"You wouldn't talk like that if you knew what I had been going through," said Geneva dejectedly, as she sank into the depths of the hammock.

"Why, what have you?" he returned in surprise. "Nothing happened, I hope?"

"Happened! Madge has come!"

"Madge," repeated Brackley perplexedly.

"My sister Margaret, you know?"

Brackley gave vent to a low whistle. "You didn't expect her, then?" he asked somewhat superficially.

"Expect her? I should think *not*!"

Brackley reflected. "How did she take it?"

Geneva shrugged her shoulders expressively.

"What did she say?" pursued her interlocutor, curiously.

"What didn't she!"

"You are very communicative, I must say," grumbled Brackley.

Geneva suddenly became deeply absorbed plaiting the fringe of the hammock. "Well, for one thing, she said it wasn't—proper."

Brackley laughed. "Well, it is rather—rather funny, you know."

Geneva flared up. "I thought you said it was a brilliant idea, that you wondered how I ever thought of it."

"So I did—wonder."

"Now, if that isn't exactly like a boy; whirl right round the minute anything unpleasant turns up."

Several replies occurred to Brackley, but he rejected them in favour of silence.

"Nothing has turned out as I expected," sighed Geneva, after a moment of it, which she spent in idly swinging, Brackley in peeling the bark from the tree. "I suppose you are having just a horrid time, and are wishing you hadn't come."

"Now don't go to supposing anything so absurd as that. What I *was* thinking, though, was that seeing that your sister has come, you might like to see her alone, and that it is up to us chaps to wander home."

He unfolded this scheme somewhat tentatively, uncertain how she would take it. His fears proved correct.

"Of course if you want to go," she began.

"Now, there you go. I don't 'want.' This place is an Eden, with the apple blossoms out like this, and you are—"

"Now, don't say I am an Eve—why I am, am I not?" she broke off to exclaim.

"Dear me," she went on, presently. "I knew there was something I ought to do—the ice cream."

"What about it?"

"Why, to see if it froze all right. I rushed off when I heard Madge come, and—you will be all right here, won't you?"

"Not much, you don't. Hereafter, where thou goest I shall go."

The stars had come out. Like those wonderful ones which burn in India, they were not, as Kipling writes, "all pricked in on one plane, but, preserving an orderly perspective, drew the eye through the velvet darkness of the void up to the barred gates of heaven itself." Framed by the picturesque, criss-cross, flowering branches, with now Orion, now Cassiopea, now the Great Dipper, as principal, they made myriads of enchanting pictures. The soft flutter of the fragrant petals, as they floated down like fairy boats to their anchorage of green, permeated the orchard like a half-audible sigh.

As the two tip-toed towards the house, they were surprised to see a light flitting between the trees at the farther end of the garden. "That can't be a buzzer," observed Brackley, as Geneva darted a little in advance to look, "for lights are strictly contrary to the rules you read out."

"Sh!" murmured Geneva, "come on," and she ran to the kitchen steps, where she sank down, helpless with stifled laughter.

"Don't you see," she explained to

her puzzled cavalier, "it's Margaret? She thinks it's awful, and the poor dear has got a lantern and is going round hunting up all the buzzers. Oh, my, oh, my! Can't you imagine how ill at ease and foolish they will all look? I vow every one will say, "What a surprise; how glad Geneva must have been to see you!"

"See here, if your sister doesn't like it, I think we ought to clear out."

"No such thing. And I will be mortally offended if you go. Of course at first it seemed a little—"

"Yes," assented Brackley, readily.

"But she doesn't really mind, not really, you know. Now for the ice cream."

She provided herself with two teaspoons, and they were speedily in the shed, Brackley removing the bags and ice. Geneva dipped out two spoonfuls. "Isn't it freezing beautifully?" They raised their spoons simultaneously, their eyes seeking each other for the verdict.

"Too sweet," commented Geneva.

"Just right," contradicted Brackley, emphatically, and added, "peachy."

"Oh, do you really think so? I am so glad. I was afraid—" But she didn't say what she was afraid of.

They re-covered the freezer carefully.

"Now, what's your next move?"

"Refreshments. But what am I to do with you?"

"Where thou goest, oh Buzzeress, there go I."

"Oh, you said that before. Do be original if you can't be anything—" she broke off laughing. "I forgot you were not Bessie."

"Pleasant for Bessie, I must say."

"Oh, she doesn't mind. See here, do you want to be useful?"

"As well as ornamental; just try me."

"Good boy; it would help me heaps if you would bring in some of that short wood and make roaring fires in the hall and drawing-room grates; I expect they are most out."

They *were* most out. And by the time Brackley had coaxed the flickering flame into a big, hearty blaze, Geneva had spread the dining-room table with a tempting array of cakes, cookies, home-

made candy, etc., and was on her knees before the china closet, counting out saucers for the ice cream.

Brackley took a knife and flourished it over the table. "All right to abstract a chunk from this virgin cake, I suppose?"

Geneva, turning, nearly dropped the saucers at the sight.

"Brackley Shaw!" she cried, horrified, "if you touch that cake, I'll never, never—"

"Oh, well, if you are so particular."

His eye roved appraisingly over the table. "What about these thingum-gigs; no objection to my testing some of them, is there?"

Geneva, who had now risen, pushed the plate toward him, as if he were some wild animal to be appeased, and she was thankful the price was no greater. "One would think you were starving," she contented herself with saying.

"So I am, so I am; buzzing is no end of a hungry game."

He possessed himself with alacrity of two or three Mocha cakes, and lounged round the room munching them.

"Rather good, this, of the old codger."

Geneva was counting spoons. "Yes," she assented absently. Then glancing up. "Well, I like your 'rather good.' That painting," she spoke with an impressiveness intended to convey reproof, and in unconscious imitation of her father's manner, "that painting was done by Friedmont, and is considered *wonderful*, and worthy of *any* gallery."

Brackley chuckled.

"Now I think *everything* is ready. And if you will take the gong out and call them—"

When Brackley returned no one was in sight. "I say, Geneva, where are you?" he called in some alarm.

"Sh!" came a muffled voice from Judge Burton's study, which was in darkness, "come in here if you want to see the funniest sight. Be careful," as he stumbled against a table. "There, isn't that perfectly killing? The buzzers!"

From every part of the orchard, little groups of twos and threes were emerging upon the lawn. Some of the couples still held themselves apart, talking earn-

estly; but for the most part they all mingled in one big, slow, houseward-moving mass. Margaret Burton could be distinguished in their midst, her head momentarily turning from the girl, whose arm was closely linked in her own, to the tall youth, on the other side, who had possessed himself of her lantern, which he was swinging carelessly as he talked.

"Jove, hear them buzz!" ejaculated Brackley, laughing.

"And isn't that Madge all over? She didn't like the idea a little bit, yet is doing her best to make it go off all right. And when they come in you'll see she will be just as sweet, and sing, and play for us to dance. We are not a speck alike," she concluded regretfully.

Brackley could find no consoling word to offer and was silent. Geneva continued:

"When I was a youngster I used to try so hard to be like her. I would say to myself, 'Now for one day I will be perfectly good,' and would go round smiling, and doing kind little things, you know."

"Well, how did it work?" queried Brackley, doubtfully.

A flash of humour crossed Geneva's face. "They all thought I was sick, and pestered me with questions as to where the pain was," she admitted with a reminiscent smile. "I guess I was never meant to be good," she added mournfully.

"Oh, rot!" exclaimed Brackley, grasping his opportunity. "I wouldn't want you to be as good as all that, you know."

"Sh! They are coming."

"I want you to be just as you are."

"Come on. They'll be in first."

"But I want to say something," holding her hand.

"We haven't time, or we'll have to walk out like ninnies after they've got in."

"It's too late now, anyway, to get out before them."

"It's awfully awkward, isn't it?"

"Not so very. I tell you what we'll do," and Brackley straightened his shoulders back, as the idea settled: "We'll walk out just as we are, hand in hand, and it will be an original 'announcement'."

And they did, Geneva blushing delightfully.

The Wealth of Nature's Son

BY OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY

THE summer winds blow soft across the hay;
 The scent of gardens lingers in the air;
 The robin's fluting wood-notes sing a lay
 Of clouds with lining silvered, free from care.
 The orchards and the meadows, pink and white,
 The deep-greened verdure of a tree's first bloom,
 The ripened fruit, unfolding to the light,—
 Reflect their mellowed joy from Nature's womb.

Through fields of virgin, bending, golden grain,
 Through byways o'er a path of stubble straw,
 Through railèd fence and down a shady lane,
 By forests, brooklets, hedges, thorned and raw,
 Through sunny days and days of darkened hopes,
 Through life's rough journey to the other shore,
 Through blackened ashes up to shining slopes,—
 God keeps the farmer from the City's poor.

Canada First

By WILLIAM HOWARD STEVENS

Love of money has been replacing love of country, but a softening of racial asperities may counteract it.



HAVE no wish to satirise Canadians who believe that Canada is their home-land; this is a word that by the sacred ties of birth and relationship appeals to their hearts in their innocent love of home, and arouses impassioned feelings if any scapegrace ridicules their patriotic love of Canada. But the almighty dollar has such an influence as to make its inroad into the heart and hoodwink the most patriotic. The great tempter in many ways plys his insidious trade upon the would-be Canadian, who, before he is aware of it, becomes entangled in the cunningly laid meshes.

When our young men become politicians their patriotic interest for native land is frequently swamped in the nefarious relationship. On occasions they may burst forth into eloquent acclamations for their home-land, but the evil genius of political partisanship and selfish ambition so blind moral faculty that patriotic love becomes merely an insipid platitude.

The Christian ministry and school-teachers, and higher college professors who have received their education in Canada, consider to some extent that a patriotic love of the home-land, in view of the broader principle of education and religion, is only a secondary matter. Where education and religion make for unison in the development of the mind and more honourable and better inclination of the heart, their bias is to prevent any barriers between peoples who are kept apart by accident. These are the excuses that education and religion offer when the wealthier people put forth the bait of larger salaries for their services. Of course, I do not say that this is why Christian ministers and educationists have left Canada for the United States,

but it is none the less a fact that they have left the less richer field of labour for the country of greater inducements of pecuniary gain and advancement.

Notwithstanding some doubts as to the effect of denationalising Canadians in the United States, business inclined young Canadians and working classes are there in the thousands, and have doubtless to a large extent become citizens of that country. I know of friends and acquaintances who went to the United States some years ago, and have counted themselves since to be citizens of that country, and doubtless many others can be found in Canada who can say the same thing. They too have relatives who have left Canada for the States, and who are now citizens of that country. Of course, the reason of this change is a pertinent question worthy of consideration. The blunders of the home Government, officialdom, partisan and unprincipled politicians and racial discord and ambition may have hindered Canada's progress.

Whatever was the root cause of the confederation of the several provinces it was the first step to a progressive spirit, and it gave some young Canadians the impression that Canada was for Canadians. I remember attending a meeting held in the Agricultural Hall, corner of Yonge and Queen streets, Toronto, for the formation of a Young Canada Party. In some of the young men at that meeting the spirit was willing for the new party, but there were present some young politicians who harassed the Young Canada enthusiasts and broke up the meeting. And George Brown through *The Globe* put a final damper on the ardent spirits of the Young Canada Party.

The more staid business men and politicians looked upon the Young Canada

Party as an enemy to the home Government, and it was therefore considered separatist and ultimately annexationist to the United States, Canada's destiny according to the views of Dr. Goldwin Smith, who has used his pen and influence to accomplish that end. Though the gentleman was considered and derided as a traitor, he evidently was sincerely honest in his views.

Though several of the Provinces were confederated they appeared to him only as a rope of sand, and the racial difference in Quebec Province was to him an obstacle to a harmonious unity of the Canadian people; and, as a liberal observer, doubtless, he knew that the Tory Party outside of home Government officialdom took very little interest in Canada, and where there was any difference between Canada and the United States the authorities treated Canada's interests in a secondary light. We need only refer to the boundary disputes and settlements and the undercurrent influence that caused the United States arbitrators to be rather stiff against the commissioners appointed by Canada in the settlement of disputes between the two countries.

Since Dr. Goldwin Smith first gave out those views of Canada's destiny the progress made by Canada and the change in her relationship within and without should, I think, have modified his viewpoint. However, though the gentleman's views may not be acceptable to patriotic Canadians, he is honourably above board in expressing them.

Can Carnegie's gifts of large sums of money for the building of public institutions in Canada have an unbiassed honesty of purpose about them? Carnegie may be an honourable man, and those accepting his gifts may be honourable men, but, looked at through the lens of a truly patriotic glass, can it be perfectly justified? I may be considered oversensitive in my scruples, but yet there is to my view a taint with the influential almighty dollar that is unsavoury. Carnegie's desire to have Canada united to the States must be certainly well known by those Canadian gentlemen who have accepted his gifts. He has advised the Canadian people to forsake their Cana-

dian patriotism and throw in their destiny with the people of the United States. And it must be of pure selfishness on his part in the interest of the States that he so desires it. For a man of his capabilities must be aware of the treatment of selfishness that Canada has received on different occasions for the purpose of forcing Canada to the wall and into annexation. Since Mr. Carnegie sees that force through the selfish policy of the United States will not do the work, it becomes to him the pleasant duty of playing the benevolent part.

To look straight at the position, one cannot help being impressed that there is an undercurrent influence to weaken Canadian patriotism in favour of this gentleman's desires. For surely his giving of such large sums of money cannot be without its softening influence his way. It is useless for the receivers of such gifts to appeal to one's common sense, that it is not an influence in favour of the donor and his desires. The influence of money is the same now as when Paul told of its baneful force. It does influence and weaken Canada's patriotism with many plausible arguments.

Our pulpit orators as well as our politicians, our business men and our newspaper writers, are often the victims of its influence. Business success rather than patriotic love and interest for the homeland is the first matter to be considered, and thus too often the foreigner and the unscrupulous Canadian work in harmony for the sale of the precious birthright. By some of our leading lights we have the epithet hurled at Canada: "Only provincialists," who are in duty bound to the mother-land for the succour received from her. Self-preservation is a human law that every sensible person follows, and in following out this law he allows his experienced judgment to guide him in his special interests. If there is the trait of home affection in his breast, the parent will get the honourable attention a motherly loving-kindness demands, consistent with the son's ability to render to her his service. As a child he thinks as a child, but as a son who has gained experience in life he allows his actions to be governed by the situation with which he is surrounded.

His affection for the mother-land is the affection of a son rather than that of a child; the affection of the child for the parent is still throbbing in his bosom, but he being married to the own-land centres his affections in a first duty to the interests of his own-land. Canada is his home, and it should therefore have his first consideration.

In this light then every true Canadian must think whether a binding relationship with the mother-land, with all its responsibilities attached, would be beneficial to Canada's up-growth and solidarity into a prosperous and worthy commonwealth. Canada wants no first mortgage from the mother-land. True Canadians should, I think, have high ideals in the political and moral construction of the Dominion. While Canadians respect and even love their neighbours and are consistently loyal to the mother-land, both will receive as much of his duty as is consistent with his position. Canadian liberty in these days of intelligent respect must be thoroughly understood; it must not be of the narrow conception of a business, political or religious duty, as is understood. It must be distinguished by its thorough knowledge of the dividing line of selfish license and human liberty.

Great Canadians have allowed the impression to go broadcast that Canada's evolutionary up-growth and solidarity will be best gained by the stern lessons of our environment of race and religion. We are confederated into States and are fast being taught to borrow ideas for our development with equal impartiality from sources apparently opposite. And thus there is the apparent dividing line of race and religion; and, although our politicians are mostly ambitiously selfish and partisanly narrow, and in some cases corrupt, our leaders are learning to distinguish between the liberty of right living and a licentious selfishness.

Canada is peopled with two dominant races different in their mental and religious ideas of public duty, yet with this difference, there is seen a growing harmony in their party political councils in the public interest. Both the English-speaking and the French-speaking leaders of

the people feel it to be a first duty to ally themselves with the political party congenial in political aspirations with their conception of national government. Thus wise harmony of views in the course of time will grow into the status of a worthy commonwealth. The assimilation of races is a very touchy subject, yet who dare say that such a thing may not occur in Canada. The conscience, intelligent and unfettered, and a true liberty of the mind to think, may work marvels in harmonising many differences. Abuses may follow in the trail of party government, yet in the case of party government in Canada good results are seen in the two races putting aside their social prejudices and allowing themselves as party friends to think and work together in the country's interests. It can be seen that jealousy on occasions has been cast aside in the choice of leaders. We know of the Cartier-Macdonald Government, and today we have the Laurier leadership, softening down the asperities of the race and creed, and in due time, by honesty of purpose and wisdom in the leaders of the two races, we may become a people with a oneness of national aim. Canada has been unfortunate in her outbursts of patriotic sentiment. There has been no one sufficiently big of heart and eloquent of love of country to give a lasting impression for the warming and moulding of the young Canadian mind into a real love for his native land.

However, the general Canadian people are so engrossed by the influence of the infatuating dollar, that they allow patriotism of native land to become a huge joke with selfish outsiders from over the lakes doing business in Canada. The absence of patriotic self-respect seems on occasions to be lacking in their business callings. It is not a matter with the general run of our business men whether my country shall be considered as well as myself in my business dealing. There is no patriotism with them in business. Self is the chief end in life, regardless of the character of the business engaged in, and thus we have the unfeeling monopolist and the increasing millionaire infesting business with anti-patriotism.

The Imperial Conference

By F. A. ACLAND

An illuminating essay, showing the uncertainties and incongruities of Empire-building.

BEFORE these lines are printed the Imperial Conference at London will be well under way. The title by which the gathering is known is somewhat high-sounding and perhaps somewhat misleading, in so far as it suggests a conference of powers of equal rank, which it certainly is not, but it is in any case a phrase of fateful import, and marks an interesting stage in the evolution of the British Empire. What will follow it or replace it we do not know, and it is useless to conjecture. Ten or fifteen years may completely change the aspect of the Imperial horizon. It has happened so before. In 1763, Benjamin Franklin ridiculed the idea that the American colonies could ever dream of severance from England, and combatted thus the arguments of those other British statesmen of his day who would have preferred to accept from France in settlement of English claims the island of Guadeloupe as a safer as well as possibly more valuable addition to the Empire; in 1776, thirteen years later, he lent his great influence to the work of exterminating the name of Britain on the American continent. The tendency of the present age is in a contrary direction, fortunately for the prospects of the Empire. Had an Imperial Conference been possible in 1775 the situation might perhaps have been saved; but it was not possible in any modern sense of the phrase, and the process of Empire-building had to start afresh. True, it is but a little over a hundred years since Franklin and Washington were on the stage of action, but they are as remote from us as Edward the Confessor and William the Conqueror were from them. We have crowded a thousand years into the century. Not that it has been done deliberately.

Nothing else was possible after the wizardry of modern science had lifted from the eyes of mankind the scales that had kept it purblind through all the past, so that for the first time it really beheld the world and plunged straightway into a riot of prodigal achievement and wasteful wonder-working from which it has not yet emerged. We are working to-day along all lines of thought and action towards that coherent heterogeneity which Spencer de-



SIR WILFRID LAURIER
Nestor of the Imperial Conference



GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA
Premier of the Transvaal.

clares to be the ultimate goal of all things. It is an age of organisation, of co-operation, of wise and intelligent compromise. Of evolution in the political domain, our own Confederation is an excellent example, that of the Australian Commonwealth is a second, that of South Africa, to which Prime Minister Botha of the Transvaal has publicly committed himself, will be a third, and there are other examples elsewhere; that of the organisation of the Empire, should it come, will be the greatest of all.

A swifter change and a more agreeable one than that of Franklin, is that which transforms General Botha from the leader of the Boer forces against Britain, into a peaceful Colonial Premier, bound to Westminster to debate with his peers how best to promote the unity and greatness of the Empire into which he was so unkindly jostled by Kitchener not yet half a decade ago. Well may *Punch* evoke from the shade of Kruger the ejaculation in echo of his famous warning—"These English stagger humanity!"

But in face of changes so swift and sudden on the one side and the other, one may well refrain from endeavouring to forecast the situation as it may be in 1917 or 1920, much less to undertake to say whether the Imperial Con-

ference of this century is the forerunner of an ordered Empire of the next—or sooner, or whether it will once more shrivel into nothingness at the rude touch of dissension or crisis, and vanishing like Prospero's vision, "leave not a wrack behind."

In the meantime, the Conference to which the Imperial Government has invited the Premiers of the great self-governing colonies is a very substantial and practical reality, even though we may not see how, still uninvested with more than the shadow of authority, it is to accomplish anything in particular. It is, in fact, in all probability doing more actual good to the Empire in its present condition of forced passivity than it could achieve by the most ardent activity, for it is always possible that the activity may be in the wrong direction. Labouring under the disability of practical impotence, it is still a magnificent object lesson to the world. Though the Premiers gathered to-day at Westminster from the very ends of the earth are able to do little more than talk, their friendly presence there in the shadow of the walls of England's own ancient legislature, merely to confer, is in itself evidence in ample measure of the general soundness of the relations of the various parts of the Empire to the great central core, of the various members of the body to the heart; and if further testimony to the same effect is needed, we find it in the statement of our own Prime Minister, who, when twitted by the Opposition Leader with having refrained from indicating any special problems of Empire for discussion at the Conference, replied in effect that the existing conditions were perfectly satisfactory; if Sir Wilfrid had added "for the present," his proposition would have received the widest assent. It is the future and not the present that gives concern to any. Empire, as Bacon tells us, "is a thing rare and hard to keep," and the more eager minds among us are forever wrestling with this problem in the thousand forms in which it presents itself. To measure the true greatness of that Empire we have but to realise how paltry, beside the gathering of the leaders of the nations that Britain has planted over the

earth—nations still so largely one with her in blood and sentiment, in joy and sorrow, in ambition and glory—would appear the utmost display that might be attempted by any rival race. What would not Germany give to see such a conference assembling in Berlin, or France, if a brilliant group of over-sea French Premiers might meet at Paris? But the irony of history has determined that the only over-seas Premier of French blood and tongue should be wedded to British ideals and British institutions, and should constitute the shining figure of the British Imperial group; and Germany, if she looks closely at the Conference, may also find there in Botha, a distinguished figure, representing in blood and speech a race kindred to herself, but adding his fame now to the lustre only of the British name.

Turning to the Conference ourselves, we find in it on behalf of the colonies, seven Premiers, the first ministers of Canada, Australia, Newfoundland, New Zealand, Cape Colony, Natal and the Transvaal. Of the seven, the best known figure, not only to Canadians, but to the British world at large, is the Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who has now attended three of these picturesque Imperial gatherings, and will be the Nestor of the Conference. To the English people Sir Wilfrid Laurier has always appealed with peculiar interest, his double personality of French and English typifying with a special vividness the elasticity as well as the illimitability of the British Imperial system. With the appearance of General Botha in the circle of Premiers, Sir Wilfrid will find a rival in popular interest, and the public a new illustration of these qualities. The fact that he was so lately an open foe will add to the piquancy of his appearance as an Imperial counsellor. Next in interest, no doubt, will rank Dr. Jameson, the Cape Colony Premier, lieutenant ten years ago of Cecil Rhodes, and achieving a world-wide notoriety of doubtful value by his rash and unsuccessful raid into the Transvaal, from which incident there could be no ultimate outcome but war; his present position, as Premier of the colony, shows, at least, that he did not alienate the sympathy of

the British people of the Cape either by his attempt or his failure to capture the Boer capital with a guard of 600 men. The incident will bring Jameson little credit to-day with the British public, but fortunately for him it has been forgotten in the memory of the titanic struggle to which it was the prelude. As for the other Premiers, they are less generally known than the three I have indicated. Seddon, of New Zealand, "Dick Seddon," as the workingmen of his country loved to call him, for of all colonial statesmen, this ex-English miner seemed truest to their cause and most effective as their friend, is gone, dying a year ago as unconventionally as he had lived; in his stead, at the Conference, is Premier Ward, somewhat less rugged in type, and less impressive through the Empire at large; Premier Deakin, of Australia, whose constituency is second only to that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's among those represented at the Conference, is again a comparatively new figure, replacing at the Conference that of Premier Barton, who presided over the destinies of the Commonwealth during its earliest and most difficult years. The other Premiers are those of Natal and Newfoundland, smaller colonies, whose leaders move in a field of



DR. JAMESON
Premier of Cape Colony.



SIR J. G. WARD
Premier of New Zealand.

action too limited to bring their personalities before the world.

Apart from the value of the Conference as an evidence to the nations of the substantial unity of the scattered Empire, despite the fact that it is unorganised, there is undoubtedly a very special value also in the occasional or periodical intercourse of the Premiers of the various colonies with each other. It cannot fail, for instance, to strengthen Botha in his new allegiance to Britain to find the chiefs of Britain's far-flung Empire so devoted, one and all, to the ideal of an enduring union of its various parts, though they may differ as to the steps to be taken, or even as to whether any steps need be taken immediately for the achievement of this ideal. Looking at Sir Wilfrid Laurier, like himself the representative in blood of another race than Britain's; like himself, also, the representative, politically, of two races of diverse types, Botha may well feel that he has in no way narrowed the outlook of his own people, nor limited the scope of their ambition, by pledging his word that they shall remain within an Empire of such breadth and freedom. So, too, the three Prime Ministers from South Africa, Botha, again, with Jameson of

Cape Colony, and F. R. Moor of Natal, may receive from Laurier and Deakin, the representatives of two great colonial confederations, some further impulse in the direction of that South African Confederation which must come before the real progress to unity and prosperity of the vast Southern sub-continent can begin. Friendly, informal conference, face to face, on such matters, among the men who united a few years ago in pouring their legions of improvised soldiery into the then unconquered country of Botha, must go far to aid the novices to the Imperial faith in acquiring confidence in the new outlook that has opened before them within the Empire, as also in leading the unfederated colonies in the direction of that same "coherent heterogeneity,"—to quote that wonderful phrase again, which Canada and Australia have respectively attained in their confederations. On a host of smaller matters, much good may come about, indirectly and directly, from the present Imperial Conference, but it will result from the informal rather than the formal discussions that may occur in connection with it.

The moment we touch the more formal part of the programme outlined by the Secretary for the Colonies, we touch also the crux of the real problem of Imperialism, so far at least as it presents itself to the Imperialist of what we may call the more advanced or native type. Certainly the modest topics which Lord Elgin specifies as matters for discussion, viz.: (i) The constitution of the Conference, (ii) emigration to the colonies, (iii) naturalisation, and (iv) the method of ordering ammunition from this country, are innocent enough in their appearance, with the possible exception of the first, which, in the hands of Chamberlain, might pre-empt an intention of radically changing the character of the Conference, but which with Lord Elgin and Mr. Winston Churchill at the Colonial Office, does not probably indicate any desire to increase materially the powers or responsibilities of the periodical gathering of Premiers. Nevertheless, under this head will come up at the instance of the Colonial Secretary, the question of the desirability of extending the scope of the Conference, and

whatever may be the attitude of Lord Elgin, it is not unlikely that from some quarter may come the suggestion of transforming the body into an Imperial Council. Much may hang on a name, and there would be no object in a change of name unless it involved something further. The proposition appeared first officially in a communication sent by Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, the predecessor of Lord Elgin in the Colonial Secretaryship, to the Colonial Ministries in 1905, and figures now on the agenda because of this fact. The attitude of the Dominion Government on the question was indicated clearly in a report prepared by a committee of the Canadian Privy Council, otherwise the Dominion Government, in reply to Mr. Lyttelton's despatch. Hitherto, it must be remembered the gathering had been known as the Colonial Conference. The Canadian Government discussed the matter on these terms, the letter being, of course, forwarded through the Governor-General: "Your Excellency's advisers are entirely at one with His Majesty's Government in believing that political institutions may often be wisely left to develop in accordance with circumstances, and, as it were, of their own accord, and it is for this reason that they entertain with some doubt the proposal to change the name of the Colonial Conference to that of the Imperial Council, which they apprehend would be interpreted as marking a step distinctly in advance of the position hitherto attained in the discussion of the relations between the mother country and the colonies. As the committee understands the phrase, a Conference is a more or less unconventional gathering for informal discussion of public questions, continued, it may be, from time to time, as circumstances external to itself may render expedient, but possessing no faculty or power of binding action. The assembly of Colonial Ministers which met in 1887, 1897 and 1902, appears to the committee to fulfil these conditions. The term Council, on the other hand, indicates in the view of your Excellency's Ministers, a more formal assemblage, possessing an advisory and deliberative character, and in conjunction with the word Imperial, suggesting a permanent institution which, endowed with a continuous life, might

eventually come to be regarded as an encroachment upon the full measure of autonomous legislation and administrative power now enjoyed by all the self-governing colonies. The committee, while not wishing to be understood as advocating any such change at the present time, incline to the opinion that the title 'Imperial Conference' might be less open to the objections they have indicated than the designation proposed by His Majesty's Government."

This is a concise and closely reasoned argument against the use of the term "Council," and equally against conferring on the Conference any increase in powers beyond those possessed at present, which, as the document quoted suggests, are practically nil. Obviously the creation of a body with any formal rights or powers involves a long step in advance of the present position, and strikes, in fact, at the root of the whole question of Imperialism. It is necessarily complicated with the questions of defence and participation in expenditure and control of expenditure, on which every public discussion in this country shows the widest variations of view, and concerning which it cannot be said that there is any settled con-



HON. ALFRED DEAKIN
Premier of Australia.



SIR R. BOND
Premier of Newfoundland.

crete expression of sentiment. There are many who would urge Canada forward to share in the burdens of Britain and participate also in her responsibilities. But when the situation is examined at close quarters, it is evident such a thing cannot be. Britain will not, dare not, allow any real control of her armaments to pass out of her own hands, and in the absence of any real share in control, no colonial premier dare ask for any considerable subsidy from his country. But it is by no means unanimously conceded that Canada owes it as a duty to contribute to the military expenditure of Britain, directly or indirectly. Any expenditure incurred by Britain on account of any of the self-governing colonies, should be without doubt repaid. The colony for whom the expenditure is incurred should be consulted if possible; the mother country might safely be allowed a certain latitude in this respect. But when we come to enquire what this figure would reach, it must be infinitesimal. Few of us stop to think that if Canada went out of the Empire to-morrow, Britain would not be able to lessen her expenditure by a shilling,—

rather the loss of Canadian ports and of the latent strength of the Canadian population would weaken Britain. This country, therefore, is in no sense a burden upon the mother country at the present time, and if we count into the scale the large expenditures which Canada has been making for years past to develop her resources and to open up territory in which the surplus population of Britain may find homes, it is at least an arguable question whether we are not benefiting the Empire as much as if we had spent the same money in paying a portion of Britain's warship bills and left hundreds of thousands of additional unemployed on her hands. It is not likely the Conference will come to any satisfactory conclusion on the question of defence, and it is likely no extension of the powers of the Conference will take place until the defence problem has been solved.

There are many minor matters indicated by particular colonies as subjects for discussion. Australia, for instance, would discuss Imperial stamp charges on Colonial bonds, extension of British interests in the Pacific, profit on silver coinage, decimal currency, and the metric system. New Zealand names for discussion the following: Reservation of bills, Western Pacific Islands, universal penny postage, reciprocal admission to certain professions. Cape Colony names: Double income tax, extension of Imperial cables, and shipping questions, as, *e.g.*, rebates control of combinations, subsidies. It will be observed that many of these subjects are more or less technical or local in their character; and departmental heads might better deal with them than Premiers, or a conference between the colony concerned and the Colonial Secretary would be more to the point.

There remains the vital and difficult question of inter-Imperial trade, and the proposal to stimulate it by means of an inter-Imperial preference. The subject has come into the politics of the parent land, and to some slight degree into our own, and the public is familiar with it from almost every conceivable aspect. Australia, New Zealand and Cape Colony each put forward a preference resolution in some form, but in view of the attitude of the Campbell-Bannerman Government,

it is unlikely there will be any important result to the deliberations of the Conference on the question.

On the whole, therefore, it looks as if the formal part of the proceedings at the London Conference must be eliminated before we find any considerable value attaching to them. Informally, on the other hand, the meeting of the Premiers cannot fail to be most fruitful and beneficial. Some may be disappointed at the conclusion; those for instance who cry out with Prof. Leacock for action: "Find us a way. Build us a plan that shall make us in hope, at least, an Empire permanent and indivisible." So Prof. Leacock writes in the (Montreal) University Magazine. But it was by patience and strength the Empire was built up, and it is only by patience and strength it will be kept together; and one does not read these qual-

ities in Prof. Leacock's cry. If, instead of seeking to use the power of the Empire to gratify the small ambitions of each part, we rather endeavour continually to promote good feeling and harmony within its borders, to keep it at peace with the world, and to develop the character and virtues of its people, we shall be doing more to bring about Imperial unity and strength than by securing the creation of an Imperial Council which could have no real authority until England is willing to surrender her independence, or by achieving a trade agreement which would probably bring friction rather than harmony to those it concerned.

In the former task we can all bear our part, in the latter we are but shadows; but it is the former that demands the truest statesmanship, the calmest minds and the most enduring courage.

Heaven

BY VIRNA SHEARD

NOT with the halo'ed saints would Heaven be
 For such as I,
 Who have not reached to their serenity,
 So sweet and high.

Not with the martyrs washed by holy flame
 Could I find place;
 For they are victors, who through glory came
 To see God's face.

Not with the perfect souls that enter there
 Could mine abide;
 For clouded eyes from eyes all cloudless fair
 'Twere best to hide.

And not for me the wondrous streets of gold
 Or crystal sea;
 I only know the brown earth, worn and old,
 Where sinners be.

God guide us to some sun-blessed little star
 We ask not where,
 Nor whether it be near—or it be far—
 So Joy is there.



DR. WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

The Poet of the Habitant

By A. WYLIE MAHON

An appreciation of William Henry Drummond, whose lamentable death occurred recently at Cobalt.



THE name of William Henry Drummond will live as the pioneer in one of the most picturesque and attractive literary fields in Canada. Although the Poet of the Habitant has passed away in the hey-day of his achievements, the work he accomplished will remain for a more complete appreciation by posterity. At best his death seems premature. Apparently possessing a robust constitution, he gave promise of many years more; but on April 6th, the

Destroyer came. Dr. Drummond was up at Cobalt, having gone there on learning that sickness had broken out in a camp in which he had an interest. He was not well himself when he started, but his great human sympathy is shown in his last act of benevolence—going to a rough mining camp to render in no professional way the service that only those who practise the profession of medicine can render. Paralysis overcame him, and he lay unconscious for several days before the end came.

Although Dr. Drummond did not publish his first volume of habitant verse until well on in life, few names in Canadian literature are so widely known to-day, and so well-beloved, as that of the author of *The Habitant*, *Johnnie Courteau*, and *The Voyageur*. Dr. Louis Fréchette, in an introductory note to *The Habitant*, calls Dr. Drummond "the pathfinder of a new land of song," a beautiful expression which Longfellow a good many years ago made use of with reference to Dr. Fréchette himself.

Dr. Drummond's poetry, like all Gaul in Cæsar's immortal Commentaries, may be divided into three parts, first, the English poems, which are few in number but fine in flavour; and secondly, the Irish dialect poems, which are still fewer in number, but richly racy of the "ould sod," of that

"Most distressful country that iver yet was seen,"

where Drummond first saw the light in 1854; and thirdly, the French-Canadian dialect pieces, which constitute the principal and most characteristic part of the work of Canada's most popular poet.

Dialects have been cultivated in literature so assiduously of late that the most of us have longed at times for something English, something more easily understood, something more in accord with the grammatical genius of the language which we call our mother tongue, where the words have a more comfortable look when they have their heads on and their tails not off. Charles Sumner, the distinguished American statesman, when he tried to read James Russell Lowell's Biglow Papers, said: "It is too bad that they were not written in English." Many have felt in this way about some of the dialect literature of to-day.

But we must not forget that there are dialects *and* dialects. Some are classic. They have been made so by the character of the people who have spoken them, and by the genius of the writers who have employed them. The Scottish dialect, for example, is wondrously expressive because of the keenness of the Scottish intellect, and the richness of the Scottish character, and the genius of such

writers as Burns and Scott and George Macdonald.

Still some critics have held that Burns' English poems are superior to his dialect pieces, and that there was no good reason why he should have made so much of his work difficult to understand and difficult to read, by putting it in the form of a somewhat barbarous brogue. There is no man with lowland Scotch blood in his veins who does not fiercely resent such criticism as this, who does not feel a profound sense of pity, mingled freely with contempt, for the poor body who holds such views. Criticism of this kind is both heresy of doctrine and heresy of heart.

Dr. Drummond's French-Canadian dialect poems have certain rich and charming qualities about them which have given them a popularity unprecedented in the history of Canadian poetry. They are not quite like anything ever produced before. Sir Gilbert Parker and Dr. Henry Van Dyke have made some use of the French-Canadian dialect in their stories, but they have done so with prentice hands. Dr. Drummond lived so long amongst the French, and entered so intimately into their lives and ways of thinking, that the language they spoke when trying to speak English became as familiar to him as his mother tongue. In the most sympathetic way he entered into the gay and simple life of the French-Canadian peasantry. He succeeded in a marvellous degree in converting himself into an habitant.

As an illustration of this sympathetic interpretation of French-Canadian life, I need refer only to that beautiful poem, *The Curé of Calumette*. The profound reverence of the habitant for the parish priest, who is monarch of all he surveys, whose right there is none to dispute, who is medical and legal adviser as well as spiritual, is brought out very beautifully in this poem:

I dunno if he need our prayer, but we geev' it
 heem jus' de sam',
 For w'en a man's doin' hees duty lak de Curé
 do all de tam,
 Never min' all de t'ing may happen, no
 matter he's riche or poor,
 Le bon Dieu was up on de heaven, will look
 out for dat man I'm sure.

I'm only poor habitant farmer, an' mebbey
 know not'ing at all,
 But dere's wan t'ing I'm alway wishin', an'
 dat's w'en I get de call
 For travel de far-away journey ev'ry wan on
 de worl' mus' go,
 He'll be wit' me de leetle Curé 'fore I'm
 leffin dis place below.

In many cases those who have gone amongst the simple farmers of Quebec have exercised their gifts in caricaturing what they have seen and heard, in making laughable pictures of ignorant priests and superstitious people; but there is nothing of this in Dr. Drummond's books. He lived amongst the French-Canadians till he had learned to love them, till he was able to interpret their life aright, till he was able to put himself in their place and look upon life as they do.

These dialect poems contain a delicate sense of humour which is most delightful. There is nothing whimsically extravagant about them, nothing to make any one laugh boisterously, nothing of Mark Twain's preposterous confusion of sense and nonsense, and yet there is a flavour of humour about these short and simple annals of the poor which is charming. Dr. Drummond's English poems have no trace of this saving grace of literature. This leads us to wonder if the humour consists in the dialect, in the oddities of grammatical construction and expression. An American critic in deprecating the books written in the Scottish dialect says: "I wonder what would be thought of books like Wee McGreegor, and all the rest of the books of that kind, if they were translated into ordinary English." He thinks that they would lose all their humour and become flat, stale, and unprofitable.

Although Drummond's dialect enhances in many cases, and perhaps creates in some the happy sense of amusement which we get from the poems, we cannot fail to see that the humour nearly always goes deeper than the dialect. In *The Habitant* there is a good illustration of this kind. An evening in the kitchen is pictured in a most graphic and amusing way. We see the old man smoking his pipe in the corner, and the

old woman sewing by the big stove her father had given her when she got married a long time ago. The cat is playing with the pup, and the old dog is snoring, and the big stove is roaring:

Philomene—dat's de oldes'—is sit on de
 winder
 An' kip jus' so quiet lak wan leetle mouse,
 She say de more finer moon never was
 shiner—
 Very fonnny, for moon isn't dat side de house.

But purty soon den, we hear foot on de out-
 side,
 An' some one is place it hees han' on de
 latch,
 Dat's Isidore Goulay, las' fall on de Brulé.
 He's tak' it firs' prize on de gran' ploughin'
 match.

Ha! ha! Philomene—dat was smart trick you
 play us;
 Come help de young feller tak' snow from
 hees neck,
 Dere's not'ing for hinder you come off de
 winder
 W'en moon you was look for is come, I
 expec'.

A scene like this would be humorous if expressed in any language. The humour goes deeper than the dialect. Sometimes Drummond's humour consists in making the habitant say amusing things all unconsciously, with the simplicity of a child, and I think this is the quality which predominates.

That Dr. Drummond was not indebted altogether to dialect for his humour is evident from the many addresses he was called upon to deliver. Two years ago his address before the Canadian Club of St. John, New Brunswick, was a rare and rich humorous treat. His theme was the disposition of men in Ontario, who had reached the voting age, to live forever. "Judging by political history," Dr. Drummond said, "the son of Ontario who reaches the years of maturity, and the right to a vote, never dies. Once his name has been enrolled upon the glorious roster of his country, his name, if not his fame, is undying. He may pass from this earth, and the place that once knew him will know him no more for months, or even for years at a time. There he lies, the noble son of Ontario, perchance in some foreign land, where instead of the

butternut of his native homestead, the gloomy cyprus guards his lonely grave; but though the dread trumpet remain unblown, yet one blast from the old familiar party horn summons him to the same old polling booth. His ashes may have been scattered to the winds, or his body become food for worms, but his vote goes marching on."

Dr. Drummond's poetry is not all in a gay and humorous strain. In some of his later poems there is a spiritual note which is lacking in much of his earlier work. In *The Last Portage*, the old man who is nearing the end of life dreams that he is starting on his last journey. It is a dark night and the way is rough, and his heart is fearful; but there comes to him the sweet voice of his dear boy long dead to comfort him. Under the inspiration of the child's presence he can say:

An' now no more for de road I care,
An' slippery log lyin' ev'rywhere—
De swamp on de valley, de mountain too,
But climb it jus' as I use to do—
Don't stop on de road, for I need no res'
So long as I see de leetle w'ite dress.

An' I foller it on, an' wance in a w'ile
He turn again wit' de baby smile
An' say, Dear Fader, I'm here you see,
We're bote togeder, jus' you and me—
Very dark to you, but to me it's light,
De road we travel so far to-night.

All literature that helps us to be better citizens, better men and women, has in it a spiritual note which awakens earnest thought, and leads us to think sometimes of the last portage and what lies beyond. Dr. Drummond's poetry is not altogether lacking in this spiritual quality. As Dr. O'Hagan says: "It requires but little talent to set the foibles of a people to metre, but it calls for genius in touch with the lowly and the divine to gather up the spiritual facts in a people's lives, and give these facts such artistic setting that both people and poems will live forever." This Dr. Drummond has done. He has written himself immortally into these dialect poems, and has enabled Canadians of a different nationality and a different faith to understand more sympathetically the people of rural Quebec.

The Poet of the Habitant succeeded as an entertainer, the vehicle being his own poems. One of his favourite selections for a reading was *Johnnie Courteau*. The poem itself follows:

JOHNNIE COURTEAU

Johnnie Courteau of de mountain,
Johnnie Courteau of de hill,
Dat was de boy can shoot de gun,
Dat was de boy can jump an' run,
An' it's not very often you ketch heem still,
Johnnie Courteau!

Ax dem along de reever,
Ax dem along de shore,
Who was de mos' bes' fightin' man
From Managance to Shaw-in-i-gan,
De place w'ere de great beeg rapide roar,
Johnnie Courteau!

Sam' t'ing on ev'ry shaintee
Up on de Meckinac,
Who was de man can walk de log
W'en w'ole of de reever she's black wit' fog,
An' carry de beeges' load on hees back?
Johnnie Courteau!

On de rapide you want to see heem,
If de raf' she's swingin' roun',
An' he's yellin', "Hooraw Bateese! good
man!"

W'y de oar come double on hees han'
W'en he's makin' dat raf' go flyin' down,
Johnnie Courteau!

An' Tete de Boule chief can tole you
De feller w'at save hees life
W'en beeg moose ketch heem up a tree,
Who's shootin' dat moose on de head, sapree!
An' den run off wit' hees Injun wife!
Johnnie Courteau!

Oh, he never was scare for not'ing,
Lak' de ole coureurs de bois,
But w'en he's gettin' hees winter pay
De bes' t'ing sure is kip out de way,
For he's goin' right off on de Hip Hooraw!
Johnnie Courteau!

Den pullin' hees sash aroun' heem,
He dance on hees botte sauvage,
An' shout, "All aboar' if you want to fight!"
Well! you never can see de finer sight
W'en he go lak dat on de w'ole village!
Johnnie Courteau!

But Johnnie Courteau get marry
On Philomene Beaurepaire,
She's nice leetle girl w'at run de school
On w'at you call Parish of Sainte Ursule,
An' he see her off on de piquenique dere,
Johnnie Courteau!

D'en somet'ing come over Johnnie,
W'en he marry on Philomene,
For he stay on de farm de w'ole year roun',

He chop de wood an' he plough de groun',
An' he's quieter feller was never seen—
Johnnie Courteau!

An' ev'ry wan feel astonish,
From La Tuque to Shaw-in-i-gan,
W'en dey hear de news was goin' aroun'
Along on de reever up an' down,
How wan leetle woman boss dat beeg man,
Johnnie Courteau!

He never come out on de evening,
No matter de hard we try,
'Cos he stay on de kitchen an' sing hees song—
"A la claire fontaine,
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouve l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigner!
Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."
Rockin' de cradle de w'ole night long,
Till baby's asleep on de sweet bimeby—
Johnnie Courteau!

An' de house, wall! I wish you see it,
De place she's so nice an' clean,
Must wipe your foot on de outside door,
You're deadman sure if you spit on de floor,
An' he never say not'ing to Philomene—
Johnnie Courteau!

An' Philomene watch on de monee
An' put it all safe away
On very good place; I dunno w'ere,
But, anyhow, noboddy see it dere,
So she's buyin' de new farm de noder day—
Madame Courteau!

One of Dr. Drummond's most popular poems is "De Bell of St. Michel." It follows:

DE BELL OF ST. MICHEL

Go 'way, go 'way, don't ring no more, ole bell
of Saint Michel,
For if you do, I can't stay here, you know
dat very well;
No matter how I close ma ear, I can't shut
out de soun',
It rise so high 'bove all de noise of dis beeg
Yankee town.

An' w'en it ring, I t'ink I feel de cool, cool
summer breeze
Dat's blow across Lac Peezagonk, an' play
among de trees,

Dey're makin' hay, I know mese'f, can smell
de pleasant smell;
O! how I wish I could be dere to-day on
Saint Michel!

It's fonny t'ing, for me I'm sure, dat's travel
ev'ryw'ere,
How moche I t'ink of long ago w'en I be
leevin' dere;
I can't splain dat at all, at all, mebbe it's
natural,
But I can't help it w'en I hear de bell of
Saint Michel.

Dere's plaintee t'ing I don't forget, but I
remember bes'
De spot I fin' wan day on June de small san'
piper's nes';
An' dat hole on de reever w'ere I ketch de
beeg, beeg trout,
Was very nearly pull me in before I pull heem
out.

An' leetle Elodie Leclair, I wonner if she
still
Leev jus' sam' place she use to leev on 'noder
side de hill;
But s'pose she marry Joe Barbeau, dat's
always hangin' roun',
Since I am lef' old Saint Michel for work on
Yankee town.

Ah! dere she go, ding dong, ding dong, its
back, encore again,
An' ole chanson come on ma head of "a la
claire fontaine,"
I'm not surprise it soun' so sweet, more
sweeter I can tell,
For wit' de song also I hear de bell of Saint
Michel

It's very strange about dat bell, go ding dong
all de w'ile,
For when I'm small garçon at school, can't
hear it half a mile;
But seems more farder I get off from Church
of Saint Michel,
De more I see de ole village an' louder soun'
de bell.


O! all de monee dat I mak' w'en I be travel
roun',
Can't kip me long away from home on dis
beeg Yankee town,
I t'ink I'll settle down again on Parish Saint
Michel,
An' leev an' die more satisfy so long I hear
dat bell.



Mademoiselle Maria Gloria

By MARJORIE BOWEN

A romantic tale in which courage, loyalty, human sympathy and love are strangely commingled.

“ND what of the woman?” said Das Cabral. He looked at the little group of men standing in the bare room, half shrouded by the dusk of the May evening.

“What of the woman?” he said again.

De Barros swung round; through his torn cloak shone the tarnished gilt on his Spanish uniform.

“Let the woman come with us,” he returned impatiently. “And quickly. We have Marlborough at our heels.”

There fell a heavy silence. Like men ashamed under misfortune, these Spanish officers stared through the long window into the courtyard of the château; it was two days after Ramilies. Then one of them spoke; he was slim and tall, and wore the blue uniform of the Bourbons.

“Who is this lady, Messieurs?” he asked.

He came into the centre of the room as he spoke, and the last light fell on his face, showing him blonde and pale against the dark Spaniards; obviously French.

De Barros answered:

“It is my cousin, Monsieur. She is fatherless; the English sacked the convent where she stayed, and she and some of her companions took refuge here in my empty château. When I returned to-day I found her here, alone. The others have fled to relatives in Brussels. Since we have decided to abandon the château to the English, my cousin must come with us.”

Das Cabral broke in fiercely:

“What can we do with a woman? We—flying for our lives—to join the Marshal; we—with Marlborough sweeping us from the Spanish Netherlands?”

“She is of my blood,” answered de Barros.

A third officer spoke sharply. “Know you anything of her?”

“Signor, nothing.”

“Where is she?” demanded Das Cabral.

“Upstairs.”

The Frenchman pulled the curtain back and looked out.

“Bring her down, Messieurs,” he said; “I see the horses wait. If we are to make our way to Villerois’ army, retreating swiftly to Menia”—he lifted his shoulders—“we cannot tarry.”

“Of a certainty, no, Monsieur le Duc.”

De Barros swung quickly from the room; they heard him calling outside:

“Maria Gloria!”

The Frenchman turned to his companions who were standing silent; men dazed and stunned with the terror of defeat.

He gave a bitter little laugh. “Let us follow our host, Messieurs.”

They went out into the great hall; a gloomy place full of shadows. By the gaunt carved dragon on the newel post stood de Barros with a lantern in his hand that struck his sword-hilt into points of light.

“Maria Gloria!” he cried impatiently.

Down the wide, dark stairs came a woman’s voice:

“Yes, my cousin.”

“Make ready to come with us,” said de Barros. “My companions have joined me; we are riding on the instant to join the army at Menia.”

Very coldly her voice came in answer:

“You are flying before Marlborough?”

“I have told you. Come down, Maria Gloria.”

There was a sound of steps on the

upper landing as if she leant over the baluster, but they could not see.

"The English march this way?" she asked.

De Barros flared with impatience:

"Girl, Marlborough marches on Brussels; he has Brabant under his heel; Louvain has fallen, and Mechlin—and we have been defeated at Ramilies—very bitterly."

There was a pause of seconds, then came the woman's voice:

"Did you fly from Ramilies, my cousin?"

Das Cabral broke into a curse, and her cousin answered hotly:

"We have been cut off from the army. I told you that when I returned this afternoon. My château was named as a rallying place for my friends—"

She interrupted very scornfully:

"Your friends! Who are they?"

"My friends," he answered. "We are under the command of Monsieur le Duc de Courcillon."

"Who advised this flight?" she cried.

"Who commanded this retreat?" flashed her cousin.

"Come down—I have no more time."

From the dark overhead came a haughty laugh. "I will not. I do not care for your company. Monsieur de Courcillon is a coward."

On the ceasing of her clear, young voice there fell an ominous silence. Then de Barros spoke, containing himself:

"Marlborough is marching this way—burning everything on his route; do you understand?"

The answer came at once:

"Yes. And there is one, de Barros, will stay and face him. You are all cowards."

Das Cabral gave an angry laugh:

"Let the little fool alone," he said, and turned on his heel towards the courtyard.

De Barros made a step up the stairs. "What can ten men do against an army?" he cried.

"The same as one woman—die," she answered.

"Must I bring you by force?" exclaimed de Barros, and he sprang up the stairs.

There was a sound of hurrying feet, and then the sharp grating of a key turning.

"The fool has locked herself in!" shouted her cousin.

They heard him struggling with the door, and called to him to desist.

"By all the gods, we can wait no longer. The English do not touch women. Come down."

De Barros clattered down into the hall. His face was dark and frowning.

"To saddle!" he said. "I have done what I could."

De Courcillon came into the lantern light; the cross of St. Louis on his breast shone like a star.

"Monsieur," he said, "I will stay and protect the lady; *au revoir*, or shall I say *adieu*?"

They stared at him.

"She is safe," said de Barros, "from the allies."

"Monsieur, not if they burnt the château over her head."

"In which case, Monsieur le Duc, you would do no good with your extraordinary gallantry."

De Courcillon flushed.

"Messieurs, a Frenchman has yet to learn that any gallantry of his can be extraordinary. I choose to remain here."

"Which means death, or surrender to the English."

"Your pardon, Monsieur; it means the first only."

He ascended the stairs.

De Barros called after him, incredulously.

"This is madness, Monsieur!"

De Courcillon turned on the stairs; his hand lay near the cross of St. Louis on his breast.

"I have only lived to die well," he said. "I do not care to see the lilies trailing in the dust or to return to France with news of the enemy's victories. The lady was right. I should have died at Ramilies. But here I have my chance; your cousin, de Barros, has given it to me."

He bowed gravely to them, and went up slowly to the darkness.

The Spaniards looked at each other a moment, then passed into the court-

yard, took the horses from the waiting soldier and rode away. De Courcillon, standing outside the locked door with the dark about him, heard them go. There was a window on the landing, and it stood open; he rested his arm on the sill, and looked out over the fair, dim fields of Brabant.

The sky was perfectly pale and clear; the moon was rising through a distant belt of leafless trees; in the ivy under the window hung a nest and the bird sat on the mossy lip of a gargoyle near, singing. Straight ahead was a flare of red; at first it looked like a stormy sunset, but the sun had sunk behind the château.

De Courcillon knew this for one of the burning villages in Marlborough's track.

He turned from the window and drew nearer her door, bending his head to the crack.

"Mademoiselle," he said.

There was a sound like the rustling of garments, but no answer.

"Mademoiselle Maria Gloria," he said, "do you not hear me?"

Her answer came very low, as if she was frightened. "Who are you? I saw them ride away."

He heard her creep nearer the door.

"My name is Louis Anne de Courcillon," he said, "and for the sake of that name I am here."

"Monsieur de Courcillon!" came very contemptuously. "The coward who fled from Ramilies—the leader of a miserable party of fugitives!"

He answered very gravely:

"Mademoiselle Maria Gloria, I am here to die for you."

He could hear her laugh in her throat. "To persuade me to fly," she said scornfully. "My cousin has left you to bring me. I will not come."

"Mademoiselle, I do not ask you."

The voice rose impatiently. "Then, Monsieur, depart. I desire not your company."

This time it was he who laughed.

"And I do not choose to fly the English when a woman stays to face them."

"Ramilies was the place to stand at bay," she answered fiercely, "not my chamber door."

"You do not understand," said de

Courcillon. "And yet, from what you said, I thought you would."

"I called you coward."

"It did not hurt me, Mademoiselle."

A silence from behind the door; de Courcillon waited patiently; the warm May air blew in through the open window; he saw the fire on the horizon glow more brightly as the night fell; Marlborough must be drawing near.

He could not see anything but the dim outline of the closed door, the gaunt carving of the baluster above the black pit of the stairs; he began to marvel at her utter silence.

"Mademoiselle Maria Gloria," he said; the name fell softly over his tongue. He found himself picturing her face, yet when she spoke he found no need to imagine her, for he forgot that he had never seen her.

"Mademoiselle, will you not unlock the door?"

There was a rustle of silk; then her voice came very pleasantly through the dark: "Monsieur, what will you do when the English come?"

She had a light in her room, for he saw a yellow ray through the crack of the door; it intensified his darkness. He laughed a little before he answered:

"These stairs are a fine vantage-ground, Mademoiselle. I have a pistol."

There was a sound as if she panted or sighed; then she said:

"They will burn the château."

"Of a certainty, yes. Firstly they will try to make me prisoner. I am de Courcillon."

"And you will hold them at bay, Monsieur le Duc?"

"Mademoiselle," he answered superbly, "will you not come out and see me do it?"

Her answer came with the old note of contempt: "It is too late. You should have died at Ramilies, for the glory is faded and the lilies broken and the star of Bourbon set."

"Mademoiselle, come out, and I will show you the star of Bourbon shining still upon my breast."

"It does not shine, Monsieur le Duc, for you are in the dark." Her voice ended in a half sigh, half laugh.

"Mademoiselle," said de Courcillon, "it will shine when the English mount the stairs with their torches, and in that light my sword will glitter too; will you not unlock the door?"

"No," she said very resolutely.

"Will you when the English come?"

"Monsieur, I hope you will not stay till then."

"Mademoiselle, your hope is vain."

He heard her cross the room; the sob of a lute as her skirt touched the strings, the patter of her high heels on the boards; a silence fell, then she came back again to the door and spoke:

"Do you hate the English, Monsieur?"

"Mademoiselle! I am the foe of all who fight for the Archduke."

"Ah, yes; but these English. Does it make you wince, Monsieur, that they should tear the jewels from the high crown of France?"

"Because of that," he answered proudly, "shall I die to-night. If I did not care I might ride away. You too, Mademoiselle, do you not wait for the same reason?"

She was silent a space, but his straining ears caught the sound of her moving; he imagined her with her head resting against the door; he had a complete picture of her, when with a sudden start he recollected that he had not seen her:

"Mademoiselle," he said impulsively, "what colour is your hair?"

An angry laugh answered him.

"A Frenchman never did a woman a service unless she were fair; if I say I am ill-favoured will you go, Monsieur?"

"Why do you wish me to go?" he asked curiously.

"I think it is for me, not for France, you stay. I do not want you to die for me. I am happier alone."

He heard her foot tapping impatiently as she spoke. "A de Courcillon has no need to defend his motives, Mademoiselle. I stay because I choose. I shall revenge Ramilies on some English before the episode is closed. I pray one Englishman may mount these stairs to meet the welcome of my pistol-shot."

She asked slowly:

"Who is he?"

De Courcillon laughed.

"The man who cost us Ramilies."

"Marlborough?"

"The spy, Mademoiselle; the man who feigned to be a deserter and joined us at Bruges. The man who stole our plans, our dispatches, who listened at our councils—it would pleasure me to shoot that man."

"You discovered him?" she asked.

De Courcillon was on fire at the recollection.

"Sooner than he intended—yet too late—he fled like a hare to the English camp with a sword thrust in his arm."

"He may be dead."

"No; because Marlborough knew what that man alone could tell him. At least, he lived to reach his general."

"How long ago is this, Monsieur?"

"About a month."

"You would remember him?"

"Mademoiselle, perfectly."

"He was English?"

"*Mon Dieu*, absolutely."

"Noble or common?"

"Mademoiselle, wherefore these questions?"

"Monsieur le Duc, they were to pass the time."

"He was, I think, of the nobility. He was also a traitor."

"Undoubtedly, Monsieur."

"He called himself Cornet Howard."

"Monsieur, I hope he may come to-night."

"I do desire it, Mademoiselle."

"Yet is not your sword too clean—for—this traitor?"

"It will be my pistol, Mademoiselle."

"From the window?"

"If I can, Mademoiselle."

"Oh! but he may not come."

"Leave it to justice, Mademoiselle—and open the door."

"Monsieur le Duc, I will not."

"Why, Mademoiselle?"

There was no answer. Her voice had sounded softer, less contemptuous; but now she withdrew with an utter silence that no demands of his could break. He left her door at last and went to the window. It was quite dark now.

He put out his hand and touched the cool ivy leaves. It seemed a long while since he leant from a window thus; not

since the war began, four years ago; there had been no time for musing in these campaigns.

These disastrous campaigns!

De Courcillon could remember Neerwinden and Landen, and the fall of Namur that Boileau sang, the triumphs of Vauban and Luxembourg, the great King, great indeed.

It was not pleasant to reflect where France stood now, and how the "invincible army" was being whipped through Europe before a German adventurer and an English upstart.

He turned instinctively, passionately, to the door. "Mademoiselle Maria Gloria! come out and stand beside me—you and I—for France!"

Her voice came quickly, strangely troubled:

"Ah—depart—because of France—the King should not love such servants—for a wayside folly—"

"For France," repeated de Courcillon.

"Monsieur le Duc—you will be killed—for no good. I entreat you to go."

"Mademoiselle—you face death—why do you think that I am afraid?"

There was a pause, then her voice, all agonised and broken:

"*Mon Dieu!* I cannot have you slain—"

He cut her short with a laugh.

"Why, Mademoiselle?"

"Ah! the useless pity of it; and—I called you coward."

"Mademoiselle, it meant nothing."

"I did not mean it."

He turned sharply to the window. "Hark!" he cried, "they come!"

Out in the dark he gazed. The air was full of heavy and murmuring sounds, a rattle and a measured thud; the moon showed vague, black shapes and shadows; de Courcillon clutched the window-ledge. There was utter silence from Mademoiselle Maria Gloria.

"*Mon Dieu!* they come," whispered de Courcillon. "Marlborough marching on Brussels!"

The darkness gathered and spread. From the growing noises the sound of galloping horses suddenly detached itself; red lights splashed through the trees.

In a few seconds the place was a sombre glow crossed by waving giant

shadows; the whole park was intensely alive with the unseen, silent with the terrible.

At a plunging gallop some horsemen rode forward into the courtyard and halted. Men carrying torches followed them; the light fell over a man on a white horse, a standard that bore a rampant lion in gold and a dim array of red and steel.

The man on the white horse sat well back with the reins up to his breast; the black plumes on his hat were blown fluttering out; the torchlight shone in his cuirass plate with a glow as if it blazed with fire; the standard, swaying a little, was far behind him; he looked up at the château window with a swift, contained glance.

De Courcillon set his teeth.

"Marlborough!" he whispered.

His hand was on his pistol when he heard the door behind him open; he flung around.

She stood with the light behind her; he saw her, tall and splendid with black hair about her shoulders and an upthrown head.

"Come in," she said hoarsely. "I cannot let you die."

He laughed in her face.

"The English are below; do you imagine, Mademoiselle, that you can *hide* me?"

She fell back a step, wincing.

"Oh, God," she said; "oh, God—and this is for France?"

"For France—and you," smiled de Courcillon. "Maria Gloria, I thought your hair was black."

There was the trampling of footsteps in the château. Maria Gloria gave a cry and, stepping forward, caught his arm.

"Hide," she whispered. "Hide."

He looked down into her white face. "Where is your heroic courage gone?" he cried.

"My courage! ah!"

She fell away from him, like one desperate, but he very gaily turned to the window.

"St. Louis for France!" he cried. "God and St. Louis for France!"

He leant over the window-ledge and stared down at the English. His sword

flew out ; in the glare of the torches below it glimmered a circle of light in the window.

Marlborough looked up.

An English voice cried out:

"The place is inhabited, your Highness."

"Yes, my lord," said his Highness calmly; "send up more men and bring 'em down."

There was a pause of flaring, moving lights, and great, black shadows splashed over the darkness below.

De Courcillon turned from the window, breathing hard.

"They come," he said. "Now, Mademoiselle, give me the light."

She was standing within the door, her hands resting either side on the framework; her black hair hung heavily over her white dress. In the pale oval of her face her eyes shone dimly bright, dark and shadowy. The sombre lamplight behind her showed the vast apartment with walls tapestried in faded gold and purple.

"Enter," she said hoarsely.

She moved aside for him to pass. He looked beyond her into the room; stepped back as from the edge of an abyss and gave a little, strangled cry. Under the lamp was a couch, and along it lay a man in a red uniform with a bandaged head and sunken, livid face.

"Cornet Howard!" said de Courcillon thickly. Mademoiselle Maria Gloria laid her hand on his arm.

"They brought him here yesterday," she said quietly, yet swiftly. "He was wounded—and pitiful—Monsieur le Duc, do you not understand?—he was one against ten—when the others left this morning I could not abandon him too, dying, perhaps—I could not go with my cousin—I could not tell that the English would find him; they might have burnt the château over his head."

"So it was not for France, but for an Englishman," said de Courcillon, very white. "How did he come here?"

"A company of our men had him prisoner; he escaped. The servants found him swooning on the road."

"And, Mademoiselle, why did you lie to me? Did you think I should slay a wounded man?"

"I did not know; I thought, at least,

you would not let me stay. My cousin would have killed him."

The Englishman made a movement as if he attempted to speak; he struggled upwards.

"Ah!" cried de Courcillon. "I do not war on swordless spies, Mademoiselle. You might have unlocked the door."

He turned to leave the room, but she caught him passionately by the wrist.

"Do you think I will not do for you what I did for him?" she panted. "You shall not die—do you hear?—I will save you."

He gazed down into her wild dark eyes.

"Mademoiselle, it is impossible," he said. "After all, what does your motive matter; mine remains—for France."

He unlocked her fingers and stepped lightly out upon the landing.

They were trampling up the stairs.

"King Charles or King Louis?" shouted the leader.

"France!" cried de Courcillon; but from behind him the wounded man called out hoarsely:

"England, and—don't fire!"

De Courcillon leant over the baluster.

"Messieurs, I am one of his Majesty's officers."

"Surrender!" called the Englishman.

De Courcillon laughed. "Have I not said I am one of King Louis' officers?"

"We shall fire on sight then," came the answer.

The English swarmed up the stairs; one of them carried a lantern, and the star of St. Louis broke into glitter on de Courcillon's breast.

There was a confused babble of voices.

"That is he with the star," cried one. But Mademoiselle Maria Gloria was there upon the landing.

"No!" she cried. "There is an Englishman here. She carried the lamp with her, and as she spoke she dashed it down; the sudden light extinct in sudden dark confused the English; they heard the weak voice of Cornet Howard calling to them not to fire and de Courcillon's gay voice: 'Messieurs, you are correct; he with the star is a Frenchman!'"

The darkness grew alive with the sound of stumbling footsteps and English curses;

they could not tell if it were one man or twenty awaiting them, and to complete their bewilderment the man with the lantern tripped.

They were in a complete darkness filled with their laughter and oaths.

"Go back into the room," whispered Maria Gloria to de Courcillon.

He felt her close to him, her hands went to his breast and clung to his coat, pleading; but he put her aside with a laugh, and fired into the press of men mounting towards him.

A murmur of rage arose; someone fell heavily; they shouted for lights, and forced up to the blackness and silence of the landing, broken only by the paler square of the window.

The foremost man managed to strike his flint and tinder; as the flame rose they saw a figure looking down at them with the star of St. Louis glittering on the breast.

There was a low hum of voices, and muskets were fired at the star as the tinder went out.

A sound followed like a very delicate laugh. A dark outline swayed up against the square of the window, then forward against the stair rails. There was a deadly silence of a second, then something losing balance fell over the balustrade and slipped with a dull sound into the hall below.

A man's voice rose loud and passionately in incoherent sobbing.

Suddenly the place was flooded with light as a party of men with torches swept in from the courtyard.

"What is this?" asked Marlborough, stopping.

On the smooth brown floor of the hall lay a woman with her long black hair twisted over her face and on her breast a little diamond star.

Marlborough's eyes flashed over the soldiers on the stairs staring dumbly, stupidly at the dark head hidden.

"What have you done?" he demanded; then to the man beside him: "Is she dead?"

But de Courcillon had come down the stairs unopposed; very terribly calm, he walked past them all and dropped to one knee beside Maria Gloria.

"She did it for me," he said; "see—she took this off and pinned it a target to her breast in the dark; for me—for me—"

Marlborough bared his head, for all the red light his face showed pale.

De Courcillon lifted the black hair; the silence was intense, till above them showed the wan figure of Cornet Howard, clutching at the ribbing of the wall.

"Your Highness," he said, "give—that—man—his life—" and he fell back into a comrade's arms.

"Monsieur," said Marlborough.

De Courcillon lifted his face, and at sight of it the Englishman drew back.

"We will intrude no longer," he said. "I have no need to tell you, Monsieur, that you are free."

De Courcillon rose from beside her, as if for the first time he observed who watched him.

"Believe me," said Marlborough, "I would give my chance of Brussels this had not happened, Monsieur."

He turned abruptly to the door, his officers at his heels; he thought of the long lock of gold hair he wore under the burnished cuirass, and as he ordered his soldiers away he shuddered.

But de Courcillon was calm; he took from her the star of St. Louis; and when he had seen her lifted up and taken away, he turned into the night and rode across the meadows.

"Had we had time, we had loved, Mademoiselle," he said to the star of St. Louis. "But now there is no need of time, for we have all eternity."

And when he fell with the Bourbon flag at Oudenarde these diamonds shone very brightly on his breast.



The Adoption of Eliza

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

A waif, accepting shelter over night, brings relatives along, and almost works the undoing of the hosts.

“HAT'S that?”

Wilson stopped in the act of fitting his latch-key into the lock, and peered into the darkness of the hall. Thomson drew his heavy overcoat round him and kicked his feet together in a futile attempt to warm them.

“Don't stop to listen,” he said, “you embarrass me. The noise you refer to is merely my frozen ribs beating a tattoo on my shirt bosom. When I get as cold as this I don't expand like most substances; I contract, and my clothes are so much too large that the little shivers have plenty of room to play. Hurry up and open that door.”

“Miaou!”

There was no mistaking it this time. Wilson struck a match and looked about him. Close to the door there crouched a gray cat, its coat crusted with ice and snow, its tail drooping dismally. It blinked uncertainly at the light, and then, with an anticipatory purr, rubbed itself confidently against Thomson's trouser leg.

“By George! The poor little devil's almost frozen. Here, cat, cat—kit, kit. How the mischief do you call the blamed things, anyhow? Oh, yes,—puss, puss here, pussy, come and snuggle up to your uncle. He knows just how you feel.”

“Do you mean to say,” said Wilson, as the cat settled, comfortably purring, in Thomson's arms, “that you are going to take a cat into this house. when you know they are mental poison to Mrs. Higgins? If you don't care for yourself, think of me; remember that I share your sorrows as well as your apartments.”

Thomson chuckled.

“I say,” he said, “you don't happen to have a bit of pink or blue ribbon for its

neck, I suppose? I dote on pink and blue bows.”

His companion threw open the door with an angry snort and stalked upstairs, followed by Thomson, serenely smiling, suspiciously bulging.

The bachelor apartment which they shared was warm and comfortable. Pussy expanded genially in the heat and warmth of the sitting-room, and curled up confidently in the most comfortable chair, where, to Thomson's secret amusement, Wilson covered her with his dressing-gown before he retired.

The apartment boasted of three rooms and a bath, and when, one week, Thomson had sent home a billiard table, and Wilson had retaliated with an automatic piano, the sitting-room became, as Charlie Elkins said, “standing room” only. Whereupon the two men, tired of crawling under the billiard table to get to a window, compromised by turning one of the bedrooms into a den, and with the aid of twin beds occupied the same room with comparative comfort.

“Jolly nice evening,” said Thomson, throwing his coat over the back of a chair and winding his watch. “There's nothing I know of pleasanter than a small, informal dinner, and bridge afterwards. Did you notice that little fair-haired girl in the blue dress?”

“I saw her.”

Wilson made no attempt to conceal a yawn.

“Pretty girl, isn't she?”

“Nothing out of the ordinary; her nose is too long.”

“What's the matter with you, anyhow?” Thomson's tone was distinctly aggrieved. “Lovely humour you're in. I thought everything was going your way to-night. Didn't you take Ethel

Hardy into dinner, and play at the same table all evening? What's happened?"

"Nothing happened." Wilson lowered the window from the top with elaborate care. "But it's wasting time for me to try to understand a girl's mind. Miss Hardy was my opponent, and twice when I led from the wrong hand she took a trick from me. Then when she did it I retaliated the same way, and I'll be blessed if she spoke to me the rest of the evening. What can you make of a thing like that?"

"Nothing whatever," said Thomson, with the philosophy of the onlooker, turning off the electric light. "Go to sleep now and think it out to-morrow."

At eight o'clock the next morning, William, the house factotum, knocked at the door.

"All right," was the response.

"Shall I bring some soda?" William's voice was discreetly lowered.

"Yes, William." Wilson was wide-awake now. "And I say, William, can you bring Mr. Thomson a glass of milk?"

"What's that, sir?"

"Milk, a glass of milk."

"Milk! Why yes, sir, I—I think so, sir." There was deprecating astonishment in the voice now. "Want a little Vichy in it, sir?"

"No, nothing; just plain milk. Warm it a little, William."

As William retreated down the hall, creaking astonishment at every step, Thomson turned savagely to Wilson:

"You lunatic, what in creation made you say I wanted the warm milk? It's a wonder you didn't order a bottle and a rubber tube."

Wilson smothered a laugh in his pillow.

"Who brought the cat in, you or I?" he asked. "All right, William, just put it on the table in the hall."

Thomson got up, and in bath-robe and slippers went into the sitting-room, while Wilson, from his bed, gazed at the photograph of a girl over the mantle shelf, and mused dejectedly.

"Holy smoke!" Thomson's voice came through the open door. "Look

here, George, how many cats did I bring in last night?"

Wilson reluctantly interrupted his melancholy train of thought.

"One," he said.

"Well, there are six here now!"

"Six! The dickens!"

Wilson sprang out of bed and hurried into the adjoining room. True enough, there were six, five of them very tiny and of varying shades of black, white, and yellow, the sixth large, gray, and placid. In spite of his consternation, Wilson laughed at Thomson's dismayed countenance.

"What will Mrs. Higgins say?" he asked.

"Say? She won't say anything, she'll be speechless. Where's that milk?"

The milk was brought in, but the cat—by common consent christened Eliza, after Mrs. Higgins—refused the glass. However, upon her breakfast being presented to her in the nickel-plated soap dish from the bathroom, she condescended to take it—a part of it at least—Wilson inadvertently putting his foot in it while glancing over the morning paper.



Both men were long overdue at their places of business before the question of Eliza's future was decided. Even then, only her immediate disposal was settled, it being proposed to lock her, with her family, in the large bathroom cupboard until the leisure of the following day, Sunday, would admit of a search for a permanent home.

It was late afternoon when Wilson, in his downtown office, decided to throw pride to the winds and call up Ethel Hardy over the 'phone. It was Mrs. Hardy's voice that answered him.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hardy? This is George Wilson. Is Miss Ethel at home?"

"Just hold the line, Mr. Wilson, and I will see where Ethel is. But first I want to ask you if you will contribute to my temperance fund, you know—"

"Is that Mr. Wilson?" broke in another voice on the line. "Oh, Mr. Wilson, I'm so anxious. Something ter-

rible has happened in your rooms, I'm certain."

"I'm using the line now, Mrs. Higgins. Call me up in a few minutes."

Wilson was uncomfortably conscious that Mrs. Hardy was listening with attention. But Mrs. Higgins would not be denied.

"Ever since that awful night when you and Mr. Thomson locked poor Mr. Elkins in the bathroom cupboard and then lost the key, I've been that nervous, although William is sure you were quite sober last night. But the strangest sounds are coming from that cupboard, like someone too weak to call, and scratching at the door for help. And the key is gone."

"I'll come home and investigate, Mrs. Higgins. Good-bye. Are you still there, Mrs. Hardy?"

But Mrs. Hardy's receiver went up with a snap like the crack of doom to Wilson's agonised ear, and he felt with absolute certainty that his landlady's unfounded insinuations were being at that moment repeated, with various maternal warnings, to Ethel.



Wilson did not go home. He ate a gloomy dinner at the club and dropped in at the Empire for a while. Then, when he felt quite certain that Mrs. Higgins had retired, he started homewards. At the corner of his street he met Thomson.

"Hello, George," said the latter. "How's Eliza?"

"Haven't you been home either? Didn't the old lady call you up?"

"No, she called me down. Look here, don't you suppose that cat's hungry?"

Wilson stopped short.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated. "And all the restaurants closed."

"Restaurants!" said Thomson scornfully, "who wants a restaurant? What we need is a dairy."

"I'll tell you"—Wilson's tone had the ring of inspiration—"I'll try the druggist's. It's the only place that's open. If your pocket flask's empty I can use that. You go home and let the cat out of the cupboard and I'll bring something if I have to find a cow."

Fifteen minutes later he arrived, triumphantly breathless, and produced the flask.

"Here, Eliza, old girl," he said, emptying its contents into the soap dish. "This is stuff to make your whiskers curl. It's cream, old lady, double cream, the kind you whip up and put into cups of chocolate."

Eliza tasted warily, cocked her head on one side and tasted again, then fell to work with amazing alacrity and finished it off. Then, after performing a careful toilet, she cleaned up her family in the most approved fashion, Thomson smoking and watching her amusedly. In the next room Wilson was once more engrossed with the photograph over the mantel.

"I say, George," called Thomson, after a while, "did you examine to see if that flask was empty?"

"No. Why?"

"Well, I may be mistaken, but Eliza seems to have quite a picturesque little flutter. She's insisting on putting the yellow kitten into the coal scuttle."

It was too true. Eliza was intoxicated. After several futile attempts to put her family to sleep in the coal scuttle, and after a hopeless attempt to curl herself up in the umbrella stand, she dropped in a maudlin heap before the fire and slept till morning.



Sunday morning breakfast was usually sent up, and served by William in the den. As Eliza had awakened vociferously hungry, her joint owners gave her the contents of the cream jug and drank black coffee in gloomy silence.

"This settles it." Wilson put his cup down with a bang. "That cat and her rainbow-hued progeny leave this place this morning. I won't put in another twenty-four hours like this if I can help it."

"That's right, drown them," said Thomson heartlessly.

"I did not say I intended to kill them. I'm not quite lost to all sense of humanity. What I want to do is to find a home for them. It ought to be an easy matter to find some poor family just outside the city who would lodge and feed them."

"Maybe Mrs. Higgins has a nice cov-

ered basket to carry them in. I'll ring for William."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. You brought the cat here, and I'm going to use your old dress suit case to carry them, if I have to take them away."

"Oh, very well! Can't I lend you my pyjamas to make them a bed?"

But Wilson proceeded in dignified silence to change his house coat for his street attire. That done, he placed Eliza and her family in the suit case and strapped it up. Still in silence, he took out his penknife and cut a small, square aperture through leather and lining. Thomson turned from the window just as he finished.

"Here, what in thunder are you doing with my suit case?"

"As a strong supporter of the S.P.C.A., I don't approve of confining cats in restricted spaces without air. Don't expect me to dinner."

He shut the door on Thomson's astounded face, and went nonchalantly down the stairs and into the street.

A newsboy across the street doubled up over his papers and shook with laughter. Wilson looked down at the suit case and stopped to replace a long, sinuous tail that waved in slow anger through the air-hole.

It was church time, but the bus he took, bound for the suburbs, was almost empty. Wilson put the suit case at his feet, becoming at once absorbed in the *People*.

The bus was gradually filling. Someone sat down beside him and unwittingly knocked over the case. A clear "miaou" was the instant result, and Wilson fell to coughing violently. He straightened the case, and slightly flushed, glanced around to see if Eliza's remonstrance had been overheard. Directly across a young lady was sitting, her eyes fixed with fascinated attention on the advertising card just over his head. The position was a strained one. In the nature of things, Wilson reasoned, she will have to look down in time, and—

"Good morning, Miss Hardy," he said genially.

Ethel Hardy's "Good morning" was just a bit cool, but Wilson ignored the

chill. Picking up the suit case he moved over beside her, and sat down with an air of assurance he did not feel.

"On your way to church, I suppose?"

A long, wailing cry came from the suit case. Wilson coughed until his throat was raw, and the rattle and jar of the bus being in his favour, had some hope that he had eclipsed Eliza.

"Yes," Miss Hardy answered, when Wilson's paroxysm had subsided. "Are you going out of town?"

"For a day or so," Wilson lied hopefully. "I'm going on a hurried business matter."

"Indeed!" Miss Hardy arched her pretty eyebrows. "I thought you were going to the Mercer's to-night. I expected to meet you there."

Wilson's first impulse was flight, his second, to tell the truth; the third, on which he acted, was to lie out.

"That's so," he said; "strange about it, isn't it? Odd how many things slip a fellow's memory."

"It is, rather. But isn't this the wrong direction for any of the railway stations?"

Wilson braced himself and met the blow.

"Look here, Miss Ethel, I—I'm not going away at all. The truth is"—then inspiration—"my laundry lives just outside the city, and I don't mind telling you, in confidence, that I'm taking some washing out to her. She couldn't come in, poor soul. Her husband fell down stairs this week and broke some ribs, and—and the children have scarlet fever."

"Mercy!" Miss Hardy moved away along the car seat. "How awful! Are you not afraid?"

"Oh, not at all," airily. "I think the danger of contagion is much overrated, and"—here Wilson caught a glimpse of the conductor, whose gaze was fixed with rapt attention on the suit case, and stooping, he firmly replaced Eliza's tail.

He was thankful to observe when he straightened up, that Miss Hardy's eyes were fixed on the view through the windows across the way. The paved streets had given way to scattered houses, and now the bus was making its way rapidly along country lanes. As Wilson sat up it drew up at a small inn opposite

a post-office and a diminutive church. Miss Hardy signalled the conductor and rose.

"Do be careful of the scarlet fever," she said. "Are you going much further?"

"A couple of miles or so," said Wilson shamelessly.

The bus started slowly, turned a corner, travelled a hundred feet and stopped.

"All change," shouted the conductor, and the bus emptied itself. Wilson got up and went out to the step.

"Look here," he said confidentially to the conductor, "I suppose I don't need to tell you what I've got in that suit case."

"Cat, sir?" and the conductor grinned.

"Cat! Cats, six of them! Do you know any place in this neighbourhood where I could find this family a home?"

The conductor took off his gloves and blew on his fingers thoughtfully.

"Ike," he called to the driver, "do you know any one near here who wants a cat?"

"Cats," corrected Wilson.

"I should think not," grunted the driver. "Cat population's three times the human now. They say there ain't a rat or a mouse in the county."

"Better take them back to town, sir," said the conductor sympathisingly. "There's places where they buy them for the fur."

Wilson groaned, and going back into the bus, gazed murderously at the suit case. The conductor pulled the bell cord twice, and with a creaking of wheels the bus started back to town. It turned the corner and paused. Looking up, Wilson was electrified to see Miss Hardy enter. When she caught sight of him she blushed furiously, but walking un-

steadily the length of the vehicle, she sat down beside him.

"They must have been short miles," she said severely.

"No shorter than your church service." He was cool enough now. "Look here, Ethel Hardy, you didn't come out here to go to church, and I didn't come to see my landress. The woman with the afflictions was a myth. So was the business journey. If I confess, will you?"

"Certainly, although I need only confess to a human desire to know what you were going to do with the cat."

"Cat! Then you knew?"

"I could scarcely help it, with six inches of gray tail waving out of that ridiculous hole for ten minutes before you saw me. But when we had come so far, and you showed no sign of getting off, I had to. Of course I thought I was taking the next bus back to town, and here I find you, cat and all."

Wilson looked suddenly down. Through the air-hole a stubby black tail was dangling listlessly. With a sudden determination he picked up the case and opened it.

"How sweet!" exclaimed Miss Hardy. "Why, I do believe it's my poor lost Eliza!"

At the end of Wilson's recapitulation of the trials of the last two days, Miss Hardy laughed hysterically.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to find Eliza again. I adore cats, although mother dislikes them. But they look so domestic, lying on the hearth-rug."

Wilson leaned over to her tenderly.

"Ethel," he said softly, "if you'll provide Eliza, I'll provide the hearth-rug."

"Dear Eliza!" Miss Hardy stooped over and patted the suit case lovingly. "I think that she really deserves a new rug."



Little Marsh Babies

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

A day with the camera amongst the wily young creatures that inhabit the waste places.



OUR canoe was threading the channels of the drowned lands this bright April day, when suddenly Fritz exclaimed frantically:

"Look here! Look here!"

"What is it now, lad?"

I stopped the canoe, and following the extended arm and fat finger of the panting boy, saw an extremely interesting sight. Right at our bow, rising about two feet above the water, was an old, deserted muskrat house, and on its top were two coal-black youngsters peeping and chirping at our intruding canoe. They were large, being loons, and as big as plump young goslings—eyes, head, bill, feet, and feathers one unvarying fluffy black. The feet, set far back, were pressed against the dry flags that formed the rude nest, simply a depression in the top of the house, all ready to slide down to the water and dive away beneath. Some strange fascination for the awful long, olive green monster with two heads and four waving arms that had invaded their quiet home scene held them to the spot. The reflex in my camera was hurriedly opened, focussed, and almost instantly the picture was taken. So here they are for you to look at.

It is not often that one finds a loon's nest. In our annual trips of eight months' duration a single nest is our usual reward. The chipped remains of the large olive green, red-spotted eggs lay around and under the babies, but the larger portions of the eggs had been thrown out of the nest by the mother and could be seen on the weed-strewn bottom a few inches below the surface.

I took my net and laid it gently over the little ones and scooped them up for closer

examination. It is wonderful the instinct of defence that is so early implanted in some of the youngsters of the marsh. These little, soft, downy rascals pecked and fought at my hands in true desperation, and when Fritz, prompted by the big organ he calls his heart, took one and fondled it and lifted it up to his face, cooing and crooning like some demented wild man of the marshes, the tiny bit of fluff and feathers promptly bit him on the nose, and the lad irreverently said "rats" and quickly laid it down. It scrambled all over the canoe like some



MUSKRAT KITTENS



THE YOUNG OF THE LOON

big black frog. I secured them both and laid them gently on the nest; with one impulse they both slid down the rounded side and disappeared beneath the water.

We could follow their motions, as it was shallow and undisturbed. They swam with both legs, and—well, arms is the best name for the fluff-covered wings, as they used them in starting the slide down the nest exactly as we would use our hands and arms. They could do about twenty feet below water, then up they popped like two black corks and stared at us an instant, then down they went—and they may be there yet for all we know to the contrary, as we never saw them again. We heard the velvet-collared mother raising loud protest at our prolonged visit, so, not wishing to alarm this happy family too much, we dug in our paddles and sped along the flag-bordered channels of the marsh.

The water was rising again. How are these clever dwellers of these wet, secluded places to tell what man, with his timber dams and canal locks, is going to do to the water? They can tell—to the fraction of an inch—when Nature has decreed that the water shall rise no higher that spring, and will all start simultaneously, over dozens of miles of marsh—ducks, rail, crakes, mudhens, bittern, griebs, blackbirds, wrens—to build their nests, and the water will steadily and continuously fall from that time.

We stopped before a dry standing clump of last year's flags. A marsh wren was gossiping away in loud, insistent chatter with an equally garrulous neighbour. They both ceased as the shell-like bow of our canoe entered the scene, and as we laid down our paddles and took off our hats for a cooling moment, they both sidestepped and tipped their heads and looked first at us and then at one another, as much as to say

what a funny animal—throws its arms off onto its shell, and then coolly takes off the top of its head. Instantly they went to work in a perfect frenzy of energy. They were house-building, and this breed is either weak in the upper story or possessed of an extra amount of energy, as they often build another nest or two just for exercise. Day after day we have found these extra nests, just as you see the one we then pictured, and week after week we have visited them, and they were never put to any use at all. It was ludicrous to watch these busy builders, they ran so swiftly along the bending flags. "Cheep, cheep," then a rip with the sharp bill and a piece of the dry ribbon-like flag was torn off. True little architects—to make this bit of dry flag fit nicely about the circular nest, they passed the pieces slowly through their bills, nipping it every half inch or so; this crimped

it as nicely as any machine could; then they ran over the rustling dry marsh and added the bits to one of the nests. These will hang so thickly along the side of the bog that they have often reminded us of some dry, husky fruit, and not a full fifty per cent. of these well-built nests are ever used.

The bright blue sky above, with its fleecy clouds floating slowly over, was so perfectly reflected on the calm surface of Rice Lake as our craft entered it, that we had the uncanny feeling of being suspended in mid-air. We skirted the wide mouth of the Otonabee and darted up the east branch, entering the marshes again at the Forks. Nature was in one of her lavish moods to-day; unknowingly we might think her extravagant. On all sides myriad insects were flung in wavering clouds; from tree root to top tiny snails covered every branch, trunk and twig; even the swelling buds were loaded with these little black shell-bearers. The surface of the quiet reaches in the marsh were covered with seed of the spatterdock, muskrat-loosened wild onions, tender sprouts of the lily, luscious long green ribbons and tiny white roots of the wild celery in prodigal abundance. What is all this mass of rich food here for? Watch and see. On swift wings a bunch of gabbling pintails drop in and start feeding before the circles of their plunge have died away. Out of the very clouds, so it seems, a whirring mass of marsh blue-bills descend, sweep for a moment in wide circles, then settle down into the marsh; soft-winged teal, dainty wood-ducks, swift hooded mergansers, and noisy black ducks drop in; a few musical whistle-wings join the scattered flocks—and instantly every bird starts to feed.

"Breakfast seems ready for them most anywheres," said the fat boy. Some of these

wild ducks had flown north steadily for ten hours on their annual migration, covering a distance of fully five hundred miles; on swift wings, ignoring state or international boundaries, they headed on, on for the far distant feeding grounds, and wherever they chose to alight, there was the ready table spread. Oh, how I would like a wife like Mother Nature! Just imagine the scene, ye benedicts, that would ensue were you to drop in unannounced with a dozen fellow-roysterers from a five hundred mile trip for a noon-day breakfast. I think I hear a sweet voice say sharply, "I'm going home to my mother."

We were seated in the canoe, well hidden in the marsh. Fritz was sleeping, as usual, in the bow; I was smoking, as



YOUNG SANDPIPERS AND NEST



A SANDPIPER FLYING

A very difficult thing to photograph.

usual, in the stern. Through half-closed eyelids I saw a female muskrat pass, and like a topsy turvy vision of my noonday dreams, I thought it held another in its mouth. I shook off my stupor and sat erect. There was the muskrat all right, swimming past the canoe. In her mouth she held one of her numerous litter, a three or four weeks' old kitten. It was held by the back of the neck in gentle toothhold, upside down and kicking like fury. I threw a handful of water onto the flushed face of the sleeping fat boy. I really wanted to awaken him noiselessly, so that he might see the way these animals transport their young, but it dived like a flash just as the rising sun of Fritz's red face appeared over the edge of the canoe. He said I was dream-

ing and was angry at my splashing him. No sooner had he settled back and resumed his wheezy snore than the muskrat appeared for the second time. Another pink-legged, blind little baby raised its wee voice and struggled all over its silky gray body against this unusual mode of progress. I half drowned Fritz in my zeal to awaken him. "Oh! say," he broke out, then he stuttered off into a chain of half-murmured words of wonder and delight as he watched the novel scene.

Very quietly I raised my paddle, motioned to Fritz to remain still, and followed the swimming muskrat. Down she dived, half drowning the spluttering youngster by the length of her stay; then we saw her again near some floating bog, and lost her again. Once more we saw the ripple of her way, then lost her for good, nor did a full afternoon's work discover where she had hidden the little ones.

The next day as we toiled along the narrow marsh channels under a broiling sun we stopped for a moment beside a patch of bog. There was a newly made "draw up," just a bunch of weeds and flags, wild rice straw and parrot grasses, raised up high enough to make a resting place for some nocturnal animal. On it were the two long-sought "kittens." We lifted them in and delightedly examined them—dainty little pets, with big heads and great hind feet, soft and silky, pink-skinned and gray-furred, blind and bewhiskered and whimpering. We tried to settle them back onto the nest, but they rolled off continually into the water, so often that Fritz said he was no "bally" diver or wet nurse, and turned the job over to me. Then we laid the pine plank camera float on the bow, set the little chaps on it—and here they are for you to inspect. Odd marsh babies, are they not?

One day as Fritz was trying to be restful underneath a shady basswood he heard a shrill bird's cry oft repeated. At great sacrifice to his comfort he stood erect and lumbered off down the path to the island's shore. A spotted sandpiper was making the air ring with her sharp notes of alarm. "Peet, peet, peet," she shrieked. "There's a bird gone lunny down there," Fritz said, poking his head into the shanty where I was writing. While the lad resumed his arduous work under the tree I walked to the bank top and looked over. The sandpiper was making long, noisy runs along the pebbles, lifting on short flights every few minutes, but calling loudly whether on wings or feet. Her babes were there, and—cause of all the alarm—two big crows were watching with sidelong glances to see if they could locate the exact spot that held them. I knew from experience that as long as that strident call of hers resounded not a feather would the little ones move; they would squat and crouch, motionless as the stones around them. I drove off the crows with a few pebbles and lay down to watch if the mother bird would betray the place that held the young ones. Not she; she ran over so many different spots, calling now in another key, but still warning them to be still. I returned to the "shanty." Within ten minutes I heard the "follow" call. This means—come along, and is usually acted upon at once by the little ones of all the feathered races. Very quietly I approached the bank, noted the exact spot where the big bird stood, then "coo-ee-ing" at the top of my voice, I ran down the path. I had them located within a circle of about fifteen feet diameter. Stepping very cautiously I carefully examined every foot of that shore; then I did it on hands and knees, minutely searching every foot of that pebbly beach. After a full

hour's work, one of the pebbles waved a feather in the wind; as a rule stones do not bear feathers. Thus I found the little chap. It was covered beside a round limestone rock, its gray and buff coat of down and immature feathers exactly matching the weather-stained rock. Later, I found another. There were four. I managed to start them all, but I could catch only two. It seems impossible, but once I saw two of them running over the clean pebbles, and not a blade of grass was in sight. I secured one, but where was the other? I never found it. Finally I laid the two on a bit of shore-swept weed and managed to get them still enough to picture. Then I took the mother flying, with an exposure of one-thousandth second.

I ascended the bank with the camera and precious films and safely rolled a number farther into the holder. Fritz meantime had also been successful. He had made a complete job of it this time; he lay on his back, fast asleep under the tree.



MARSH WREN'S NEST

It is built in the rushes so as to escape detection.

Worry—the Disease of the Age

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY

In this article the author further discourses on worry and its subjection to will and action.

V.—WORRY, WILL AND ACTION



It is very commonly, yet curiously, supposed that the actions of men and women are determined by their beliefs—that the will, with all its results, is the servant of the intellect. Students of the mind, however, know that this is not so; the relation of the intellect to the will is merely that of an adviser or guide which investigates and suggests the means by which the will may accomplish *its* will. Creeds, beliefs, opinions, and what is commonly understood by education—these are not the mainsprings of human action. Any belief or opinion may act as a *pilot*, but something else is the gale.

Plainly, it is a matter of the utmost moment to discover this something else which determines the acts of men and so gives human life its characters and decides its consequences. The man in the street may know that psychology is the study of the mind, and by the mind he understands the reason or the intellect; but psychologists of to-day are far more concerned with other aspects and attitudes of the human spirit, since they realise that elsewhere than in merely intellectual processes are to be found the causes of human action. The extraordinary idea that the mind consists of the intellect alone still pervades the legal and popular notion of insanity, which considers that the holding of erroneous opinions is the sole test of insanity, and is unaware that a man may have a keen and balanced intellect, and yet be utterly and dangerously mad.

In all that has been said I am trying to show the importance of my present subject, as we shall immediately see. The

real causes of human action are not rational convictions, such as the conviction that two and two makes four, which in themselves are powerless to affect the will, and have never yet *caused* (though they continually *direct*) any human action whatever; but are states of feeling or *emotion*. Emotion, as the word suggests, is the cause of human motion: the emotion of love causes motion towards the beloved object; the emotion of fear causes motion from the feared object; the emotional state known as courage will cause one act; the emotional state known as hate will cause another. The mainspring of will is emotion. Students of the mind diseased are acquainted with cases of what they call *apathy*, which literally means *no feeling*. These result in what is called *aboulia*, which means *no will*. The utterly apathetic person *does nothing*. Feeling neither the emotion of hate, nor that of love, or ambition, or fear, or apprehension, or jealousy, or even a desire to live—such a person becomes like a vegetable. Danger does not affect him. The cry of fire will not cause him to stir a finger. He will remain motionless whilst his child is drowning before his eyes, and even ambition, the last infirmity of noble minds, stirs him not at all. He is in the state aimed at by ascetic, Buddhist, or Christian, who has conquered all desire, and who has therefore conquered his own will. He has no emotions, no motives, and therefore no motions, which are the outward manifestations of will.

Plainly, therefore, anyone who desires to understand or explain human life, to read the hearts of men, like Cassius, to know *why* men and women do wise or foolish things, must make himself a

student not of the part of the mind which we call the intellect, but of the part which we call the emotional nature. This alone will give him the truly human action, since this alone is the cause of human action.

Books have been written on the manner in which the acts of men and women are determined by love, by fear, by ambition, by the desire to assert itself, and by the desire to renounce self. But no one has yet written a book on one of the most potent and frequent and malign of all emotional states—that state which we call *worry*. If it were possible, I should devote a whole book to this new, and yet old subject; but, as things are, I must content myself with a brief chapter, hoping to be suggestive rather than final in my treatment of this vast subject.

Sometimes the influence of worry upon the conduct of its victim may be negative rather than positive; its action is paralytic. This consequence of worry is most commonly manifested in those who lead the intellectual life. The man who has a book to write, or plans to make, or a practical problem to solve by his wits, may find that worry paralyses thought. He "cannot give his mind to his work." The power of sustained attention to his business is utterly destroyed by his emotional state of mind.

There can be no question that the world has suffered incalculable loss by the influence of worry upon men of genius. The typical genius—such as Schubert, let us say—is a man little appreciated by his own age, and little fit for the practical tide of life. He is constantly the prey of worry—temporarily eased, perhaps, as in Schubert's case, by the benefactions of a publisher who gave him ten pence apiece for songs to which men will listen as long as ears can hear. The idea of a home for geniuses has often been ridiculed, and people have declared that no works of art would be produced save under the influence of the need of money, forgetting that the true genius must do his work or die. One of our indictments against worry, then, is certainly its paralytic effect upon the most valuable functions of the human mind, and especially upon the creation of works of genius—the

worth of which in human life is daily increasing.

We are all familiar with the paralytic effect of worry in other conditions. Excess of self-consciousness tends to produce what we call "nervousness," and everyone who has played games or spoken or sung or acted in public knows what are the effects of this minor species of worry. In games we know that confidence is half the battle; that "nervousness," lack of confidence, worry about one's capacity, and apprehension of failure are all but certain to produce that which they fear. If the relative importance of the subject merited further consideration, it would be of no interest to consider how it is that worry is enabled to interfere in those delicate muscular co-ordinations upon which success in most games of skill depends, and how it is that lack of worry, and, better still, the presence of its opposite—a judicious self-confidence—provides the best condition for success, whether in singing or playing billiards or public speaking. But it is not with these negative influences of worry upon the human actions that I am here mainly concerned, interesting though they are, and serious though they may often be in many a case.

Having shown that the positive acts of men are determined by their emotions, I wish to classify and describe the kinds of acts that men perform under the influence of the emotion we are studying. In general, it may be safely said of any emotion, such as love or even its opposite, hate, that it may lead to desirable acts or to undesirable acts. This is obviously true of the case of love, and is no less true of its opposite, for hatred of evil may lead to desirable action, just as other kinds of hate may lead to evil action. But I summarily assert that the influence of worry upon the will of man is wholly and invariably bad. No qualification is needed for the assertion that this potent motor force invariably tends to drive us to wrong action.

The very smallest indictment to be laid against the door of worry in this respect is that it leads to too hasty action. In general, we know that we want *happiness* of one kind or another. It is the

business of the reason to decide, in any given case, how that end may best be attained. Under the pressure of worry we only too often act hastily and without adequate use of the reason, and so we do the wrong thing. We feel that it is far better to make some decision—any decision—than to continue in a state of suspense, doubt, anxiety, worry; and so we make our decision before we are able to ensure that it is the wisest decision. Here the real motor, precipitating our action, is worry, and the consequence, as like as not, will be yet more worry.

But the graver aspects of the influence of worry upon human conduct will be realised if we consider the fashion in which worry causes us to meet everyday difficulties of life. When the mind is at peace with itself and circumstances, the ordinary calls of life upon our patience, our forbearance, our perseverance, and our power of overcoming difficulties—are adequately met. We do not lose our sleep, or fly to alcohol or other drugs; and a difficulty may even act as a not unwelcome stimulus, fit to make us realise the best of which we are capable. But contrast the fashion in which the victim of worry meets life's demands. Even the slightest of them suffice to make him irritable. Now, irritability is a terribly powerful influence for evil in too many lives, and its chief cause is worry. I will not forget that many a man and many a woman becomes irritable in consequence of various kinds of physical disease, or in consequence of insomnia. But it is pre-eminently the worried man that is the irritable man. Let us, then, consider a typical instance of the practical influence of worry upon conduct.

The worried business man returns home in the evening, but brings his business worries with him. When he is not worried he is a considerate and affectionate husband and father; his wife's little requests, the noise of his children's play, do not disturb his equanimity. On the contrary, it is a pleasure to be able to serve his wife, and an enjoyment to hear his children enjoying themselves. But how different is the effect of precisely

the same influences upon the worried man! This noise in which he would otherwise find the sweetest music falls upon other ears—ears made hypersensitive, no doubt, by the strain to which his nervous system has been subjected; and he displays what physiologists call the "irritability of weakness." The noise is actually louder than it would otherwise appear, and he cannot tolerate it. The wise wife may soon see that "something has worried Jack to-day," and she will prevent her children from exposing themselves to the consequences, whilst she will defer her request for a new hat until a more auspicious occasion. But this is not always possible, nor is it always done when it is possible; and the result will be disaster. The noisy little boy may receive a blow when he expected a smile, and his drum may come to an untimely end. Doubtless the father's worries depend upon the fact that he has to support a wife and children whom he loves; but the influence of worry is invariably malign, and will show its malignancy even in the case of those whose interests have caused it. If the worry is a daily and persistent force, the children may become intolerable; their father seems to love them less, and therefore they love him less. They suffer, and so does he.

But the burden is far worse for the wife and mother, even though she is better able to understand its cause. The very sight of her may suffice, or almost suffice, to rouse the latent irritation of which worry is the cause, and happiness leaves the home.

To these considerations we must add the consequences of that very constant foe to womankind—*domestic worry*. The burden of life by no means falls entirely upon the sex which groan most loudly under it. It is the peculiar character of a woman's work, of course,—it is never done. The man has at least the change, as a rule, from the environment of business to the environment of home—and this may suffice—in accordance with what was said when we were discussing holidays—to change the mental currents, so that business worries disappeared. The woman has not this advantage; the environment of home

and of business are one and the same for her. The escape from domestic worry is thus specially difficult. The conscientious, diligent, and hard-pressed housekeeper of all ages and places is apt, like Martha, to be troubled about many things; and small blame to her. That she should become irritable in consequence of domestic worry is quite inevitable at times, and then everybody suffers—husband, children, servants, and herself. These are all commonplaces, I admit, but a necessary condition for the cure of domestic worry and its consequence is an impartial, detached recognition of the facts and their origin. It may fairly be said, I think, that women have only themselves to blame for a very considerable proportion of domestic worry, with its consequences of irritability and bad temper leading to worse things. Even after fully recognising that the ordinary housewife is specially subject, at any rate at times, to unavoidable worry, we must surely grant that the common practice of living up to the very limit of one's means, if not beyond it, is responsible for a great deal of woman's worry that might be avoided. One says, especially woman's worry, because it would appear that the wife, rather than the husband, is more often responsible for the neglect of that margin of income which, as Mr. Micawber knew, spells happiness. Hence it is worth while yet again to point out the commonplace facts—that the happiness attained by keeping three servants when one can only afford two is most lamentably outweighed not merely by the worry involved in the incessant effort to make both ends meet, but also by the consequences of that worry upon sleep, health, digestion, and temper—these, again, injuring every member of the family, and possibly leading to its utter destruction.

For it cannot be doubted that mere petty worry, acting like the "cumulative poisons" with which doctors are familiar, only too often forms a necessary link in the chain of causation which leads to estrangement between parents and children, or estrangement between themselves, leading to separation or even divorce. This is a terrible indictment against worry

that it not infrequently destroys the family, which is the necessary unit of society, and the stability and security of which constitutes the first condition of any stable and secure society.

We have already spoken of worry as the state of emotion which often produces in men the will to end their own lives.

Having considered the fashion in which worry affects the actions of the individual as an individual, and his or her actions as a member and constituent of the family, let us observe how society as a whole is affected by the action of worry upon its individual units.

What has already been said will suffice to enable us to realise that half of the cost of worry is a great loss of individual and therefore a social *efficiency*. It is commonly supposed that the welfare and successes of an individual is his affair alone, just as it is commonly supposed that a nation can thrive only by injuring other nations. But it is not so. On the contrary, it is certain that the failure, the premature death, the diminished efficiency of any individual, act in general as an injury to every member of the society of which he forms part. A force, then, which makes for inefficiency, often paralysing and arresting or destroying desirable acts and accomplishments on the part of individuals, as a personal interest even for the fortunate few whom it does not directly affect. The malign action of worry upon the deeds of individuals must be reckoned, then, as an injury to the body politic. Worry raises the death rate, very notably the disease rates, for each of which, and especially the latter, society has to pay. It raises the accident rates; we have seen how it interferes with the nervous balance and co-ordination, and with the self-confidence which are necessary in all games, arts, and duties involving muscular skill. Society, also, has to pay for the hospitals and the asylums and many other charities, the need for which is largely increased by worry. The individual, the family, and society at large, then, are injured by the effects of worry upon human actions.

There remains one other notable fashion in which worry affects human action, and, as in every other case, affects it for

the worse. Our final subject here, then, is worry in its relation to the great goddess of getting on. Worry as the servant of this goddess seems to be more potent nowadays than ever heretofore, and it is important for us to consider how far this kind of worry—worry about getting on, or *ambitious worry*—depends upon a false conception of the true means to our common end—life and happiness.

I decline to say that this kind of worry depends upon a false philosophy. In all likelihood, the reader is familiar with the most popular books of Dr. Samuel Smiles, such as "Self Help." Since his death we have read many jibes at the lowliness of his ideals and the contemptible character of his teaching. But, after all, those who penned those jibes would doubtless have jumped at the chance of bettering themselves as readily as their fellows. I venture to say that every normal person, in virtue of the common human inheritance, has a greater or less desire to get on; ambition is the last infirmity of noble minds. We desire to get on simply because we suppose that in doing so we shall get happiness, and it is quite idle to pretend that, up to a point, our argument is not well-founded. We are familiar with the millionaire who assures us that he was happier as a ragged boy, and we do not doubt his word. He speaks of the burden of wealth, but we do not observe that he seeks to relieve himself of the burden. We say that there is a compensating balance in life, and we quite properly recognise that the poor man does not suffer from his poverty as the rich man would do if his riches left him. We recognise that there is a principle of adaptation to the environment, and that one does not miss what one has never known. But this very principle—that happiness as conditioned by material circumstances depends very largely upon what one is accustomed to—is in itself the very best argument for the desire to get on, since he who succeeds in getting on is constantly enjoying new advantages which, just because they are new, mean much more to him than they do to others born with a silver spoon in their mouths. As far as I can learn from biology, Nature not only sanctions, but also aids and abets

in every possible way the desire for happiness, and if getting on is going to serve happiness, I am not prepared outright to condemn it.

But that is the whole question. It is an almost universal human character to glorify the means at the ultimate expense of the end. We see it in its most piquant form in the miser, starving, shivering, dirty, unattended, clutching his useless gold. We see it in the bibliomaniac who purchases first editions, and covers his shelves with wisdom, into which he never dips. It is enough for him to own the book. He does not care to read it, much less would he disfigure its immaculate pages with marginal notes. And the case is the same with "getting on." It is not an end in itself, but a means—and certainly not an entirely contemptible and negligible means—to the true end of happiness; but our general tendency betrays us here, and we make of the means an end. Happiness or no happiness, we will "get on," and it is at this point that worry takes its place.

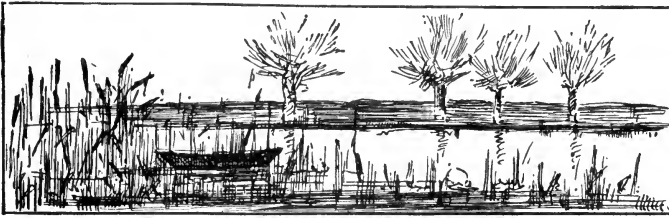
To worry about getting on is plainly to forfeit happiness on account of that which is to bring happiness. This is no bargain for a rational man. Observe that I am not speaking here of the attempt to earn a competence or such an income as may make marriage possible. Worry on these scores may be recognised as futile, but it can scarcely be called irrational. The irrational worry about getting on is that which implies the inability to be content or to enjoy the present. Directly it is so defined, everyone must admit the justice of the adjective "irrational"; besides it is of its very nature to be deprived of satisfaction, for it has no definite goal. I think there is little doubt that this kind of worry is a very insidious trap for many young men whose incomes are not fixed, but vary in proportion to the amount of labour which they are prepared to expend. The fact that money is only a means to an end tends to be forgotten. The symbol, as ever with symbols, is exalted at the expense of the thing symbolised. Men who have no occasion to overwork, find themselves prematurely senile, or temporarily incapacitated, in consequence of the extraordinary delu-

sion that it is a man's duty to make as big an income as he can. I do not say that this doctrine is definitely formulated by all of us, but in point of fact we nearly all subscribe to it. We know perfectly well that the income is not an end in itself, but we know that it is a very effective means to the only end anyone cares about, and before we know where we are we have been trapped into the practical, if not the theoretical, acceptance of the doctrine that the means of happiness are worth purchasing at the cost of happiness.

We shall afterwards see that the cure

of this kind of worry is such common sense as that of Thoreau, Stevenson, and Spencer. We shall see, I hope, that, as Spencer put it, life is not for work, but work is for life, whilst life itself is for happiness—the higher the better, but, whether high or low, *happiness*. To worry about "getting on," or to multiply domestic worry in the effort to appear successful in getting on, is to lose the object of work and of life. I repeat, then, that part of our cure for worry will consist in a recognition that the means of happiness are not worth purchasing at the cost of happiness.

(The sixth article of this series will appear in the June Canadian Magazine)



Ethics of the Farm

SOME say that conditions on the farm have greatly changed within the last twenty-five years. So they have. Most of us older chaps can remember when every farmer of sense had cider in his cellar from one to five years old, when sides of bacon and strings of ham hung temptingly in the smoke-house, when sliced apples lay drying above the kitchen stove, when basins of milk, thick with cream, stood cool and sweet in the spring-house, when rosy-cheeked maidens beat the ploughshare at the dinner hour, and hired help could be had at a decent wage. But now the cider mills are nothing more than a picturesque memory; the apples all go barrelled in a "lump"; the hogs are sold on the hoof; the smoke-house has disappeared from lack of use; the milk goes wholesale to the creamery; the rosy-cheeked maidens are young women of degree; and hired help—well, that has become an almost extinct phenomenon. Still, we manage to get along, even if we are beginning to see that this is a materialistic age, an age when primitive and utilitarian wholesomeness has given way to practical, prosaic money-making.

Farmer John.

Current Events Abroad.

A LONDON newspaper set in motion the rumour that the Czar would abdicate within a month and that his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, would become regent. The change would be accompanied by the dissolution or rather the abolition of the Douma and the withdrawal of all other recent concessions to the democratic spirit. The endeavour of the Grand Duke would be to bring about internal order and peace by adopting a ruthless and thorough-going reign of repression. Count Ignatieff would once more take up the civil sword and domestic quiet would be produced by the old-time remedy of a whiff of grape shot, the bayonet or the rope. Better, say the advocates of force, a few weeks of butchery in which 100,000 lives would be sacrificed on the altar of order than the present sputtering revolution that shows no sign of expiring

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That there is no lack of victims under present conditions is a matter of common knowledge. A writer in a German weekly furnishes data which enables him to declare that in the past two years the sacrifice of lives by those responsible for domestic peace has been greater than during the combined reigns of Nicholas I, Alexander II, and Alexander III. One Russian paper is quoted as declaring that between January, 1905, and February, 1906, 14,654 were killed and 18,052 wounded. This is founded on recorded figures and the real number is almost certainly greater. This is doing pretty well. During the period quoted, 1,650 persons met death under judicial condemnation. In January of this year 713 political prisoners were sentenced, 148 to death, ninety to hard labour, and fifty to Siberia, the balance receiving various other sentences. It is calculated that throughout the Empire during 1906, 1,500,000 were confined. The jails and fortresses were bursting, and perhaps the occupants were

more fortunate than some of those outside, for at least they had food. The man who can conclude after this that what Russia wants is more stringent measures of repression is so incurably reactionary that nothing but a real revolution can open his eyes. Russia has taken a step forward and there can be no actual retraction. The Douma may be abolished and other recent concessions withdrawn, but the intellectual class which has had a taste of them will only take the opportunity to recover its breath for another rush forward.

W

There is no returning. Acute observers have said that if Louis XVI had jealously guarded that divinity that doth hedge a king, by which even his futile predecessor managed to maintain the awe of courtiers, there would have been no assault on the Bastille, and all that was thereby involved. Nicholas has allowed his people to get a glimpse of the lath and plaster that compose the imposing structure of Czardom, and they can never be got to believe that it is adamant any more. It may well be that the occupant of the Russian throne is overwhelmed by the burden that has been his since he ascended it. When messenger after messenger brought tidings of woe to the Scottish usurper and at last that Birnam Wood was moving against him his reason tottered. What must be the almost hourly condition of a monarch whose appointment to high office is equal to a fiat of death? From all parts of his kingdom comes the news of the assassination of his satraps. That a constitution never very robust should be tried by that fear that lurks at every step may well be believed. But the evils from which he suffers cannot be cured by putting the instrument of a more thorough-going dragonnade in his place. Russia may be pacified when its thoughtful classes are convinced that an administration is in power disposed to devote itself seriously

and assiduously to the good of the people. Until that impression is widespread there can be no rest in Russia.

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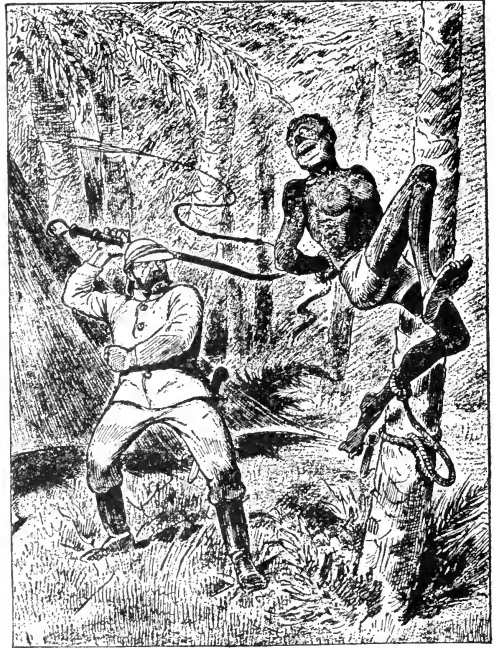
There are indications that the publication of the correspondence of the Papal nuncio seized by the French authorities at the time of his expulsion from France will prove what the chiefs of the Republic have asserted, namely, that the church was hostile to the existing form of government, and was fomenting discord in France. So extreme a step as the publication of this correspondence would not be taken unless it were expected that public opinion will be profoundly moved by the disclosures. Rumour has it that Monseigneur Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State, will resign as a consequence of the disclosure. This would be a useless sacrifice, for it will never be believed that a change of officials will ensure a change of heart.

VI

A London cable declares that Governor Swettenham was required by his Downing Street superiors to apologise to Admiral Davis. The readers of these pages know that there has been no disposition in them to overlook the fact that the Jamaican Governor had not comported himself with discretion or wisdom. At the same time the American admiral proved himself to be a fidgety and conceited bounder, who was apt to get on the nerves of an official precisian of the Swettenham type. An expression of regret might be due from the Colonial office to the American foreign office, but no considerations of etiquette called for an apology to Davis from anybody. If Lord Elgin insisted on such an apology from the Governor, he was ill-advised.

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Ambassador Bryce is engaged in a round of travel which included speeches at three American cities of the first rank, and two Canadian cities. An ambassador has to be discreet, but Mr. Bryce's experience and skill enabled him to say a good many things of importance without a breach of the proprieties. Mr. Bryce is



THE GERMAN COLONIAL POLICY CAN NOW BE RESUMED WITHOUT HINDERANCE

—Kikeriki (Vienna).

an Imperialist, too, and was not afraid to label his brand of the article. Not a common legislative authority, but rather legislation in common for the unity and welfare of the Empire by each of its equal and component parts was his idea of Imperial Federation. Flaws may be found in this definition, but can there be a definition in which there will not be flaws? An attempt to define the affection between sweethearts would be faulty, or at best inadequate, because it would be an attempt to define the indefinable. The relations between the mother Empire and her daughters equally defies the parts of speech. Lord Milner gives his definition in the current number of the *National Review*. "What is that," he asks, "we who call ourselves Imperialists really have in our minds when we talk of the consolidation of the Empire, of 'imperial unity,' and so forth? It is, I take it, nothing less than this: that the several states of the Empire, however independent in their local affairs, however dissimilar in some of their institutions, should



A HINT

—Washington Star.

Mexico that bloodshed would not be tolerated. Some other way must be found of settling their differences. In spite of these admonitions, however, hostilities began and the two paternal neighbours have not implemented their threats. The war has been a procession of victories for Zelaya. We shall see what use he will make of them.



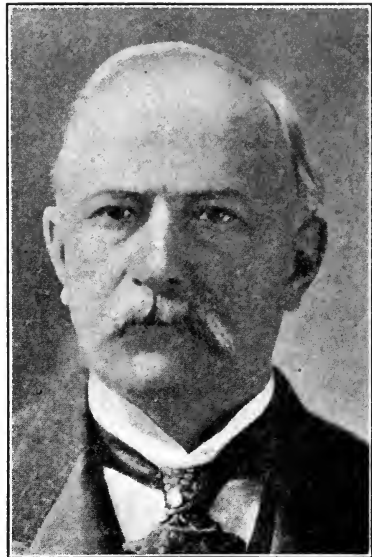
A very pretty fight is brewing in Ohio. Mr. Taft, the Secretary of War, is avowedly the President's nominee for the Presidency in 1908. Ohio is Mr. Taft's home State. The noted Senator, John B. Foraker, has a large measure of control over the Re-

publican machine there. Whether he has ambitions for John B. Foraker or not may be left to conjecture, but at all events he does not propose to forward the Taft

yet constitute for certain purposes one body politic; that in their relations to the rest of the world they should appear and be a single power, speaking with one voice, acting and ranking as one great unit in the society of states." Yet, in the course of the article, Lord Milner does not attempt to grapple with geographical separation and the different interests which such a separation seems to involve.



The Armageddon which occurs periodically in one or other of the Central American republics is taking place between Honduras and Salvador on the one hand and Nicaragua on the other. Zelaya, the President of the latter, is credited with ambitious designs of uniting in one republic all the republics in the isthmus. From the progress of his arms it looks as if he were capable of accomplishing his aim if left alone. It is not at all likely however that his powerful neighbours will stand by and allow him to give permanency to any of his conquests. Before the outbreak of hostilities the quarrelling states were warned by both the United States and



SENATOR JOHN A. FORAKER,
OF OHIO

boom. Until he has the endorsement of his own State, Mr. Taft can hardly be said to have a boom. Senator Foraker is not working very hard to secure him this. Quite the contrary. The proposition he has made is that at the next Republican State Convention the delegates shall be asked to state their preferences both for the Ohio Senatorship and for the Presidential nomination. It is an open act of defiance to what is called Rooseveltism and presages a tremendous struggle in the State.



Mr. Haldane, the British War Minister, has remodelled the army. The effect of the proposals he has laid before Parliament is to provide a field force of highly trained professional soldiers of 160,000 men, the creation of a special contingent to whom the duties of the clerical work, transport, hospital attendance, etc., will be relegated, and, thirdly, there will be the so-called territorial army of 300,000 men, composed of the present militia and volunteers. The men of the latter body will contract for a period of four years, and if any one wishes to break his agreement he must give three months' notice and pay a fine of £5. His annual term of training will be a fortnight, but on the outbreak of a serious war he will be liable to go into camp for six months' training, preparatory to taking part in the struggle if need be. This, it will be seen, comes dangerously near to compulsion and conscription. As some have expressed it, the voluntary system is on its last trial. If it does not succeed now, the advocates of conscription will have the floor.



The foes of the Campbell-Bannerman Government have had their innings and have expressed their views with respect



HON. R. S. HALDANE
British War Minister

to the folly of putting the government of a colony in the hands of those who but a few short years ago were sworn to extinguish the British name from South Africa. The office of the critic is an easy one, but he may occasionally be asked what he would do in the premises himself. It does not seem possible to have a community of white men within the bounds of the British Empire and refuse them the right to govern themselves. This was the situation with which the government were face to face, and it must be considered that they made the only decision that was possible, namely, to confer the management of their local affairs upon the electors of the two South African commonwealths. The newspapers of the Continent do not attempt to conceal their astonishment at such an experiment. Should it succeed it will be one more signal proof of the healing properties of liberty and home rule.

John A. Ewan.



WOMAN'S SPHERE



THE HATS

SEE the ladies with the hats—
 Stunning hats—
 Looming up in battlements and slanting
 down in flats!
 How they flutter, flutter, flutter,
 At the corners of the street!
 And the ones who wear 'em utter
 Words as soft as melted butter
 To the friends they chance to meet,
 As they flash, flash, flash,
 In a sort of shiny hash,
 Till you'd think a flock of blue and green
 and pink and purple bats
 Were the hats, hats, hats, hats,
 Hats, hats, hats—
 The fearful and the cheerful string of hats!
 —Harriet Whitney Durbin.



THE FASHIONS OF SPRING

THERE is nothing especially alluring about the fashions that come in September and November. Furs and cloth are heavy and unappealing; but when the April counters bloom with organdy, dimity and crepe de chine, the feminine heart is stirred to its depths and responds to the gentle lure of summer fabrics. But the hats are the final temptation which draws the dollars from miladi's new brown pocket-book. To a mere man, woman's interest in the fashions is bewildering, and he is fain to agree with the English "Bystander," who says:

Whatever spring weather may be, it is gratifying to learn that "Spring fashions are to be insidiously becoming." Insidiously! As men and husbands, we hope the news is true. Not that men really care what women wear. The stern-faced elderly lady who goes into a milliner's shop and comes out with a little blue sauce-boat and a couple of ostrich feathers balanced on the top of her head, labours under a delusion if she thinks she does that for our delight. So do lovelier and younger women. They do it for their own. But we do like women to think themselves

becomingly dressed. There is a restful spirit about them then that is very charming. Men, conscious of their well-cut, inconspicuous clothing, do not realise the pangs that Fashion causes to such of her followers as she doesn't happen to suit. Fancy if men were subject to fashion, and a fiat went forth that we had to appear in kilts and whiskers, and straw hats with a pink rose under one ear!



A MODERN PHILANTHROPIST

BEING rich may be an exhilarating experience; but being very rich is qualified by much boredom. Miss Helen Gould is doubtless making as sane and helpful a use of her many millions as any other rich person. But according to what the papers say, she is afflicted by many tiresome mendicants. During her recent visit to Paris, she was beset by a host of beggars. She subscribed towards a new organ in one American church; in another she bought a pew outright, and made it perpetually free to visitors; she made handsome gifts of money to the Young Women's Christian Union and to Mrs. Hoff's hotel for girl students, and she subscribed to the American hospital fund. She was induced to visit the Latin quarter by friends, who hoped that she would be moved by the sight of yards and yards of American canvas, and would contribute to the cause of United States art. But the multi-millionairess is said to have regarded the Latin quarter and its inhabitants with a cold eye. She bought nothing and subscribed to nothing associated with the American art student's career.



A LACE EXHIBITION

THE famous Ritz Hotel in London, England, has lately been the scene of the Royal Irish Industries Exhibition, which has met with general favour. The,

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, has taken a deep interest in the event, and indeed, the Royalties have shown that the Irish industries are near their affections. Various fabrics have been on exhibition, but the lace attracted the most general admiration.

Queen Alexandra and her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, and the ex-Empress Eugenie are all in possession of valuable lace collections, but one of the Vanderbilts has a lace treasure that excels them all. There is one collection, says an English authority, which is even more costly than that of the rich New Yorker. It belongs to His Holiness the Pope. It is kept in cedar-wood cabinets in the Vatican, and as it is the custom of the Royal and noble Catholic families of Italy, Spain and Austria to present their bridal lace to the Church, the collection is an ever-growing one. The latest addition is the veil worn by Queen Victoria Eugenie at her marriage to the King of Spain.



A WOMAN KNIGHT

MADAME BARTET, the first actress in France to be admitted to the ranks of the Legion of Honour, is known as "Bartet the Divine." If she has not attained the celebrity of some of her colleagues, this is her own deliberate choice. Seek all over Paris, in the shop windows where photographs of stage favourites are exposed, says the *Grand Magazine*, and your search for a portrait of the personification of all that is best in the true, refined Parisienne will be in vain. "To the photographers who have solicited her for years to allow them to sell her portrait, she has invariably given a refusal. Moreover, Madame Bartet detests publicity of all sorts; does not smoke, does not drink, dresses always quietly, wears no jewellery—imitation or real—prefers books to commonplace gossip, is never seen affectedly posing at a first night or on a race-course, or any other place where people congregate, thinks the country vastly superior to the town—in a word, leaves undone all those things which she ought to do according to the creed of many members of her profession. In spite of these shortcomings, she has attained in the most critical



QUEEN ALEXANDRA, AND HER SISTER, THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

city in the world an incomparable reputation as an actress."

Her favourite maxim is from George Eliot: "The first condition of human goodness is to have something to love, the second to have something to revere."



A SISTER OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA

THE recent visit of the Dowager Empress of Russia to her sister, Queen Alexandra, is said to have been greatly enjoyed by the two "daughters of Denmark," who have always been extremely fond of each other. The Dowager Empress was called Princess Dagmar in her girlhood, but assumed the name, "Marie Feodorovna" on her marriage to the then Czarevitch, the Grand Duke Alexander, to whose brother she had formerly been betrothed, a prince who died of consumption. The young couple took up their abode in the old Anitchkoff Palace, where four sons and a daughter were born. The Emperor Alexander II was assassinated and his son succeeded to the doubtful honour of ruling Russia, while the new Empress devoted herself to guarding her husband from the dreaded dangers of his

position. Twice she saved him from death by assassination. In 1888, when the Imperial railway carriage was wrecked, the Czar saved his consort from serious injury by holding up for some time a great beam which threatened to crush her. In spite of his herculean strength, the Czar died of consumption in 1894. The home life of the late Czar and his beautiful Danish wife is said to have been one of rare happiness, in spite of the terror that always hovers near a Russian throne.



RESTAURANT MANNERS

THERE is little doubt that our manners are less pleasing than our grandmothers'. We hear occasionally of a gentleman of the old school, and, once in a while, of a gentlewoman of the same faded but courtly pattern. We read their old, time-stained letters, perchance, and sigh for the days when leisure and courtesy made an epistle a work of art. We may be as good as our grandmothers, but we are not so polite. What is to blame for our *brusquerie*? "The restaurant," replies a New York authority. The restaurant is not known to the feminine population of Canada, except in the large cities, where its evil effect on manners may very easily be detected.

Said a Canadian woman from a small town, regarding certain guests whom she had encountered at a large summer hotel: "I was so surprised to see well-dressed women with their elbows on the table, lounging in their chairs, as if they had never been taught how to behave." Those who surprised her would probably have called her criticism provincial and old-maidish, but there is no denying that the women who live in United States and Canadian hotels are rapidly losing those small graces of speech and manner that the women of a more leisurely *régime* deemed essential. If we are inclined to think the old-fashioned habits ridiculous, a meeting with one of the gentlewomen of a more formal day will show us that there is a real charm in the restraint that recognises social obligations and niceties. "The tender grace of a day that is dead," sometimes applies as well to customs as to friendships. Both the menu and man-

ners of the restaurant are conducive to *ennui* and awkwardness.



A CURIOUS PRAYER

A CONTRIBUTOR sends this information: "A collector of odd pieces of china and pottery has recently added to her store a quaint old sailor's mug, from which, many decades ago, some jolly Jack Tar was wont to quaff his morning and evening pint. The mug bears on its fat side this pious prayer:

From rocks and sands and barren lands

Kind Fortune keep me free;

And from great guns and women's tongues
Good Lord, deliver me.



MORE SIMPLE LIFE

THERE is a new school in Old London which rejoices in the flowing title: "Simple Life School for Dames and Damsels." The founder of this institution is Miss Elsa D'Esterre, who was born in the delightful town of Dublin, and has the good spirits and vivacity which are the birthright of the children of the shamrock. She was educated in Germany and became sworn translator to the British Consulate at Frankfurt. But translation is dull work at best, and Miss D'Esterre removed to England, where she became a high school mistress at Oxford.

Finally she turned her academic attention to domestic matters, and concluded that Mary Ann was so impossible that the British housewife should study the plainest work in order to be in a position either to direct Mary Ann or to do without her. The simple life, according to Miss D'Esterre, means the modification of domestic life. Therefore, housework—cooking, sewing, washing, dusting, brass, plate and furniture polishing—is taught thoroughly at the school, with the object of fitting those who have servants to govern them with the authority that springs from knowledge and of enabling those who are deprived of servants to do without them with the minimum of inconvenience. The gospel of simplification is preached in other directions, too, in the avoidance of unnecessary furniture and of unessentials in anything.

The worst of it is that the moment we

are conscious of striving for simplicity, the quality evades us. As a Southern woman said of happiness: "It must be with you in the cradle or you do not have it at all." As soon as we sit down and begin to consider how simple we are going to be, the grace and virtue of the condition seem unattainable. But if this agonising for the simple life means that we are going to say farewell to bric-a-brac in the form of small mats and pink ribbons on the chair-backs, a real stride has been taken.



THE SOLEMN SEX

WOMEN are so frequently told that they have no sense of humour, that they sometimes take the remark for more than a joke. A writer in that buoyant weekly, *M. A. P.*, re-asserts the unlaughing nature of women and philosophises in cheerful manner:

Why do men laugh more than women? Is there any physical basis of laughter? Here we get near the secret. I think the secret of laughter is largely physical. It is the reaction of the mind on the body, of the spirit on the flesh. Laughter is the safety-valve of the soul. The giant laughers have been men—Shakespeare and Rabelais. I do not regard Cervantes and Sterne as laughers. They are smilers. They are not jolly roasters and guffawers. They are not fat, rotund, jovial hilarities. They are thin, lean, ironic smiles. A smile is a diluted laugh. Sterne is a diluted Rabelais. There must be no bitterness in laughter. It must be benevolent and benign, largely indolent, gigantically at ease. It must not fret and fume over the burthen and the mystery of all this unintelligible world. It must lie back in soft cushions and wallow in the simple enjoyment of good food, good drink, and good tobacco. It must be greedy, selfish, egoistic, insolent, and unambitious. Therefore, on the whole, laughter is not a moral thing. It is, indeed, essentially unmoral. If man had always laughed he would never have progressed. It is tears that wear away every stone. Laughter is the end, not the beginning. That is why laughter is scarce in this evolving world. But I think

we might safely have more laughter without endangering the evolution of man

But women may protest that they sometimes break forth in Minnehaha moods, whereupon they are informed that the feminine mirth is giggling, not laughter. There is always one object that stirs amusement in woman's gentle breast—a man who is in the act of telling the sisterhood just how deficient it is in the ability to see the joke masculine. If woman were to laugh at man whenever she feels like it, domestic peace would be unthroned forever.



ANIMAL WORSHIP

MR. SAMUEL CLEMENS, better known as Mark Twain, was asked, on one occasion, whether a certain woman were intelligent. "Well," he drawled, "I wouldn't like to say she's intelligent, and I wouldn't like to say she is not. She is the sort of woman that would keep a parrot."

There is a certain class of woman that takes delight in being abjectly fond of cat, dog or parrot. It would be mirth-provoking, if it were not painful, to see a grown-up human being lavishing unhygienic endearments on some unfortunate poodle or pug and addressing it in terms that would indicate the descent of a brain storm. While the more humane treatment of animals is one of the marks of modern civilisation, and while no one would deny the satisfaction that comes from the companionship of a faithful dog or a "comfy" cat, there is something intellectually degenerate about the women who fondle to a nauseating degree the most repulsive specimens of doghood they can obtain. Household pets are all very well, but household idols of the canine or feline order must always be decidedly revolting to healthful humanity.

Jean Graham.





A WORD FOR THE "CANADIAN"

THIS month of May begins volume twenty-nine of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. The number is worthy of special notice in more than one respect. It begins with an article entitled "Eccentricities of Genius," in which Mr. Stevenson has brought forward some extremely interesting sidelights on several of the early Victorian writers. It is not often that original material of this kind is available, and it is therefore gratifying to know that to students of literature it is first being given by a Canadian publication, thousands of miles away from the place where the persons concerned lived and wrote.

This number marks also the beginning of a series of articles by Mr. J. E. B. McCready along the line of a series published some time in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE under a general title "When the Dominion was Young." All who have read the first series will be glad to know that another has begun, for Mr. McCready, besides being an extremely entertaining writer, has the good fortune to know what he is writing about. Any one who wishes to learn something about the early days of Ottawa and to enjoy picturesque sidelights on conditions that prevailed at the Canadian capital about a half-century ago, should read "Ottawa: A Retrospect."

Much has been written about the Imperial Conference, which is already in session, but it is safe to say that nothing saner, more sympathetic or illuminative has been written on this subject than the article that appears in this number, from the pen of Mr. F. A. Acland. Mr. Acland is one of the best equipped

journalists in Canada, and he writes with a sureness and a comprehensiveness that show him to be capable of a wide outlook and of a seasoned appreciation of the significance of this meeting of the Colonial Premiers.

To every one who reads THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, particularly after reading Mr. Acland's article in this number, it will be of interest to know that, beginning with the June number, Mr. Acland will contribute every month several pages of comment on passing events both at home and abroad. For years Mr. Acland was on the editorial staff of the *Toronto Globe*, and by those who know, it is freely admitted that he possesses exceptional qualifications as a journalist.



MR. BRYCE'S VISIT

WHETHER or not the visit to Canada of Mr. James Bryce, the British Ambassador at Washington, will work to the advantage of the Dominion is, of course, nothing more than a probability. One thing, however, can be said with certainty: the eminent publicist made a profound impression on those who had the good fortune to hear him speak, and it is safe to say that he was sufficiently well convinced that Canadians have a pretty well-defined opinion as to how much importance should be credited to Canada by British statesmen negotiating with representatives of the United States. Both Mr. Bryce and his venerable friend, Mr. Goldwin Smith, assured the Canadian Club at Toronto that the British Government would do the utmost to conserve the interests of the Dominion, and the latter gentleman expressed his conviction that even in late negotiations with the



GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE

Photograph taken by Galbraith in the dining-room of *The Grange*, Toronto.

United States everything had been done for Canada that diplomacy could do, and preserve peace. Many will not agree with that opinion, but, whatever may be the fact, it is gratifying to know that peace has been maintained even though there might not have been the remotest likelihood of conflict. The spectacle of war between the two great English-speaking nations now is almost unthinkable, and yet we know what superheated jingoism can sometimes do.

Perhaps it is intended that Canadians should practise the broadest kind of patriotism, and provide repeated examples of the contention that it is advisable to do a little wrong in order to obtain great good. That might well be. It is just possible that the loss to Canada of certain portions of territory averted great calamities to humanity. But if great calamities have been averted we ought to know it. Our light should not be hidden under a bushel. If our country has been a martyr to universal weal, we ought to have the glory of it and be enjoying whatever beatification of mind might be possible in the circumstances.

TWO GREAT MEN

THERE is a peculiar charm about the picture of Mr. Goldwin Smith and his friend and former pupil Mr. James Bryce sitting together at the table in the dining-room of *The Grange*, a residence that should some day be preserved for its historic associations. While Mr. Goldwin Smith is a most unostentatious historian, philosopher and essayist, and Mr. Bryce an eminent British diplomat, both are literary men of the highest order. In Dr. Smith we have one who has carried about him throughout his long and fruitful years the rare tone and atmosphere of Thackeray, Carlyle, Dickens, Disraeli and Tennyson, and it may be said of him that he is the last great living link that joins the present with a time when the calling of letters in England was particularly glorified. Mr. Bryce comes of a later generation. He was a pupil of Professor Goldwin Smith at Oxford, and whenever he visits Toronto he stays at the Grange with his former teacher, and recalls incidents of the Oxford of about a half-century ago. To observe fast

friendship between persons of their calibre is a pleasing sight, and it is a safe conjecture that they have many common sympathies apart from the trivialities that afflict most men. It is perhaps impertinent, but nevertheless interesting, to speculate on how many persons their combined culture and learning would supply with the average acquirement of these two supremely desirable possessions.



THE LATE SPEAKER, ST. JOHN

DURING the first week of April, Joseph Wesley St. John, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario for nearly three sessions, passed away, after a two weeks' struggle against dire disease. Mr. St. John was born in Ontario County in 1854, and was educated at Uxbridge schools, Cobourg Collegiate Institute and Victoria College, graduating from the last in 1881. He was fervently loyal to his Alma Mater, for it was not in his nature to do anything by halves, and he was associated for years with the University Senate, as well as with the educational system of the City of Toronto.

Mr. St. John devoted himself to the study of law and early in his career showed a keen interest in political affairs. He had

settled in the city of Toronto and the riding of West York claimed his political attention. In 1888 he spoke frequently in the campaign of the late Hon. N. Clarke Wallace, and became a familiar figure on Conservative platforms in the country, where his commanding figure and effective fighting qualities soon attracted attention. In 1892 he was defeated in the Legislative bye-elections in West York, but was successful in 1894. Again in 1898 he was defeated, but in 1902 he carried West York by a large majority, which was increased in the general election of 1905. On the accession of the Conservatives to power, he was chosen Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, and his dignified, impartial demeanour throughout its sessions amply justified Premier Whitney's choice. Mr. St. John had a genius for friendship, a jovial laugh and a warm handclasp, which always brought cheer and goodfellowship. His unswerving integrity in both public and private relations should remain as an example to the younger generation.



WITS VERSUS JUSTICE

THE Thaw case in New York, offensive as it must be to all persons of acute appreciation, affords one more opportunity for observation of the great influence that money can have on legal processes. Had Thaw been a poor man, with nothing to depend on but his poverty, he would have been disposed of one way or another long ago. But he was able to employ the most astute counsellors in the Republic and through them to almost exhaust the great legal resources of the whole people. Instead of being a trial of justice, it became, like many other instances, a trial of wits. The possibility of that and its frequent realisation is the great weakness in the jury system almost invariably. The prosecutors, without respect to the merits of the case, press for conviction; the defenders, without respect to guilt or innocence, strive for acquittal. As a result, we see in all cases backed by money, not a wholesome endeavour to right a wrong, but a degrading battle over technicalities, formalities or anything else that will serve to confound the law and its



THE LATE SPEAKER, ST. JOHN

interpreters. Appeals are made for public sympathy, a thing that is usually generously bestowed, and the human weaknesses of the jurymen are played upon whenever an opportunity is presented. In the use of the expression *Dementia Americana* we have a striking instance of this practice. Mr. Delmas well knew how it would flatter the people of the United States to let them know in this way that they were unique in being demented, some of them, in a way unknown in other countries.



CHANGE IN POSTAGE RATES

IF Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux keeps on in the good work he has done so far as Postmaster-General, he gives promise of outshining some of the most brilliant ministerial records at Ottawa. He came, as some said, "green" to the work, but his natural executive ability which had already stood well for him enabled him to cope successfully with problems that predecessors had failed to solve. His last and most telling stroke was the change of the postage rates on magazines and periodicals mailed to Canada from England and the United States. The old rate from England was eight cents a

pound, and from the United States one cent a pound. That was an unreasonable difference. The new rate is four from the United States and two cents from Great Britain, the English rate being reduced by six cents, and the United States rate increased by three cents.



A CANADIAN EXHIBIT

CANADA is well represented at the Jamestown exposition, which is now in full swing at Norfolk, Va., by a handsome cottage erected by the Grand Trunk Railway System. The photograph reproduced herewith gives an idea of its uniqueness and attractive features. As it is furnished and decorated in the good taste that is a feature of the Grand Trunk exhibits, it is sure to do much good as an advertisement for the whole Dominion. The resources and attractiveness of Canada are shown, and there is a decorative frieze in oil colours, consisting of subjects symbolical of Canadian manufactures, industries, summer vacation haunts, transportation and hunting. There is also an excellent collection of mounted animals, fish, game birds, besides other attractive features.



EXHIBIT OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION



MORE SONGS FROM THE WEST

NOT long ago mention was made of the place the West is taking in Canadian poetry, and it is of interest therefore to record the publication of "Songs of a Sourdough," by Robert W. Service (Toronto: William Briggs). The author, although not a native-born Canadian, has lived in the West long enough to acquire the western spirit, as is shown by a number of the poems he has selected for publication. Mr. Service is connected with the Bank of Commerce, and has been posted at Kamloops, Vancouver, Skagway, and Whitehorse. He was born in Lancashire, England, in 1874, and received some training in the Commercial Bank of Scotland. He came to Canada twelve years ago. In his verse he displays much force and keenness of observation, and in some instances there is genuine originality. The poems most worthy of note are "The Law of the Yukon," "The Cremation of Sam McGee," and "The Low-down White." We quote from the first, which has a Kipling ring:

THE LAW OF THE YUKON

This is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes it plain:
Send not your foolish and feeble; send me your strong and your sane.
Strong for the red rage of battle; sane, for I harry them sore;
Send me men girt for the combat, men who are grit to the core;
Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the bear in defeat,
Sired of a bulldog parent, steeled in the furnace heat.
Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your chosen ones;
Them will I take to my bosom, them will I call my sons;
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with my meat;
But the others—the misfits, the failures—I trample under my feet.

Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled and palsied and slain,
Ye would send me the spawn of your gutters—
Go! take back your spawn again.

Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death is my sway;
From my ruthless throne I have ruled alone for a million years and a day;
Hugging my mighty treasure, waiting for man to come:
Till he swept like a turbid torrent, and after him swept—the scum.
The pallid pimp of the dead line, the enervate of the pen;
One by one I weeded them out, for all that I sought was—Men.
One by one I dismayed them, frightening them sore with my glooms;
One by one I betrayed them unto my manifold dooms.
Drowned them like rats in my rivers, starved them like curs on my plains,
Rotted the flesh that was left them, poisoned the blood in their veins;
Burst with my winter upon them, searing forever their sight;
Lashed them with fungus-white faces, whimpering wild in the night;
Staggering blind through the storm-whirl, stumbling mad through the snow,
Frozen stiff in the ice-pack, brittle and bent like a bow;
Featureless, formless, forsaken, scented by wolves in their flight,
Left for the wind to make music through ribs that are glittering white.



A CRITICISM OF SOCIALISM

JAMES E. LE ROSSIGNOL, Professor of Economics in the University of Denver, and, by the way, a Canadian, has recently had published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York, a noteworthy volume entitled "Orthodox Socialism." This is by no means Mr. Le Rossignol's first attempt in a somewhat hazardous field of literature. He is already the author of several other volumes of commanding merit, particularly "Monopolies Past and Present,"

"Taxation in Colorado," besides several articles on philosophical and economic subjects. Lately he spent some months in New Zealand investigating economic conditions there, and he expects to publish a book on the subject next year. The publishers also promise soon a collection of short stories of French-Canadian life by the same author.

The first chapter of "Orthodox Socialism" defines the creed of Socialism and traces its historic rise. Then come discussions of the labour-cost; theory of value; the iron law of wages; surplus value; the use of machinery and its effect upon skilled labour; panics, strikes, and industrial crises; the struggle of mass with class; and the social revolution which has been threatened. The book should prove of intense interest to all who wish to intelligently observe the evolution of social conditions. The author was born in Quebec, and was graduated B.A. from McGill University. His post-graduate studies were extensive, including the taking of the Ph.D. degree at Leipzig.



A BOOK FOR THE FAMILY

"**FAMILY SECRETS**" is the title of a new book by Mrs. Marion Foster Washburnett (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada). The book is valuable to all members of a family, because it deals in an entertaining way with the problems that are confronted in almost every case, telling how they were solved even in the face of financial reverses. The author handles the subject in a wholesome, good-natured way, and her observations on many things that affect the average family are amusing and yet to the point.



MRS. SIDGWICK'S NEW NOVEL

MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK, an English lady whose work became known here through an amusing story entitled "The Thousand Eugenias," which was published several years ago, has written a new story of the title "The Kinsman" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada), which might be described as a comic version of "The



ROBERT W. SERVICE

"Author of 'Songs of a Sourdough.'"

Masquerader." The story is interestingly and amusingly told. It deals with the experiences of a young cockney, a rather forward person, who for a time succeeds in passing himself off as one of his cousins, a rich and distinguished Australian. The possibilities of the plot may be imagined.



HISTORY OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

IT is seldom indeed that the associations of one single place comprise, as it were, an epitome of a nation's history, and yet so much can almost be said of Westminster Abbey. This imposing pile is one of the oldest institutions of Great Britain, and as it stands to-day it is a marvellously interesting place. To write a history of Westminster Abbey would seem, therefore, almost an overwhelming undertaking, and few but those who had peculiar opportunities would care to undertake the task. The work, however, has been done, and well done, by Mrs. A. Murray Smith (E. T. Bradley) in a volume entitled "Westminster Abbey: Its Story and Associations" (London: Cassells & Co., Limited). For years



OWEN WISTER

Author of the clever satire
"How Doth the Busy
Spelling Bee."

the home of the author of this important work was at the Westminster Deanery, and the material was collected while the writer was a dweller within those historical precincts. The publication is in reality a new edition of a volume that was published some years ago under the title "The Annals of Westminster Abbey," of which there was a limited edition. Mrs. Smith is the author also of a volume entitled "The Roll-Call of Westminster Abbey," which is a shorter and more concise work than the "Annals." The latest work, "Westminster Abbey: Its Story and Associations," brings the history of this famous edifice down to practically the present time, and is, therefore, of increased value in that respect. The work begins with the early traditions and matter relating to the Saxon abbots, and traces the religious history of England on down to the time of the Conqueror and the Saxon church, taking in the Norman kings and Norman abbots, together with the last years of the Norman church and the first English king. Perhaps the most interesting part of all deals with the Abbey before the Reformation. The volume is profusely illustrated by excellent photogravures of historical paintings, taking in the coronation of King Edward, which is the last illustration in the book.



A LACK OF APPRECIATION

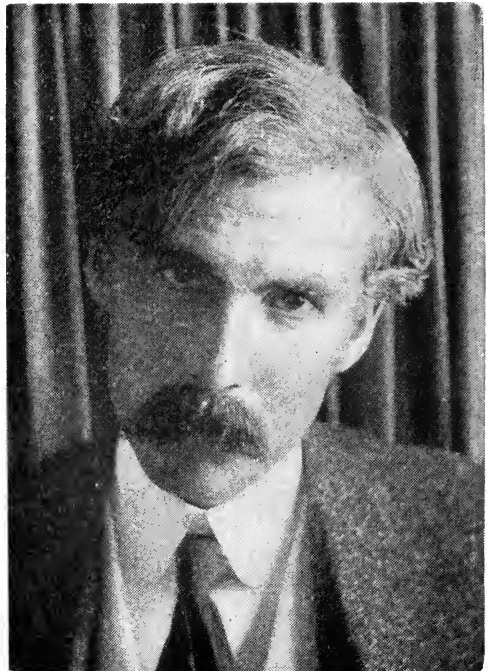
TO one who feels any interest in Canadian literature there must come a sense of mingled surprise and disappointment with the statement from the publisher that, although Isabella Valancy Crawford's complete volume of poems has been published nearly a year and a half, less

than five hundred copies have been sold. One would suppose that the city of Toronto alone would have taken that number. It is really inconceivable that a volume of poetry of such qualities, which has won lengthy eulogiums from the critics, should find so inconsiderable a sale. Evidently what is needed is more attention to be given to our Canadian writers in the schools and colleges. Why should the work of the classes in literature be confined to the English and American poets, and our own be neglected? It is time our educationists woke up to the fact that we have a literature well worthy of study. Perhaps that will come when more of the native-born begin to fill our professorial chairs.



NOTES

—Students of the Bible will be interested in knowing that a volume entitled "The Servant of Jehovah," on which Prof. G. C. Workman, of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, worked for many years,



NORMAN DUNCAN

Whose latest novel entitled "The Cruise of the Shining Light" has just been published.

is to be issued shortly by Longmans, Green & Company, London (Toronto: William Briggs).

—Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has just published in his Colonial Library series "The Baxter Family," by Alice and Claude Askew, and "The Soul Stealer," by C. Ranger-Gull.

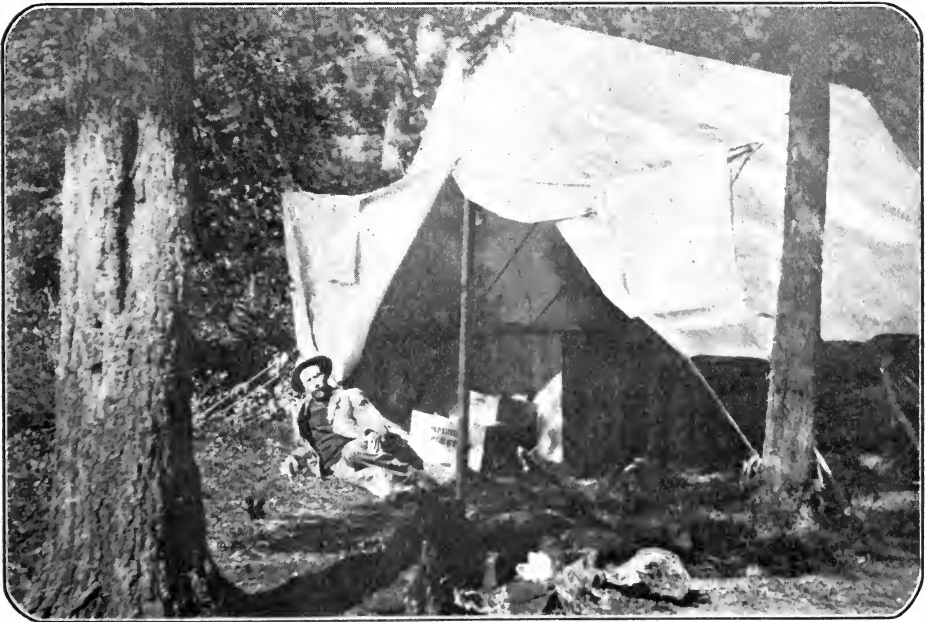
—Among the forthcoming books of this spring announced by William Briggs is a story entitled "Gaff Linkum," from the pen of Mr. A. P. McKishnie, of Chatham, the scene of which is laid in a village on the shores of Lake Erie. Mr. McKishnie (who, by the way, is a brother of Mrs. Jean Blewett), is winning a reputation as a writer of short stories, his name being familiar to the readers of certain of the popular magazines of the day. This is his first essay in the book arena, and his story is said to be a most attractive one, in some respects quite distinctive.

—An edition of "Wacousta," in paper covers for the summer season, has been

issued by the publishers. It contains all of the illustrations, and is very prettily bound. It is gratifying to learn that within a year of publication more than five thousand copies of this interesting Canadian romance have been issued.

—A volume of poems by Rev. Thos. W. Fyles, D.D., of Point Levis, is in course of publication by William Briggs. They are said to possess a fine literary flavour. Dr. Fyles is something of an artist as well as a poet, and the volume will contain several of his own illustrations.

—The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, recently published an interesting book by Charles Brodie Patterson, entitled "The Will to be Well," being a rather unique doctrine, with a clean, wholesome life as the object in view. It is a new edition of a former volume, with four new chapters, giving the author's latest discoveries regarding mental and physical health, a study that is attracting universal attention.



RALPH CONNOR AT CAMP WHERE MOST OF "THE DOCTOR," HIS LATEST NOVEL, WAS WRITTEN

What Others are Laughing at

GIRLS I HAVE KNOWN

THE liveliest girl I ever met
Was charming Annie Mation;
Exceeding sweet was Carry Mel;
Helpful, Amelia Ration.

Nicer than Jenny Rosity
It would be hard to find;
Lovely was Rhoda Dendron, too,
One of the flower kind.

I did not fancy Polly Gon,
Too angular was she;
And I could never take at all
To Annie Mosity.

I rather liked Miss Sarah Nade,
Her voice was full of charm;
Hester Ical too nervous was,
She filled me with alarm.

E. Lucy Date was clear of face,
Her skin was like a shell;
Miss Ella Gant was rather nice,
Though she was awful swell.

A clinging girl was Jessie Mine,
I asked her me to marry
In vain—now life is full of fights,
For I'm joined to Millie Tary.

G.H.W., in Boston Transcript.



DOG FASHIONS I



FOR THE COUNTRY

FOR THE CITY

FOR THE SPORT

—Le Rire (Paris).

SETTING HER RIGHT

SHOPPER: "Where is the corset department?"

FLOORWALKER: "Straight back?"
"No, straight front."

—Life.



WE'RE PROGRESSING

WE'VE shortened up our words a few,
The scheme is far from twaddle;
Progressive young folks say "skiddoo,"
Our grandsires said "skedaddle."

—Detroit News.



FORGIVEN

WHEN Charles P. Norcross, now a well-known Washington correspondent was a reporter on the New York Tribune, he was sent one Saturday night to interview Father Ducey, a priest famous in New York both for his wit and his good deeds.

Father Ducey was in the confessional. Norcross said he would wait, but was told that nobody was in the church, and that he could go in and see Father Ducey and come out before anybody went in, without any doubt. He found the reverend father waiting and began a timorous conversation with him, being somewhat awed by his unaccustomed surroundings.

"Good-evening, Father."

"Good-evening, my son."

"Father, I am a reporter from the New York Tribune."

"Very well; I absolve you from that."—Saturday Evening Post.



SURE SIGNS

HOTEL PROPRIETOR. "I see you have given our finest suite of rooms to a man called Bilkins. Are you sure he can pay the price?"

MANAGER: "Yes; he's immensely rich."

HOTEL PROPRIETOR: "How do you know?"

MANAGER: "He is old and ugly, and his wife is young and pretty."



CRUEL, BUT JUST

THE NEW AUNT: "So you are eight years old? Now, how old do you think I am?"

ETHEL: "You're not very young, are you?"

THE NEW AUNT: "Well, I'm not quite so old as Grandmamma."

ETHEL: "Oh, Grandmamma never tries to look young!"



EVIDENCE

"THE evidence shows, Mrs. Mulcohey, that you threw a stone at Policeman Casey."

"It shows more than that, yer Honer. It shows that Oi hit him."—*Minneapolis Tribune*.



THE LIMIT

FOREIGNER: "Scientists agree that climates are changing all over the globe. Is there not fear that the American climate may change for the worse?"

AMERICAN (confidently): "Oh, no, it couldn't."—*New York Weekly*.



"Good-morning, Mr. Giraffe; whatever have you got your neck tied in a knot for?"

"Oh, that's to remind me to buy some new collars."

"And what have you got a knot in your tail for?"

"Why, that's to remind me that I've tied my neck in a knot, of course!"

—*The Royal*.



"There's no 'olding 'im, now, Sir, since 'e's gone into knickers—'e's that pumptious!"

—*Punch*.

A GOOD MODERATOR

WHEN Archbishop French was Dean of Westminster he delegated Canon Cureton to preach on certain saints' days to boys of the Westminster School. The boys attended the service and then had the rest of the day as a holiday. While Mr. Cureton, on the morning of the day he was to officiate, was looking over his sermon at the breakfast table, his son asked in a tone vibrating with anxiety: "Father, is yours a long sermon to-day?"

"No, Jimmy, not very."

"But how long? Please tell me."

"Well, about twenty minutes, I should say. But why are you so anxious to know?"

"Because, father, the boys say they will thrash me awfully if you are more than half an hour."—*New York Tribune*.

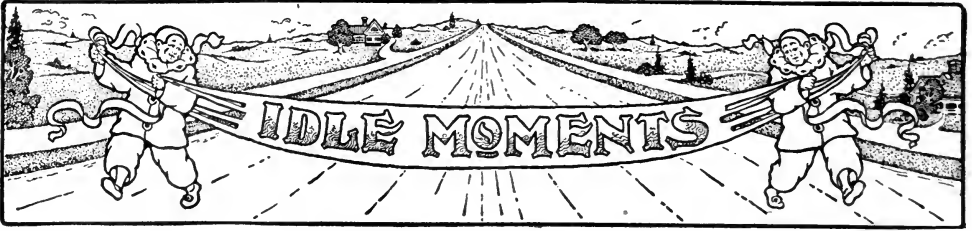


THE CURSE OF RICHES

PHYSICIAN'S WIFE: "I need a new evening dress."

PHYSICIAN: "All right, my dear; I'll look over my list and find some fellow who can afford an operation for appendicitis."

—*New York Press*.



GATHERING UP THE FRAGMENTS

PASTORAL visiting in the rural districts of Ontario, in pioneer days, was not what it is to-day. One could not then, as now, calculate just the hour that the minister might be expected to arrive. So when the Reverend Dugald MacFadyen announced to the Old Kirk Presbyterians on a certain Sabbath that "he would visit the families of the congregation in Elder Thomson's district during the coming week," the Macraes thought he might reach their settlement about Thursday or Friday. It was scarcely possible that he could be there by Wednesday, and they felt quite safe in going to the logging bee over in Cappadocia on Tuesday.

Somehow there was a deviation from the regular route of visiting and Tuesday noon found the minister and his elder at the Macrae settlement. In vain they tramped from farm to farm. Every door was barred. Every Macrae, big and little, was away from home; the women to the quilting which accompanied the logging bee, and the children with them to enjoy one of the happiest frolics of the year.

The next place to be visited lay several miles farther on, over the corduroy road running through the unbroken swamp. There was nothing for it but to urge on "Shank's Mare"—the visiting was always done afoot—and make Macgregor's before night fell.

About the middle of the afternoon they halted at a point where the blazed trail crossing the corduroy marked out the third concession line. A few minutes' walk along this trail would bring one to the Widow Johnston's little clearing. The widow was a strong Free Kirk supporter, but Elder Thomson suggested that a couple of hungry Scots would surely be

entitled to Scottish hospitality, and the minister took the hint by leading the way along the trail to the widow's.

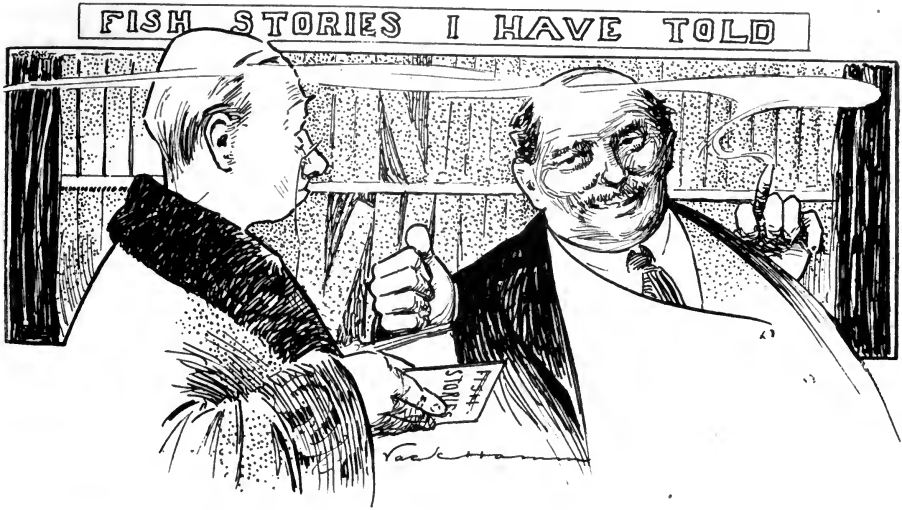
The widow had been early astir that morning, and was already resting with the contentment that follows the doing of a good day's work. She had just finished her weekly churning and baking, and the fruits of her labour—a platter of firm, yellow butter, and a pile of light, tempting buttermilk scones—lay on the small, clean, wooden table.

She had divined the reason of the unexpected visit before the words of greeting were over, and she lost no time in setting a plate and knife for each, and bidding the hungry pair reach to and help themselves.

If we dared ask the Reverend Dugald MacFadyen the recipe for scone sandwich this is what he might say: "Take a fresh warm buttermilk scone; split it in two. From a large, round roll of sweet, yellow butter, cut a slice, not too thin. Between the pieces of scone lay this slice of butter; season with an appetite gained from a walk of several miles along a rough corduroy road. Press together and eat—a sandwich fit for a king."

By the time the pile of scones had dwindled to a paltry half-dozen, and the long, fat roll of butter, attacked from both ends, remained as a thin wedge standing upright in the middle of the platter, the spirit of Scottish hospitality had departed from a certain Scottish widow's heart.

But reverently, as if to her own minister, she handed the book for the customary reading. Whether it was by accident or design that the Scripture lesson chosen was "The Feeding of the Five Thousand," no one will ever know, for no one ever summoned the courage to ask the Reverend Dugald, although the question was debated many a time in the kirkyard as the



THIN MAN: "I'd like to go away to some quiet river and just lie about—fishing."

FAT MAN: "No need to go away at all. You can stay at home and lie about fishing as well as anybody I know of."

early comers strolled about waiting for service to begin.

According to the goodly custom brought from the Old Country, the minister followed the reading by testing the widow as to her knowledge of the lesson.

"How many persons were fed?" He began encouragingly.

"I dinna ken," untruthfully responded the widow, resenting his treatment of her as if she were a regular Old Kirk member.

"How many loaves and fishes were there?" came the next question, in a surprised tone.

"I dinna ken," grumbled Mrs. Johnston, her temper rising as her glance again fell on the despoiled table.

"Surely ye can tell me how many baskets of fragments were left?" insisted the puzzled man, quite unconscious of the cause of this strange ignorance.

"I dinna ken," snapped the widow, her temper at last getting command of her good manners, "*but I ken this, if ye and yer elder had been there, there'd ha' been michty little left*"

The prayer that followed was short and strangely incoherent, and the hurried leave-taking was the congealed essence of politeness.

—Don Graeme.

A PLAIN STATEMENT

THE following letter, accompanying a short story, was received recently by the Editor:

GENTLEMEN,—This little Easter story is *not true, it is fiction*. As I have no contract to use the rake, I have lifted the skirts of the heroine over the dung hill, so they never touched it, worked in the fickle damsel, and the true, self-sacrificing lover, whose youthful air castles were ruined, and who was driven from home and to drink by the fickleness of his lady love; likewise to find a dozen gold mines in his wanderings, and I have given the villain a chance to kill himself, which he accepted, and rung down the curtains on the bloody domestic tragedy that dyed the pure white Easter lilies crimson in the blood of repentance, and finally married the old true and tried sweethearts.

You needn't waste your valuable time perusing these (25) twenty-five pages of MESS, if you don't think this synopsis of it is available for your present needs?

Should it by any possibility of a chance prove available, believe me, I will be real pleased to receive a U.S. P.O. Money Order for the same. Not your check, as I would be in a quandary as to how to cash it, for this *nom de plume* is not mine. That is, I only wear it on these occasions. I live in a little backwood hole of this wonderful city of New York, where you can't even change a five dollar bill, and I do not care to advertise to its inhabitants the fact that I am trying to



PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES

make money by lying, it might ruin my reputation for veracity.

Trusting this may prove available,
I am very truly, etc.

P.S.—When I have grown rich writing stories and *poems*, I will employ a typewriter, and have them correctly done; until then I hope you'll excuse my little errors, as I am not a college professor, or even a graduate.

To satisfy natural curiosity it is only fair to say that unfortunately the story had to be returned to the author.



PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES

SOME persons think that young Princes of royal blood never get abroad like ordinary youngsters. That is a fallacy; as may be seen by the accompanying photograph, which shows Prince

Edward of Wales. Apparently young Edward's escort has anticipated the photographer's object, and is in the act of stepping in front to obscure his companion. The shutter of the camera, however, was too quick for him.



HE WAS BUNCOED

"WHAT'S the matter, uncle?"
"Dar's a heap de matter, sah. I's jest bin skun out ob some money. You see, sah, I dun had a big pain in ma mouf, an' I dun went to one ob dem ah toof jerkers an' had one pulled an' he done charged me a dollar, sah! 'Bout seberal yars ago, down Souf, I went to a dentis, an' he pulled two toofs an' broke ma jawbone an' hit only cost me fifty cents! I's bin skun, sah."
—T. P. in *The Kazooster*.



FEARFUL AND WONDERFUL INTELLIGENCE

MR. DYKER HEIGHTS:
"Is that dog of yours smart?"

MR. BAY RIDGE (proudly):
"Smart? Well, I should say so! I was going out with him yesterday, and I stopped and said: 'Towser, we have forgotten something!' And bothered if he didn't sit down and scratch his head to see if he could think what it was."



LIFE'S LITTLE COURTESIES

"HANG it all!" exclaimed Mr. Subbubs, arriving home from the office. "We'll have to call on the Dubleys to-night."

"Why, George, you said you wanted to stay home with me in comfort to-night," exclaimed his wife.

"Yes, but Dubley told Balklotz he and his wife meant to call on us to-night. We can leave their house earlier than we could make them leave ours."—*Philadelphia Press*.





THE MEETING OF VENUS AND ADONIS

Painting by F. S. Challener, R.C.A., for the new Royal Alexandra Theatre,
Toronto.

For description see page 188

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 2

Canada's New Cavern World

By FRANK YEIGH

A graphic account of a visit to the stupendous Selkirk Caves in the Rocky Mountains.



CANADA has heretofore been able to boast of almost everything in the realm of natural phenomena except volcanoes, geysers and caves, but now we can add the last mentioned to our list of scenic assets.

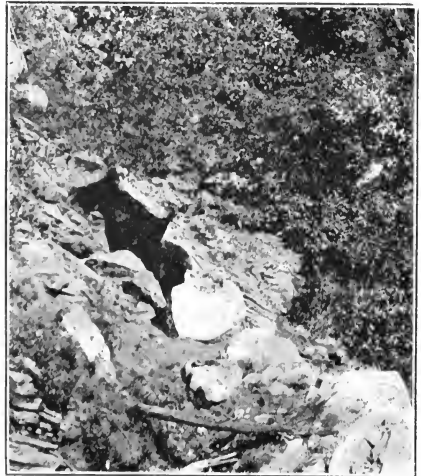
The discovery of the Selkirk Caves was made in October of 1904, by Charles Deutschmann, of Revelstoke, a typical hunter and mountaineer, whose intrepidity was clearly proved by his initial exploration of the caves alone and without any proper equipment for the dangerous task.

It was worth the trip to the Selkirks to meet Deutschmann and enjoy his rustic hospitality and listen around the camp-fire to his thrilling tales of the hills. It was worth all the cross-continent journeying to explore this wonder-world of night in the empty hills; it was worth all the expense to be the first tenderfoot to negotiate the new trail built by the Dominion Government from Glacier station to the cave entrances.

The pony ride through the Selkirk forest and up the steep slopes of Mount Cheops revealed at each successive corkscrew turn in the trail glorious panoramic views of Mount Sir Donald and the glacier that borders its base. One became acquainted with the real Sir Donald—a kingly spirit enthroned among the hills—as its mighty pyramidal spire rose into pre-eminence, enrobed in white garments of cloud.

It is not of the trail or the scenery, however, that I am to write, but of what awaits the traveller at the end of the steep way, nearly six thousand feet above the sea. One is environed with lofty peaks, whose precipitous slopes are shedding Niagaras of transcendent beauty and purity. Immediately above rises Cata-mountain Mountain, 9,099 feet high, from whose pinnacle point of rock Deutschmann declares a view is had of the sea of mountains for one hundred and twenty-five miles, as far south as Nakusp on the Arrow Lakes and eastward to the giants of the Rockies. It is God's world of the eternal hills, and they are within touch!

It seemed sacrilegious to leave this

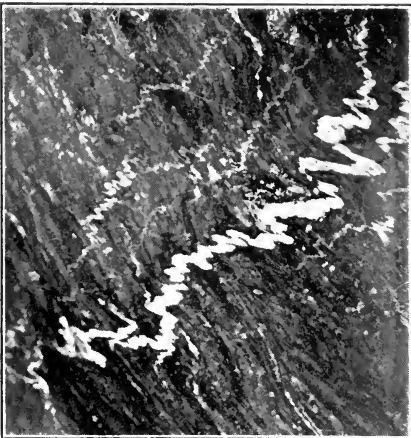


ENTRANCE TO CAVE No. 1



VALLEY OF THE ILLECILLEWAT RIVER. COUGAR RANGE TO THE RIGHT, WITH X SHOWING LOCATION OF THE SELKIRK CAVES

marvellous arena of snow-shrouded summits and ice-filled crevices, of deep-cut valleys looking up to blue-arched heavens, for the Stygian recesses below; to exchange, even for a few brief hours, the glory of the sun-lit scene, with its Alpine meadows and deep-hearted forests, for



EXAMPLE OF MARBLE FORMATION IN THE WALLS OF THE PIT

vast sunless spaces filled with the blackness of darkness.

The writer must confess to a moment of indecision and a shiver of fear as Deutschmann led the way through a tangle of forest and along the tumbling Cougar River to the black sockets in the mountain side, where the stream makes the first of its three disappearances. A cavern mouth always takes on the look of an ogre waiting to "gobble you up if you don't look out!"

The cave-making stream is born of a glacier high up on the flanks of the magnificent Cougar range of shimmering peaks. In its steep and impetuous descent, the waters have encountered massive strata of limestone rocks through which they have forced themselves with the infinite patience of nature, forming the caves thus far discovered and doubtless many another strange and weird abode of darkness where human foot has never intruded and in which human voice has never broken the age-long silence.

The whole valley area shows indica-

tions of other earth holes, like the bottomless openings that mark the country in the vicinity of the Kentucky caverns. Deutschmann believes there is a great subterranean lake below the valley floor. "How do you know?" I asked. "Well, I was under there," he quietly replied. "But the travelling was too dangerous, the danger of water rushing in on one by the removal of obstacles. I found lots of dry channels, however."

Deutschmann's discoveries have led to the opening up of three distinct cave sections, on three different levels. After the first wild plunge of the river into the hill-side, it emerges to the light lower down, preparatory to making another underground journey, marked by twists and turns of a bewildering nature. A second time it seeks the light, at the bottom of a canyon of unnerving depth, where it makes a final leap into the hidden haunts of the hills, and no man knows its ultimate course beyond the eight or ten thousand feet of cave corridors thus far mapped out.

The rocks in which the caves occur are of hard crystalline limestone, whose thick beds are composed of alternate bands of white, mottled and gray marble, with other shades and colours in the lower levels. The caves have, no doubt, been made by water erosion. Evidences are had on every hand of the persistency of



THE TURBINE IN THE SELKIRK CAVES

nature's methods. There is no rock so dense that through it water will not pass; no union of particles so closely related but the chemical processes of the world beneath can sever them. Water is the world's greatest sculptor.

Cougar River is entirely made up of glacier and snow water. The fine grains of sharp sand loosened from the lime rock and caught and rushed forward in the race-horse current have given the water an unusual erosive power, especially where



DEUTSCHMANN, THE DISCOVERER, AT ONE OF THE CAVE ENTRANCES



AN ICE-FILLED CAVE

it has found a shrinkage crack. Thus the mountain torrent has for an estimated period of forty thousand years been ceaselessly at work, as it still is, carving out a



NATURAL BRIDGE OVER THE GORGE

labyrinth of extraordinary channels in the limestone and marble region it has encountered.

As the channel passages grew deeper and wider, huge masses of rock fell from the overhanging walls and now constitute the obstructions that divide the current and force it at times into enormous pot-holes, with their deposits of sand particles whirling the rock away in the ceaseless grinding process. Straight and narrow ways are succeeded by crooked and narrower ways. Abysses lie below one where the sounding depths of rushing waters strike the ear with indescribable awe; galleries radiate in every direction, natural bridges spring into and out of space, and the confusing twistings of the river's course makes up what Deutschmann aptly terms "the snake route."

The first descent is made into and along an old river channel *via* a series of perpendicular and rickety ladders, slimy and, therefore, slippery, their rungs having been built to accommodate the long legs of the athletic guide. It does not take long for the last glint of sunlight to

give way to such a degree of darkness as can be felt if not seen. Even the flickering rays of the carbide lanterns could only force their way a few yards into the opaque walls of gloom that menacingly engulfed us on every hand. This first entrance into a well of darkest night is just a trifle trying to the nerves, and all the surroundings help to bring one's heart into one's mouth. Under the feet are uncertain paths sloping toward potholes of unknown depths, or trying to trick the intruder into bewildering by-ways; overhead, titanic arches of rock, pierced with gothic windows, appear in ghostly outline; to right and left, overlapping walls of rock, like scenery shifts in a theatre, mark the strange way.

The awful sublimity of the place is beyond description. It is a realm where the centuries are as a day and millenniums as a year, where the processes of time are measured by countless decades, a region that mocks our estimate of time.

The flash of a Bengal light, or the burning of a magnesium wire thrusts back, temporarily, the bands of blackness, unveiling the weird witchery of the cavern, showing up vividly the white marble streaks in the rock cracks, revealing the comparatively few baby stalactites that will need a few more æons before reaching a respectable length, and showing as well the uncanny imitations in limestone encrustations of human faces and animals, of birds and fish and flowers. A natural carving of a horse's head with an alligator's tail may be succeeded by strange serpentine forms or uncouth gargoyles. It is a stone-sculptured zoo.

But more awesome than even the rock wonders of this buried wonder-land is the imprisoned cry of the mad-rushing stream, for the Cougar is as strenuously at work in cave-making as in the long lost ages when the worlds were young. The river drops a thousand feet in its meandering course. Appalling, unnerving, is this deep-throated song of the stream, increasing in volume as the Auditorium is neared where the foam of the tortured waters shows strangely white against their black enclosing barriers.

The bystander in "the chamber of irrevocable dark" feels more assured when

he actually sees the tumbling waters; it is more fearsome when he can only hear the mysterious swish of the subterranean stream in some yet deeper abyss. It then becomes a positive relief to halt by a pool of limpid water, stranded in its rocky basin, and resting in soothing quietude in contrast with the turmoil of the river itself.

One of the three series of caves is, curiously enough, partially filled with ice, and this fact produces some striking effects. Instead of limestone stalactites, as in the Mammoth or Luray caverns, here there are stalactites of purest ice and of wondrous beauty, especially when illuminated with the magnesium light. Ice deposits fill the crevices in the rocks, making other strange animal and bird forms. One such ice bank resembled a gigantic sea lion vainly trying to scale the dark wall overhead. From a cavernous opening there hung suspended an ice Niagara—a fall transfixed in the grasp of the frost king, and a more beautiful object could not well be imagined in the hungry dark beneath or in the sunlit world above. One ice-filled gallery ended in a perfect fireplace, as if to mock the chill of the glacial interior. Nor was the walking of the best. Treacherous slopes of ice invited disastrous plunges into potholes, filled to the brim and overrunning, and the guide could probably tell a truthful tale of how, at least, one cave visitor hung nervously to his coat-tails as ticklish bits of protruding rocks were rounded where the ice floor was as slippery as glass. The utilitarian possibilities of the place were brought strikingly to mind when Deutschmann filled a pail with the clearest of ice and carried it back to his tent for domestic use.

Then came the Inferno. It proved to be no more inviting as a pleasant parlour than the Judgment Hall or the water-filled turbines. To reach it one crawled and crept or backed up in order to go ahead, or walked very discreetly over uncertain boulders. Glimpses overhead showed other mighty arches and natural bridges and eerie prongs of rock on which the devil might spit an enemy. Tiers of gothic arches were placed as if by man's handiwork; fan-shaped canopies and lace-like perforations in the limestone

crust alternated with fluted columns and exquisite draperies. Nature's freakish arts were everywhere displayed in this great chamber of eternal night, and here again the sepulchral notes of far-away torrents reached the ear, and crystal drops on projections of rock sent back glittering scintillations as they caught the light of the lanterns.

The entrance to the last series of cave apartments and to the pit was not easily negotiated. A canyon with a sheer depth of nearly one hundred feet held the river in its bed before it dashed with wicked venom into the black world for the last time. With ropes tied around the waist and under the arms, the tenderfoot must have made a sight for the gods as he dangled on his way down the cliff wall, wildly clutching the while for a handhold that was never found. And it was with ruffled feelings, as well as clothes, that he found himself, breathless and nearly distraught, standing on a bit of snow bank that bordered the Cougar.

From that point the guide led the way by the only available path—in mid-stream—with the impact of the water threatening at every step to sweep one's feet from under one. The region next explored

proved to be the most remarkable of all. Down a distance of nearly five hundred feet the stream tumbles in rapids and falls to fearsome depths. At one point of the *decensus averni* a weird glimpse is had of an opening in the roof of rock, through which the sky may be seen as if mocking the pit of darkness around. Down the Steeps of Time one may walk, a series of steps kindly cut by nature, through vast high-roofed caves hundreds of feet long, through the Witches' Dancing Hall and the Brocken and the Bridal Chamber, with its draperies of creamy white, down and ever down, until the high water of the snow-swollen stream forbade further progress unless an unwise risk were taken.

Thus far and no farther we went, but what lies beyond? Deutschmann thinks a vast underground lake will be found. The unexplored region along the lower courses of the Cougar may easily reveal cavernous depths and nature wonders far more wonderful than what has already been discovered. But even as it is, with nearly ten thousand feet of cave corridors mapped out, the Caves of the Selkirks are fairly entitled to be regarded as among Canada's greatest scenic wonders.

In Transit

BY W. INGLIS MORSE

IN this self-doubting, mystic age of life

We look for some redeeming man, creative soul—
The self-asserting heart that can unroll
The deepening mazes of our thought and strife.

Shall he appear, the Hero-heart and Sage,
Or hath he come, unsought, unsung and gone
Into the rosy stillness of a dawn,
When all men slept, dreaming of naught but wage?

New Brunswick at Confederation

By J. E. B. McCREADY

*Some personal experiences with Sir Leonard Tilley and Hon.
Peter Mitchell, a dismissal and an appointment*

ARTICLE II



MY first recollection of Sir Leonard Tilley was when he came to Upper Sussex, now Penobscis, over fifty years ago to form a division of the Sons of Temperance, and he gave in the Baptist Church one of his eloquent addresses on the great moral reform to which he devoted the energies of his early and middle life. He was then a man of fine presence, with an excellent voice for public speaking, and an engaging manner. Later I saw him standing in the midst of the tall grass in my father's meadow talking with a number of the resident farmers about the railway that was shortly to run through that beautiful valley, first to be known as the European and North American Railway, and later the Intercolonial. They were standing on almost the exact spot where, a few years later, "the embattled farmers" of the district fought and won against a captain and squad of railway police in a matter of holding possession of their lands till the damages were paid. But that is another story. Looking over the broad, rich meadows, the sloping, well-tilled uplands and the green mountain ranges of Pisgah and Pickadilly to north and south, Mr. Tilley remarked with diplomatic enthusiasm to my father: "Mr. McCready, if men could not live here and flourish and be happy, it would be their own fault." And after he had gone my uncle, Caleb McCready, told me of how well he had known the budding statesman when the latter was a clerk in Peters's drug store, and my relative was learning a trade in St. John. I was destined to meet Mr. Tilley later, many times, and to have much to say of him in the St. John press and in Ottawa corre-

spondence, much that was appreciative and possibly some things that could hardly be quite to his liking.

Our next meeting was to be under rather singular circumstances. It was some years later. The Province once in its new-born zeal for temperance had demanded prohibition, got it, and then turned to rend the law and those who enacted it. The Government was defeated, all the advocates of prohibition but two swept out of public life and the law repealed. That was in 1856-7. But Tilley had fallen to rise again, while prohibition was buried for half a century. The greater question of uniting the Provinces had come on the scene with Tilley as its foremost advocate. He and his Government submitted the terms of the Quebec Scheme to the people at the polls, and again, in 1865, he and his measure were rejected. The Allan-Smith-Anglin Government came in and appointed their anti-confederate friends to office. Among the latter, I was given charge of Penobscis railway station. Presently the Legislature met, its forty-one members, as it turned out, less influential than one defeated man, who became known as the "Forty-second Member"—S. L. Tilley. He was there in daily conference with the few confederates-elect; he was privileged to occupy a seat reserved for ex-members on the floor; he was reported to be from time to time an honoured and favoured guest at Government House. And presently the Lieutenant-Governor, against the counsel of his constitutional advisers, dissolved the House of Assembly. There was a howl of indignation among the anti-confederates, but Tilley and the better terms of the British North America Act swept the country, and he and his colleagues proceeded to do many things,

not omitting to restore their friends to the offices from which they had been dismissed.

As a matter of course, the anti-confederate Board of Railway Commissioners was swept away, and with them almost all the station masters from St. John to Shediac. It would be too trivial to here relate my own dismissal but for some more interesting events it led to. The office and emoluments were of no account. My fellow-workers in the railway service all expected dismissal; it was the custom of the time when a change of government took place, and we did not resent it. I had intended in a few months to resign, but could not resist the temptation to make some slight trouble for the confederate autocrats who were now asserting their supremacy with so high a hand. Everybody has some friends in the land of his nativity. A petition was signed by every one of the patrons of the station, asking that I be retained. Then down the line came the Superintendent, the late J. Edward Boyd, C.E., serving the notices that at the end of the current month our services would be no longer required. He took off my official head in most kindly and regretful fashion. He gave me a certificate that my accounts had been always correctly kept and that I had always done my duty as station master quite to his satisfaction. He also handed me a pass over the road from station to station good to the end of the year. He was evidently my friend. Why, then, was I being dismissed? For an answer to that he must refer me to the Commissioners. I did not know them personally. Well, if I would get on the train and go with him to St. John, he would introduce me. Would he tell them all the nice things he had just said to me and done? He would. I went with him and he more than made good his word. The gruff Commissioners referred me in turn to the Government which had ordered the dismissal. I told them I would see the Government about it, and I did so later, as hereafter detailed. Previous to this, one member of the Executive had several times called at my station in passing and assured me that he

was my friend, and that I would not be disturbed.

Following my dismissal from the railway, I was asked to join the staff of the St. John *Telegraph*, and when the Legislature met was sent to report its proceedings, the last session in which that body retained its plenary powers, and at which the terms of Union were definitely adopted. The *Telegraph* was supporting the Government. I, as its representative, was still bound to have what fun I could over my dismissal. Arrived at Fredericton on Saturday evening, I put up at the Barker House. The hotel was full and the obliging clerk told me he would have to give me Hon. John M. Johnson's room till Monday and then change me to another, as Mr. Johnson would then have arrived. He had been detained. Mr. Johnson's room, as it happened, was one of a suite and was only separated by a door from that occupied by Hon. Peter Mitchell. That night there was a meeting of the Government in Mr. Mitchell's room, and a stormy meeting it was. It kept the young newspaper man and dismissed station master awake far along into the morning hours of Sunday. The "River Members" were in revolt over the list of new Senators. How came it that these "twelve apostles" of the new dispensation had nearly all been chosen from along the shores of the Bay of Fundy and the North Shore, while half the population of the Province residing in the fertile valley of the St. John had been overlooked, despised, treated with contempt? How came it that little Albert County, with a mere handful of population, was given two Senators, while four of the River Counties, Kings, Queens, Carleton and Victoria, had none? And so they argued, remonstrated, challenged and defied one another until the leaders saw that something must be done. The revolt was too strong to be quieted with mere soft words and explanations.

It was thought that Hon. E. B. Chandler might be induced to give up the Senatorial seat to which he had been named. He was rich and there was to be presently a new Railway Commission appointed to build the Intercolonial. Peter Mitchell

undertook to see him. Mitchell could do it if any one could. And the next day being Sunday, I saw Peter Mitchell and E. B. Chandler pacing up and down in front of the hotel in earnest conference. (In the end the River Counties got another Senator, and Mr. Chandler became Railway Commissioner and, later, Governor of New Brunswick.) Thus, by accident, I had got much secret information which I could not publicly use, but with which, rightly or wrongly, I hastened to acquaint my principal, Mr. Livingstone of the *Telegraph*. And I thought I ought to also acquaint Mr. Tilley of what I knew and how I had acquired the information. Accordingly, on Monday morning, I called at his office, introduced myself as the representative of the *Telegraph*, come to report the legislative proceedings. He received me very graciously. I artlessly inquired who was to be the new Senator? He was on his guard in a moment and with grave face and half-closed eyes inquired "What Senator?" Then I told him frankly that I knew all about it and had been an enforced listener to all the Cabinet wrangle of Saturday night. He at once endeavoured to impress me with a sense of the impropriety of publishing any information so obtained. In this I entirely concurred and stated that I had no desire or intention to do so. But there was another matter. How came it that I had been dismissed from the railway service? He inquired the circumstances and I related them. "This took place when I was in England, and, of course, I had nothing to do with it," he said. "Come back at 10 o'clock. The Cabinet is to meet then and I will take you in with me and we will have it all explained."

At ten I returned, and he took me with him to the Council Chamber, introduced me as one of their friends, who by some mistake had been dismissed from the railway, and made me sit among the rest at the table. Of course he, Mr. Mitchell and some others had been absent when the dismissal had taken place, he said. An awkward silence followed, which I greatly enjoyed. I was seated between Hon. Charles Connell and Hon. John McAdam. Mr. Connell turned to me

and said: "Mack, I had nothing to do with it." Mr. McAdam, on the other side, said: "I had nothing to do with it, either." Two of the five members of the Executive who had been present at the meeting of Council which dismissed me, had spoken. A third was the member who had called at my station assuring me that he was my friend and that I should not be disturbed, and as there was an awkward pause, I cited this circumstance. How could I have been dismissed by five men, three of whom were in my favor? Mr. Tilley, who sat at the head of the table opposite me, raised his hand as a signal for silence. I rose, thanked them for their courtesy, and remarking that I was still in doubt as to how and why I had been dismissed, withdrew.

I was half-way back to the Barker House when I heard some one behind me shouting my name. I turned and met Mr. McAdam. He was out of breath with his haste to overtake me. "You think there is a lie somewhere," he blurted out. I protested, no, not a lie, but still I could not quite understand. "It was this way," he said, "there were five of us at the meeting. I was called away on urgent business. It was understood that there were to be no more dismissals till our leaders came back from England. But in the event of a tie occurring between the two northern and the two southern members who remained, on any other matter, I left power with McMillan from the north, and McClelan from the south, to jointly cast my vote to decide the tie. When I was gone, McMillan brought up the question of your dismissal. The two North Shore men voted against you and Connell and McClelan voted in your favour. That made a tie. Then McMillan and McClelan together threw my vote against you and you were dismissed." Of course, I afterwards called Mr. McClelan to account, and he quite properly declined to discuss the matter, what was done in Council being under the seal of secrecy. For my part, I have never doubted the substantial accuracy of "Honest" John McAdam's version.

The incident derives any interest it may possess from the prominence of the persons present at the two meetings of the

New Brunswick Cabinet, at one of which I was an accidental listener and the other at which I was an invited spectator. The list of nine included some seven gentlemen who were afterwards members of the House of Commons, four who were afterwards Senators, two or three who were afterwards Judges, and three who became Lieutenant-Governors of the Province, one for two terms. They afterward showed a disposition to make right any real or imaginary wrong they had done me, and I was promptly offered one of the best railway stations on the line. This was not accepted because of an alternative offer of a clerkship in the House of Commons. The *Telegraph* wanted an Ottawa correspondent, and in those days the position of correspondent for a journal supporting the Government was not incompatible with a position in the Civil Service.

I came to Ottawa with the Maritime Senators, members and newspaper men, and entered the Reporters' Gallery and went to work. I said nothing and nobody said anything to me of the promised clerkship till weeks after the House met. Then one day a big envelope was sent me containing my appointment as Junior Clerk in the House of Commons at \$800 a year, conditioned on residing permanently at the seat of Government. I promptly notified Mr. Tilley that I could not accept this. He advised me to accept; the duties were merely sessional, he said, and members of Parliament only received \$600 per session in those days; promotion would follow shortly, and I could go on with my newspaper work, and between the two would have a fair remuneration. I still declined but when the session resumed in March, 1868, I went back to the gallery, and also reported for duty as Junior Clerk. It was funny that my first official task was to draw my pay.

In those days the official staff of the House were paid half-monthly in advance. It was now the middle of March. I found the paying office busy, clerks and translators signing the book and being handed out money, and in not a few cases slips of paper called "bons." I was shown one of these by a fellow junior. It read, "Good for \$20 at my next pay.

(Signed) ——." On these "bons" advances were regularly obtained by considerable numbers of the staff as it appeared. My turn came and I signed for \$33.34 for the latter half of March, got the money and turned away. Mr. Stansfield, the accountant, called me back. He handed me another envelope containing a like amount for the first half of March, and kept me signing for one-half month back of another to 6th November, 1867, the date of my appointment. So I received nearly five months' pay before I began work, and had loaned \$40 of it to a fellow clerk (he had little but "bons" that day) before I reached my rooms. It was promptly repaid at the time promised.

In subsequent sketches I shall have something to say of five years' experiences as a clerk in the Commons, and among the men prominent in political life whom I met there in that capacity, and afterward as representative at Ottawa of the *St. John Telegraph* and *Toronto Globe*. Very pleasant experiences they were in the main. I found my official associates on the staff of the Commons capable, courteous and efficient public servants. And of the public men I trust I shall have no ill-report. Of Sir Leonard Tilley I have most pleasant memories. Since New Brunswick became a Province no one of its sons held greater sway in its affairs or for a longer time. He had a gift of leadership, was at once astute and kindly, and above all, a man whose private life was irreproachable. I think he was a little too sensitive of newspaper criticism, but perhaps our pens are sometimes sharper than we wot.

Sir Leonard was not only the greatest political leader that his Province had hitherto raised. He was much more than that. He was a great advocate and exemplar of moral reform. After prohibition had failed of acceptance and his political fortunes had gone down with it, he remained faithful to his total abstinence principles till the end of his days. Twice defeated in his constituency of St. John, he never sought another, and in each case, in about a year, he won his old seat again.

Mr. McCready's next article will be entitled "Journalism at Confederation," and will be found to be extremely interesting.



THE EMPIRE BUILDERS

BY JAMES P HAVERSON

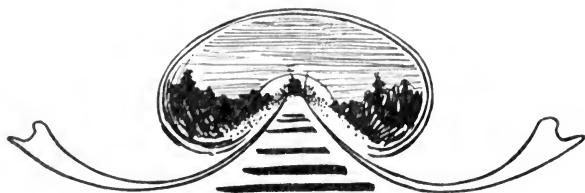
OUT o' the camp with the morning,
 Into a world of snow,
 Draggin' a chain in the sun or the rain,
 This is the life we know.

Up to our hips in the muskegs,
 Into the swamps an' the hills,
 Swingin' the axe with achin' backs,
 Sweatin' with fever an' chills.

Survey or 'struction party,
 Settin' the transit true,
 Makin' the grade with the pick an' the spade,
 This is the work we do.

Out of the bar or the barracks,
 Doin' the work of a mule,
 Only a chump to be kept on the jump,
 Bossed by a kid out of school.

Buildin' the glorious Empire,
 Us, a disorganised mob;
 Layin' the rails for the easier trails,
 Boys, it's a h——l of a job.



Concerning the Prerogative

By HISTORICUS

A review of the King's authority, privileges, and limitations, particularly with respect to Colonial application.



THE sensitive regard which is sometimes shown for responsible government, in its relation to the prerogatives of the Crown, is suggestive. It is less noticeable as to the weightier matters of the law, which are really worth controverting, than as to the "mint and anise and cummin," so to speak, of government—those special marks of distinction, *e.g.*, which the King graciously confers on citizens of the Empire in the exercise of his royal prerogative. The risks to ministerial responsibility, which, it is feared, may attend this particular use of the prerogative, are not very clearly defined, and are hard to understand. To say that an Imperial decoration should not be bestowed on a Canadian who has rendered useful or eminent public service, because it is an "interference" with the ordinary functions of local self-government, or is liable to abuse, is scarcely a sufficient reason. The question was once asked in a leading journal—"Should a Lieutenant-Governor be knighted because of his mere tenure of an office that might as easily be filled by a rubber stamp? Or because he has given good dinners or many of them?" "If," it was well said, "titles are to be conferred in a colonial commonwealth, a distinct service to the state, substantial and valuable, should be the sole criterion of merit."

The question of the menace to ministerial responsibility seems to be hardly arguable, considering the incidents and attributes and traditions of sovereignty in a monarchical system of government so limited as our own. It is safe to say, that neither in Britain, nor in any of the self-governing colonies, would the power of the democracy be used, even were it perfectly free to do so, to impose any

greater restraints than at present exist upon the prerogatives of the Crown. Neither the King nor his representative in Canada can give away a penny (except from his privy purse) without the sanction of Parliament. There is reason for this, based on both the written and the unwritten constitution. He may, however, by virtue of his prerogative, bestow a decoration, or his representative may recommend one, and we may well ask what sane constitutional reason can there be against it? Granted that it is invidious or anomalous in communities where "the social system is so much based on equality," wherein lies the jar or the mischief to the working of free government?

A good deal of the existing prejudice in these things is due to a misconception of what is meant by the prerogatives of the Crown. To the foreigner who has not studied British institutions, and the British principles of government, and who has not been bred in the atmosphere in which these have grown and flourished, the King appears to be little short of a beneficent despot. He sees, for example, the King invested with absolute personal impunity; with a power of refusing his assent to laws which have been passed by both houses of parliament at home, and by the many legislatures of Britain's dominions overseas; of conferring by his regal mandate, upon any set or succession of men he pleases, the privilege of sending representatives into one house of parliament, as by his immediate appointment he can place whom he will in the other; and of doing many other things as the sovereign Head of the State which an absolute monarch alone would dare to do. The untutored foreigner does not perceive, what we all know the fact to be, that at the most this is but the mere theory of

British government, and that what he mistakes for a sort of circuitous despotism, is only the difference between the theoretical and the actual state of things. And this difference, he may soon discover, is a very wide one. Because, as has been truly said, "when we turn our attention from the legal existence to the actual exercise of royal authority in England, we see these formidable prerogatives dwindle into mere ceremonies; and, in their stead, a sure and commanding influence, of which the constitution, it seems, is totally ignorant, growing out of that enormous patronage which the increased extent and opulence of the Empire has placed in the disposal of the executive magistrate." Historically speaking and as a matter of fact, the "prerogative" is nothing more than "the residue of discretionary or arbitrary authority, which at any given time is legally left in the hands of the Crown." And this is so whether the power is exercised by the sovereign himself, or by his ministers. It is simply the discretionary power of the executive—the name given to every act which the executive government can lawfully do without statutory authority; whatever act can be so done is done in virtue of what Hallam has described as "the gigantic image of prerogative in the full play of its hundred arms."

There was a time in England when the vigilant guardians of ministerial and legislative authority went to an extreme length in their jealous oversight of the prerogative. The reports of the English State trials contain an account of a trial, which was forced by the House of Commons on the Ministry of the day, of the learned author of a standard text-book on our law curricula, for his expressed opinions on the powers of the Crown. Mr. Reeves, who produced an admirable treatise on the History of English Law, was solemnly indicted for the high crime and misdemeanour of publishing opinions which were intended to exalt the prerogative of the Crown at the expense of the authority of the House of Commons. He had in his book compared the Crown to the trunk of a great tree, and the other parts of the constitution to its branches and leaves. This, it was charged, was

rank "sedition." The inference from the simile, it was said, was that the Crown was the source of all legal power; that if its authority were destroyed it would at once destroy the refuge sought by Englishmen of the time from the storms of Jacobinism; but that the Commons and the other bulwarks of the constitution were the mere branches and leaves which might perish without harm to the stately trunk. It was, in the words of the dramatist, "a good, swift simile but something currish." The jury, as we know, failed to perceive the taint of sedition alleged in the indictment. Like Prior they said that—

Similes are like songs in love;
They much describe, they nothing prove.

The shield has a reverse side. There was a time in this country, not far removed from the event just described, when a spirit exactly the opposite of that of the English Commons of 1791 was manifested by the Commons of Canada, and when the prerogative of the Crown was exalted and upheld, by those who should have curbed it, at the expense of popular liberty. In the strife of parties which ended in the "spurt of civil war" of 1837, the advocates of responsible government, who were the true interpreters of the constitution, were denounced by the ruling faction and their friends as the enemies of the Crown and of British institutions. And, at a later period, when Lord Elgin dutifully and courageously carried out the principles of the new order of things, which were the outcome of the "civil war," he was treated with extreme indignity and his life threatened by the friends and supporters of the old *régime*. It is a far cry from the arbitrary rule of ante-rebellion times to the constitutional rule of to-day—from Sir Francis Bond Head to Lord Grey. Bond Head did as he liked, and was upheld in his doings, however irredeemably bad these were, by the men about him. He consulted them at his own sweet will, and took their advice or not as it suited him. His exercise of the prerogatives of the Crown, which he grossly misrepresented, was of the most wanton character, and there was not a shadow of question, or a whisper of misgiving or

complaint by the servile majority in the Assembly or the Legislative Council. What a change has been wrought by "the question of '37!" No sooner does it appear that the Governor-General of the day, who, besides being the medium of communication with the Home Government, is the representative of "the fountain of honour," and a great Imperial Officer, has recommended some mark of distinction for acknowledged public services, than inquiry is at once made by some one in the House of Commons, or perhaps in the press, who is of course always thinking of responsible government, and who "wants to know" all about it. Is there any truth in the "rumour," it is asked, that his Excellency acted on his own responsibility in that little matter—that he did not consult his advisers? Because, if he did not, what is to become of the ark of the constitution? Well, suppose he did not—suppose he made such a recommendation "off his own bat," so to speak, is responsible government in danger? Is it still safe? Or has there been any infringement of the principle? This is an interesting question for professed guardians of the principle, some of whom, it is no offence to say, trace their political descent from men who despised and ignored executive responsibility to the people and did their best to make it impossible.

The great commentator on our laws has told us that "the sovereign is the fountain of honour, of office, and of privilege," and he adds: "A due subordination of rank is essential for the maintenance of government; the people must know and distinguish such as are set over them, in order to yield them a due respect and obedience; the officials themselves, if encouraged by emulation and the hopes of preferment, will the better discharge their functions, and the law supposes that no one can be so good a judge of their several merits and services as the sovereign who employs them. It has therefore entrusted him with the sole power of conferring dignities and honours, in confidence that he will bestow them upon none but such as deserve them. And therefore all degrees of nobility, of knighthood, and other titles are received by immediate grant from the Crown,

either expressed in writing by writ or letters patent, or by corporeal investiture. From the same principle also arises the prerogative of erecting and disposing of offices; for honours and offices are in their nature convertible and synonymous. All offices under the Crown carry in the eye of the law honour along with them; because they imply superiority of parts and abilities, being supposed to be always filled by those who are most able to execute them."

Language like this by the masters of our laws is sometimes represented as unreal, but it is no more unreal than the quaint survival of many another theory or doctrine of government which has been accepted or acquiesced in for centuries. It is no more unreal than the unquestioned legal theory which was applied to Canada at the fall of Quebec, that, when the King of England conquers a country he, by saving the lives of the conquered people, gains a right and property in such people—that he becomes seized of the whole legislative power, and may impose upon them what laws he pleases, in so far as he has not parted with his prerogative rights by capitulation, or by his own voluntary grant.

It is pretty well understood—and there is authority for the statement—that while there are certain prerogatives of the Crown, the use and control of which are incidental to the ordinary administration of government, there are other prerogatives which are not. One of these is the prerogative of the sovereign as "the fountain of honour." This is exceptional in its nature and personal in its exercise; it is not included in the ordinary delegation of powers to a Governor-General or a Lieutenant-Governor, but is administered directly by the King himself, or by delegation to the Governor-General as the King's representative. Honorary distinctions are, in theory, the spontaneous act of the sovereign, and not necessarily or exclusively at the instigation of others; but in practice they are conferred with the concurrence and on the responsibility of his ministers. So far as the United Kingdom is concerned, the recommendations for these honours are tendered by the First Minister, but, with respect to

the colonies, by the Colonial Minister, who acts, as in the case of a self-governing colony like Canada, on the recommendation of the Governor-General.

It is noticeable that the instructions to the Governor-General, which accompany his patent of office from the Crown, contain no express article as to this prerogative as they do with respect to another prerogative, namely, that of mercy. This latter prerogative, which was at one time exercised on the discretion of the Governor-General, has been exercised ever since the appointment of the Marquis of Lorne as Governor-General in October, 1878, on the advice of his ministers. But the rule is not invariable, as was shown in the case of Shortiss, who was convicted of murder at Beauharnois. In that case Lord Aberdeen's ministers were apparently divided in opinion, and no advice was tendered, and his Excellency, after communicating the facts to the Home authorities, was allowed to use his own discretion, which he did by commuting the capital penalty to life imprisonment in a criminal lunatic asylum.

The prerogative of the Crown in Canada, with respect to Imperial honours, is no great mystery. Lord Elgin, who had a thorough understanding of the principles of responsible government, and who showed calm and strong judgment in their application, expressed an opinion as Governor-General which is worth quoting. Writing to the Colonial Secretary (the Duke of Newcastle) in 1853, he said: "Now that the bonds formed by commercial protection and the disposal of local offices are severed, it is very desirable that the prerogatives of the Crown, as the fountain of honour, should be employed, in so far as this can properly be done, as a means of attaching the outlying parts of the Empire to the throne. Of the soundness of this proposition as a general principle, no doubt can, I presume, be entertained. It is not, indeed, always easy to apply it in these communities where fortunes are precarious, the social system so much based on equality, and public services so generally mixed up with party conflicts. But it should never, in my opinion, be lost sight of, and advantage should be taken of all favourable oppor-

tunities to act upon it. There are two principles which ought, I think, as a general rule to be attended to in the distribution of Imperial honours among colonists. Firstly, they should appear to emanate directly from the Crown, on the advice, if you will, of the Governors and Imperial Ministers, but not on the recommendation of the local executive. And, secondly, they should be conferred, as much as possible, on the eminent persons who are no longer actively engaged in political life. If these principles be neglected, such distinctions will, I fear, soon lose their value." From this it plainly appears that Lord Elgin's opinion was, that these honours should be conferred on the recommendation of the Governor-General and not of his ministers. And this is now understood to be the constitutional rule, although, as in the case of the prerogative of mercy, it has its exceptions.

The question of the precedence to be given to British subjects, resident in a British colony, has also given rise to some opinions as to the authority of a colonial governor. The rule is, that every such question must be determined by the Governor, as representing the Crown, in its character of "the fountain of honour." In reply to a request on that point, in 1859, by the Governor of South Australia, who suggested that the Governor should himself decide in the first instance, without formally consulting his executive council, all future disputed questions of personal precedence, the Colonial Secretary forwarded an opinion from the law officers of the Crown. This opinion distinctly assigned to the Governor, as representing the Crown, the right and duty of determining all such questions, in default of specific rules and instructions already prescribed by law, or by the authority of the Crown, applicable to the case.

The right of the sovereign to confer honours in a self-governing colony was pointedly raised and determined in a New Zealand case in 1877. In August of that year, Lord Carnarvon sent a despatch to the Governor of New Zealand in reference to the dignity and precedence of judges in Australia. Sir George Grey,

the Premier of the colony, thereupon addressed a memorandum to the Governor taking exception to the interference of the Crown in a self-governing colony and without the consent of the General Assembly, in establishing any order of rank and dignity therein. This memorandum was sent to the Colonial Secretary by the Governor, who declared his inability to understand the objection raised by the Premier, or to see how the exercise by her Majesty—who was constitutionally the source of all honours throughout the Empire—of her undoubted prerogative in conferring distinction on a retired judge, could be supposed to interfere in the slightest degree with the constitution of New Zealand, or with the rights and privileges of the local parliament. This opinion was approved by the Colonial Secretary. Sir George Grey also remonstrated with Sir M. Hicks-Beach for advising the Queen to confer honours for political services on two leading members of the Opposition; but it met with no favour. Sir J. S. Pakington, as the Colonial Minister, had previously asserted, in a despatch to the Governor of Nova Scotia, the independent and presumably impartial position of the Crown, in the distribution of honours in a colony, irrespective of political opinions. That these honours are strictly guarded was shown in another New Zealand case, in which a purely local decoration, instituted and conferred by Sir G. Bowen, the Governor of that colony, on the advice of his ministers, was disapproved of by Earl Granville, the then head of the Colonial Office. The Queen, it was said, as the fountain of honour, had not delegated her authority to the Governor, and although, under the circumstances, she sanctioned the order, the Governor's act was not to be drawn into precedent in any colony.

The complete recognition of responsible government under Lord Elgin and its evolution since his time, has not weakened the prerogative of the Crown, as represented by the Governor-General, with

respect to Imperial honours. He still has the right of recommendation; but Canada, being to use a Chamberlain-Bryce phrase, "a sister state," the First Minister has usually been consulted. The real responsibility, however, is not on the Canadian executive, but on the Imperial Ministers. If, however, any of the King's birthday honours had been recommended by his Excellency alone, without any such consultation, it is difficult to see, as did the Governor of the "sister state" of New Zealand, wherein the exercise of the prerogative of the Crown could "interfere in the slightest degree" with the Canadian constitution, or with the rights and privileges of Parliament. The fact, however, as stated by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, that there was no foundation for the "rumour" that he had not been consulted, must have been a relief to the sensitive guardians of our present responsible system.

Of the Imperial honours conferred on prominent Canadians the Order of St. Michael and St. George, it should be observed, is peculiarly a colonial decoration. It was enlarged and extended for the express purpose of enabling the sovereign to confer distinction upon such of his subjects as "may have rendered, or shall hereafter render, extraordinary and important services to his Majesty.... within or in relation to any of his Majesty's colonial possessions; or who may become eminently distinguished therein by their talents, merits, virtues, loyalty, or services."

There is a broad margin here for the recognition of worth in the "sister states," and it is an open secret that the present Lord Elgin, who holds the seals of the Colonial Office, is a Canadian to the manner born, and has kept in close touch with Canadian affairs, has expressed his warm personal approval of most of the decorations which have been recommended to him, and particularly of those conferred upon persons connected with the civil government of Canada.

Worry—the Disease of the Age

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY

The last article of this important series deals largely with sleep and its effect on worry.

VI.—THE PHYSICAL CURES OF WORRY



WORRY is so complicated a phenomenon; having so many varieties and causes, that the reader will not expect it to be curable by means of any single formula, or rule of life, or prescription. But the means of treatment, many though they are, may all be included under the two terms, physical and mental. Now, though worry is a disease of the mind, the physical or bodily aspects of its prevention and cure are not by any means to be ignored; so intimate is the relation of mind and body that the merely physical, "materialistic" measures which affect this mental disease are well worthy of a chapter to themselves, and here I propose to confine myself to them.

In a previous chapter we discussed at length some of the most important means by which health of mind may be maintained, and plainly the maintenance of mental health is equivalent to the prevention of worry. We analysed the idea of a "holiday," which should have some part in even every working-day; and we saw that holidaying is one of the chief preventives of worry. Other and still more potent means for the *prevention* of worry there are, but these are not physical, but mental or spiritual. Hence we may now pass on to the *cure* of worry.

Certain physical means for the cure of worry have already been discussed—to be utterly condemned. These are drugs of various kinds, of which by far the most important is alcohol. I refer to them here merely in order that our discussion of the subject may be systematic. Our concern now is with physical cures of

worry that do indeed cure, and amongst these such drugs have no place.

In so far as a man worries about anything whatsoever, in so far he is a practical *pessimist*. It does not matter in the least what his ostensible creed may be. He may formally subscribe to the most optimistic of creeds, and yet be a practical pessimist. On the other hand, his creed may be the most hopeless materialism, and yet he may be a practical optimist. The question for us to consider, then, is the physical means by which we may make practical optimists, all questions of philosophic or religious creed being for the present ignored.

Thus our main business will be to consider the physical causes that make men into optimists rather than pessimists. The facts of alcohol prove abundantly that such physical causes do exist; and we have to ask whether there are any which, like alcohol, will convert a man into an optimist, to whom worry is merely a name, but which, unlike alcohol, will do so permanently and securely.

Now before we enter into the theory of the matter, which will be found of the first practical importance, let us consider one of the most valuable and familiar means by which worry may be cured and prevented. The means to which I refer is *sleep*, and of course the first comment that springs to the reader's mind is that worry is destructive of sleep. It is of little avail to tell the victim of worry and consequent insomnia that sound, refreshing sleep will banish his cares. It is unfortunately true that we have here an instance of a vicious circle, and this fact makes it all-important that we should learn, if possible, how the circle may be broken. This is not the place, however, for a treatise on insomnia, and

it is only possible to lay down a few salient propositions.

The man who realises that he has become or is becoming a victim of worry must be advised consciously and resolutely to direct himself to the question of his sleep. It is safe to say that the worrying man cannot sleep too much, and as a rule, he sleeps too little. If he would be cured, then, he must attend to this matter. Insomnia may well be *the* efficient cause of worry in his case, and to remove the efficient cause is to cure the disease. If the doctor's help is necessary it must be obtained. There are very few cases of insomnia that cannot be relieved. This holds true even if we declare that hypnotic drugs are out of place in this connection. Thus used, they are all false friends, as we have already seen. It is worth recognising that the overwhelming proportion of cases of insomnia—including, of course, those which result in worry—are due to simple and easily remediable causes. By far the most common of all the physical causes of insomnia is indigestion. This may be such as to cause scarcely any of the obvious symptoms of indigestion; but this is no reason for not making certain, in any case of insomnia, that indigestion is not its cause. If this cause be looked for, it will very often be found; and the mere lightening of the last meal of the day, the exclusion of coffee after it, or the use of some simple digestive drug for a short period, may suffice to relieve the sleeplessness, and thus the mental dispeace which it is causing. More vigorous measures may be necessary in some cases, but, as a rule, the doctor may be relied upon, if he is given a fair chance, to cure the sleeplessness and thus avert its consequences.

The qualifying clause is necessary, since it is only the few intelligent patients who do give the doctor a fair chance in such cases. The men whose profession it is to do the difficult work about which it is so easy to write, are still hampered by the fashion in which patients persistently regard their prescriptions as all-important and their advice as negligible. Nine times out of ten it is the

doctor's advice—and this is peculiarly true of insomnia—that masters everything, whilst the prescription, as likely as not, is a mere *placebo*—something to please the patient, since patients of all classes closely resemble those who frequent dispensaries and the out-patient departments of hospitals, in that they display a pathetic belief in the value of those contents of a "bottle," especially if those contents be highly coloured, and vigorously assail the senses of smell and taste. But it is not by the contents of such bottles that insomnia is usually cured; the rather is it by some modification of habits, such as the wise physician is wise because he is able to suggest—and fortunate if he is able to have his advice acted upon.

And now we must turn to the theory of the matter. Why should sleep relieve worry, and insomnia cause it? The answer is that the man who sleeps well is, *ipso facto*, a practical optimist, whilst the victim of insomnia is, *ipso facto*, a practical pessimist—a man who worries. And why does sleep, or the lack of it, produce such results in the sphere of the mind? The answer is to be found in the study of the conditions which are necessary to what I have elsewhere called *sensory, organic*, or, if you like, *gastric* optimism.*

Sensory or organic optimism I call that which is scarcely so much a state of mind as a state of the body. It is intimately dependent upon the health of the digestion, and is derived from the sensations transmitted by the nerves that run to the brain from the internal organs. These, in health, combine to give us what is called the "organic sense of well-being." In health, then, as I have said, "every man has an organic bias towards optimism"; and we must remember that the incalculable practical value of organic optimism is in itself an argument for rational optimism—the philosophic creed that life brings, on the average, a surplus of happiness, and is therefore worth living. But what I have called organic optimism leads us

*See "Evolution the Master-key" (Harper & Bros., 1906.)

on to a closer analysis of the causes of worry than we have yet attempted.

Since we are all self-conscious we all look before and after; but nevertheless we do not all worry in the same degree, nor about similar things; whilst some of us, even without the aid of any particular creed, or even without the aid of smooth circumstances, scarcely worry at all. Wherein does the difference subsist?

Plainly, if it is not to be found in circumstances, it must be found in ourselves. We differ from one another, not merely in external configuration, nor in intellectual calibre, but also temperamentally and emotionally. Our mutual differences in this last respect are at least as great as the others. Two persons, alike self-conscious, alike called upon to face an imminent disaster, look upon it with different eyes. Men have long recognised this fact, and express it by the image—which is in defiance of medical experience, but serves the purpose nevertheless—that to the jaundiced eye everything is yellow, and by the converse image of “rose-tinted spectacles.” It is the fact, then, that the organic conditions, the nervous organisation, that determine our outlook, differ widely in different men. This is one of the unappreciated commonplaces which superficial people dismiss as platitudes. There has yet been no adequate study of the psychology of temperament from the scientific standpoint; and none other serves our purpose. Whilst it is true that in virtue of self-consciousness and the desire for life and happiness we are all predisposed to worry, it is also true that the emotional nature peculiar to each of us modifies this predisposition in an extraordinary degree, heightening it in some, and lowering it in others, quite independently of external circumstances, the effect of which upon the mind must be rigorously distinguished from the consequences of the mind’s own predisposition.

Now let us consider what we really mean by the inherent predisposition of the mind itself. According to some unscientific systems of thought, such an assertion is incapable of any further analysis. The mind, according to them, is a indivisible, unanalysable substance,

its characters depending upon nought but the Divine will. The number of people who retain this wholly uncritical notion, however, is fast diminishing; and certainly we have no place for it here. On the contrary, we have to recognise an absolute and complete, if not a necessary connection between mind and body; whilst, for practical purposes and without attempting any deeper inquiry, we must regard the mind and its characters as conditioned by the state of the body. Practically we shall have to recognise the action of the mind upon the body, and the action of the body upon the mind; but this last phrase is inadequate fully to express the truth it suggests. Mental states and bodily states are not identical, but yet they are inseparable; and our descriptions of them are diverse but complementary ways of expressing the same fact. When, therefore, we assert the existence of profound emotional or temperamental differences between men, determining in very large measure the manner in which they look before and after—in which they contemplate the facts of the past and the possibilities of the future—we must go on to ask ourselves what are the bodily facts by which these emotional differences are conditioned. “The mind is as deep as the viscera” (the internal organs), said Herbert Spencer in the last chapter of his priceless autobiography; and we shall soon see the practical significance of that saying.

It means that, whilst we are all predisposed to worry, the measure of that predisposition is capable of almost indefinite modification by our physical health. As that statement stands, it is not adequate nor even correct. The question is not merely one of health.

This is evident when we consider the facts of two common and terrible diseases—tuberculosis of the lungs and general paralysis of the insane. In the first of these—often known as consumption or phthisis—the patient’s tendency to look on the bright side of things, to expect speedy recovery, and to leave all worrying to his friends, is so conspicuous as to have led, long ago, to the coining of the term *spes phthisica*—the phthisical

hope—in order to indicate its characteristic association with a disease which, until quite lately, was well-nigh hopeless. Whether or not this state of mind be explained by the common occurrence of slight fever in this disease, at any rate it is a striking instance of the manner in which physical disease may affect the mental outlook.

But the case of general paralysis, or “paresis,” is yet more striking. Here is a disease which, so far as we have any record, is invariably fatal, death commonly occurring within about two years of the first symptoms. The patient rapidly and visibly fails in every way, physical and mental. In the later stages, he lies in a huddled heap, unable to perform the simplest functions, his skin broken by the mere pressure of his clothes, no external circumstances that can make for happiness present, and none that can make for misery wanting. Yet, throughout, the patient is happier than any king. He cannot worry about anything whatever; his peace of mind is alike non-conditioned by, and immune to, all exterior circumstances. In the light of these and similar facts, we certainly cannot say that the measure of a man’s predisposition to worry is in direct proportion to his departure from the standard of bodily health. Never was philosopher yet that could endure the toothache patiently; yet the general paralytic “suffering”—if that is the word—from a disease which is incalculably worse than toothache, is more consistently and imperturbably happy than he ever was in his days of health.

As I see them, these facts are extremely instructive. They do much more than teach us that peace of mind is not necessarily correlated with health, nor worry with disease. They teach us that there may be a pathological, a morbid peace of mind. Plainly the mental ease of the patient, who is all but moribund from general paralysis, is morbid. But more, What of the mental peace seen in the man, suffering from early symptoms of insanity, whose affairs are in a desperate state, yet who evinces no concern thereat? His peace of mind is evidently morbid; *he ought to be worried*.

I think we have discovered an important—if, indeed, an evident—truth; that not all worry is morbid. If there are times when not to worry is to raise doubts of one’s sanity, it is plain that there are circumstances in which a judicious worry is natural, normal, and right. We must distinguish, then, and not permit ourselves too roundly to declare that worry is a disease of the mind, since it may be answered that there are times when not to worry indicates disease of the mind. Hereafter, then, we must invariably distinguish, whenever the distinction is as significant as it certainly is true, between *normal* and *morbid* worry.

I have quoted the two remarkable instances of tuberculosis and general paralysis partly because they teach us that worry may be normal or morbid, and its absence also, but chiefly because one has to recognise facts, and because it would not do roundly to state that freedom from worry is proportionate to the bodily health, when such striking exceptions are to be found. Nevertheless, when we allow their full value to such exceptions as these, there does remain a rule which is generally true, and which is of the utmost importance in any understanding of worry. It is the rule that in the vast majority of all cases, morbid worry and a morbid state of body go together, whilst peace of mind is associated with bodily health. These propositions are so widely true, and so important, that it is to be hoped that the reader will not attach more than due importance to the exceptions which I have felt bound to quote. But this need indeed is scarcely likely, for after all, the main fact is a commonplace of experience.

But it is well not only to recognise the fact, but also to have a rational understanding of it. And this will be easy if we remember what has already been said of organic optimism. It was pointed out that the organic sense of well-being to which we refer when we speak of “feeling fit,” and which explains the optimism, the peace of mind, and the freedom from morbid worry which are begot of good health and of good digestion, depends upon the combination in

consciousness of the faint sensations which reach us through the thousands of nerve fibres that are distributed to the internal organs of the body. Now, in health, the impressions which these fibres convey to consciousness are exceedingly faint. Indeed, as a rule they are rather negative than positive. It is only the convalescent, in whom the organic sense of well-being is returning, that is able fully to appreciate it as a positive fact, rather than merely the absence or negation of discomfort. But though the sensitiveness of these nerves is comparatively so slight, they are able exquisitely to respond to every kind of disorder that may affect the organs to which they are distributed. It would be a great mistake to imagine that this disorder must consist of some grave disease before it is able to affect these nerves. The very slightest poisoning of the tissues—such, for instance, as that consequent upon spending an hour or two in a badly-ventilated room—is more than sufficient in many people to abolish the organic sense of well-being, and to produce that state of consciousness, misunderstood by itself, which leads a man to worry about external things, *whereas the real cause of his worry is within him.*

Now, if we once recognise that even the very smallest departure from health may suffice only too easily, in virtue of its effect upon the internal nerves, to produce the state of consciousness that leads to worry, we shall be ready to understand the prevalence of the symptom that we are studying. If the smallest degree of ill-health, however temporary or trifling, is sufficient to induce a morbid and unjustified worry, then we can understand why worry is so widespread; for minor degrees of ill-health, in the present state of civilisation, are not far short of universal. If there is any one fact, insistence upon which would justify this article, it is this fact that only a very small percentage of the population of any city can be regarded as well. The main condition predisposing to morbid worry is minor degree of physical ill-health, and such ill-health is the rule rather than the exception to-day. It is probably safe to assert that of the pre-

disposing causes of morbid worry, none can be named for importance beside the minor degrees of ill-health, and especially of indigestion, which affect such a large proportion of the citizens of any modern community. Eminent amongst the physical cures of worry, then, will be attention to minor degrees of ill-health in every case of worry where this state of affairs can be recognised. Chief importance attaches to disorder of any part of the digestive tract, since there is to be found the distribution of those nerves upon the proper behaviour of which the organic sense of well-being depends. This is why I use the phrase *gastric optimism*, in order to indicate the importance of the stomach—the mere plebeian stomach—in determining the emotional tone of its owner's mind, and deciding whether he shall be a practical optimist or a practical pessimist.

It follows, for instance, that a man may worry because he upsets or overloads his digestive organs by eating too much. Now it has lately been proved, by the researches of Professor Chittenden, in America, that those doctors were right who maintained that the great majority of well-to-do persons eat too much; and here we have an explanation of much meaningless and unnecessary worry.

Again, these facts explain the general relations of optimism—practical optimism—with good digestion, and of pessimism, such as is evidenced in much of the writings of Carlyle, with dyspepsia. They also afford a testimony to what is in no need of further testimony, the supremacy of the reason over all its enemies in the case of such thinkers as Spencer and Darwin. Both of those men are victims to chronic dyspepsia, and yet they were optimists. But theirs was a rational optimism, the reason defying those internal sensations which, in ordinary men, would have inevitably led to pessimism.

Again, these facts explain the inconsistency to be found in the writings of many authors who were artists rather than thinkers, in whom the reason was not supreme, and who had the artistic temperament, which is ever at the mercy of organic sensations, leading to optimistic writing when the digestion is in

order, or when alcohol has modified the organic sensations, and to an equally decided pessimism in writings produced when the digestion was out of order, or during the period of depression that follows the transient stimulation of alcohol.

The foremost physical cures of worry, then, are, in the first place, such measures—varying, of course, according to circumstances—as procure abundant and normal sleep; and, in the second place, such measures—similarly various—as procure easy, rapid, and complete performance of the functions of the digestive tract—the influence of which is always dominant in determining the presence or absence of that sense of organic well-being which is the one physical condition that excludes the possibility of morbid worry.

This last statement has already been justified. The case of two common and terrible diseases has proved that even the gravest ill-health cannot produce worry if the conditions are such as to favour—in some inexplicable way—the organic sense of well-being; and, on the other

hand, we have only to consider the countless people, in times past and in the present, who have believed and believe that an enormous proportion of their predecessors are suffering eternal torment, but who, nevertheless, are happy, because the possession of a good digestion and the enjoyment of sound sleep make worry impossible, even in the presence of such an appalling cause for worry.

Appalling I might well call it, even if I had seen only one case of religious melancholia in my life. For it is only necessary that some physical cause shall interfere with the sense of organic well-being, as it does in such cases, for the miserable patients to pass days and nights of mental agony in contemplation, sometimes of the fate which they think to be in store for themselves, sometimes of the fate which they fear that others have earned. When such a patient is cured, and the organic sense of well-being returns, the belief, as a belief, persists—but it no longer causes any worry, either for self or others.

Such is the empire of the body over the mind.

The Trail to Lillooet

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON
(Tekahionwaki)

SOB of fall and song of forest, come you here on haunting quest,
Calling through the seas and silence from God's country of the West?
Where the mountain pass is narrow, and the torrent white and strong
Down its rocky-throated cañon sings its golden-throated song.

You are singing there together through the God-begotten nights,
And the leaning stars are listening beyond the ranging heights
That lift like points of opal in the crescent coronet,
About whose golden setting sweeps the trail to Lillooet.

Trail that winds and trail that wanders, like a cobweb hanging high—
Just a hazy thread outlining, midway of the stream and sky,
Where the Fraser River cañon yawns,—the pathway to the sea,—
But half the world has shouldered up between its song and me.

Here, the placid English August and the sea-encircled miles;
There, God's copper-coloured sunshine beating through the mountain aisles,
Where the water fall and forest voice forever their duet,
And call across the cañon on the trail to Lillooet.



MADAME NAZIMOVA, THE GREAT RUSSIAN ACTRESS, AS "NORA," ONE OF HER NEW YORK SUCCESSES



MISS CARLOTTA NILSSON, ONE OF THE SEASON'S STARS OF FIRST MAGNITUDE IN NEW YORK

Plays of the Season

By JOHN E. WEBBER

A review of the most notable dramatic productions of the season in New York.



Mme. Alla Nazimova, whose remarkable performances in Ibsen rôles have proved the dramatic event of the present season, the modern American stage has received a tremendously important acquisition. Ranking at once with Dusè, Bernhardt and the leading continentals of the day, the distinguished Russian towers to a solitude of acting genius beside which the achievements of our own best actresses—gifted and accomplished as many are—seem the merest foothills. This is strong praise, and to some it may seem extravagant when we call to mind such native exponents of the dramatic art, say, as Mrs. Fiske.

Mme. Nazimova first came into notice here as the leading woman in Paul Orleneff's fine company of Russian players seen in this country last season. While the foreign tongue naturally proved a barrier to a full appreciation of the actress' work, her superb gifts were plainly recognisable, and her English *début* in "Hedda Gabler" less than a year later, under the management of Mr. Henry Miller, is the remarkable result. This has since been followed by an equally brilliant performance of Nora in "A Doll's House," the two contrasting characterisations offering abundant evidence of the resourcefulness and quality of the Russian's art. Of the two, Hedda Gabler proved the happier portrait, the part

physically and temperamentally seeming to lend itself with particular appropriateness to the personality of the actress. In its broader outlines, we have the bored woman of breeding, admirably self-possessed, cold, cynical and, to outward appearances, indifferent, but inwardly, a volcano of tragic protest. It is this volcano, these mysterious psychological forces at work in Hedda's turbulent nature that Nazimova's acting so successfully discloses, both through her wonderfully illuminating countenance and by infinite little touches of by-play. Her command of stage technique is apparently inexhaustible, and the art of acting she seems to have mastered to its minutest detail. Every pose, gesture and facial expression, from the turn of a hand, or the half shrug of a shoulder, to the languid dropping of an eyelid or that contemptuous half-smile that lingers tauntingly at the corners of her mouth, are persistently eloquent of the intolerable boredom, the sick disgust and moral suffocation of Hedda's life. Beauty, Hedda must have and, in the Nazimova portrait, has to a remarkable degree. But its distinguishing quality is a subtlety amounting almost to elusiveness, that holds you with an indescribable fascination. Cynicism, contempt for poor commonplace Tesman

and his amiable aunts, malignant hatred of the ingenuous Mrs. Elvsted, and her reclamation of Lovberg, are depicted with almost imperceptible changes of countenance and tone. Yet subtle, elusive, fascinating as the portrait is, not a single note of the insinuating malevolence of the character is spared. In fact the studied deliberation, the repose and self-possession of the acting, the slow *tempo* of every movement are precisely calculated to emphasise the cruelty of Hedda's conduct.

To the casual observer, unable to appreciate fully the incongruity of her surroundings, this amazing Ibsen creation remains a source of deep perplexity. Even criticism sometimes stops at the moral perverseness she exhibits. But mean as Hedda appears—and she is mean enough in all conscience—the point not to be overlooked is that her indictment of the social and spiritual narrowness of life generally, and her life in particular, is just as complete as if she had been a domestic paragon or hemmed garments for the poor. In this latter event, of course (conceiving the possibility of a drama at all on such terms), we should have had to sacrifice all artistic values and that fine sense of dramatic proportion which the great playwright has so admirably preserved. The greatness of the performance lies in



MISS ROSE STAHL IN "THE CHORUS LADY"



MADAME NAZIMOVA AS "HEDDA GABLER"



MR. E. H. SOTHERN, IN THE
TITLE RÔLE OF



MISS JULIA MARLOWE, THE TEMPTRESS
SALOME IN

"JOHN THE BAPTIST"

A much-discussed play of the season.

the fact that without modifying a line of Hedda's character, Mme. Nazimova so depicts the incongruity of her surroundings, so communicates their suffocating narrowness as to compel our sympathy from first to last. Viewed also as a symbol of protest against the commonplace, even the cruelty and thorough inhumanity of her conduct become impersonal and are seen as incidental to an effective protest.

The presentation of a character of such deep symbolic import naturally calls for unusual imaginative depths in the interpreter. And it is in the imaginative qualities, no less than her marvellous technical skill, that Mme. Nazimova's performance is so immensely superior to any we have seen on this stage.

From Hedda to Nora was nothing short of a re-incarnation, so complete was the actress' absorption of each character in turn. For the studied deliberation of the one, with its intervals of silence, its studied poses, its languor and general atmosphere of boredom expressed in every movement and line of her supple body (its serpentine charms purposely accentuated by long, flowing draperies), we had in the other a chattering little girl-

wife, short skirted, quick in speech, quick in action, who romped with children like a girl in her teens, or nibbled forbidden sweets, keeping a continuous eye on her husband's study door meanwhile. Nora is the most appealing character in the Ibsen gallery and one of the most human in all stage literature. Yet, in spite of its obviously human qualities, it is a commonplace of dramatic criticism, that a consistent stage presentation of the character is impossible. Nazimova, however, by presenting the character simply and untheatrically throughout, thereby preserving its integral girlishness, has kept the thread of consistency unbroken to the last. There are no scenes of violent emotion in her portrayal, no familiar poses of grief, no cataleptic shock. When she quits Helmer's house it is done quietly, naturally, without anger, as the simple, logical outcome of the situation that has developed. "You are not the man to help me. . . . That is why I am leaving you," she says to her husband. The scene is wonderfully intense, and her words come with swift, dynamic force. But, it is the directness that gives them force, every word striking true as a hammer on the human con-



MRS. FISKE IN HER NEW PLAY, "THE NEW YORK IDEA"



MISS FRANCES STARR AS "JUANITA" IN "THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO"

science. Of the world's wisdom Nora has been brought up in ignorance. Treated as a child by those about her, she has played her child's part in her doll's house, questioning life, however, with a startling directness at times, and, with all her inconsequence, grasping fundamental truths with a clear, penetrating vision. The awakening comes when she is compelled to match her truth with the world's truth: her ideal of love with a love that is not inconsistent with self-interest, her sense of justice with a law that takes no account of motives, her spiritual essence with the sordid materiality of the conventional life she is now realising for the first time.

"The Chorus Lady," by Mr. James Forbes, has been one of the entirely pleasant theatrical experiences of the winter. It was easily the season's happiest note and, with the exception of "The Great Divide," its most pronounced hit. The event, moreover, held the double interest of bringing to the front a new American author, and of "fixing" a star of considerable lustre in the dramatic firmament. Mr. Forbes' play is skilful in its construction, the situations are interesting and logical in their development, the char-

acter drawing clever, the dialogue bright, crisp and clean-cut, while the serious motive is admirably projected and sustained in a medium of comedy. The piece is pre-eminently, though never obviously, satirical of certain phases of theatredom, and one act devoted to a green-room scene fairly bristles with repartee and general feminine cattishness that we are to suppose go on with the pretty make-up. But happy as the comedy itself is, it is nevertheless Miss Rose Stahl's clever characterisation of the central rôle that gives the performance its great distinction and chief artistic interest. It is the best example of character acting we have had since "The Music Master," at least; and while it lacks the rich soul unction of Mr. Warfield's creation, its mingling of sentiment and humour are an unqualified delight. Credit for Miss Stahl's discovery seems to belong to London, where last season she made the same instantaneous impression in a one-act sketch of which the present play is the author's own elaboration. The wonder on both sides seems to be that the discovery was delayed so long.

Another first-magnitude star which the beneficent fates have this season placed



MR. GEORGE ARLISS, IN "THE NEW
YORK IDEA"



ELEANOR ROBSON IN "SALOMY
JANE"

in the dramatic firmament is Miss Carlotta Nillson, with the vehicle of her stellar *début* "The Three of Us," by Rachael Crowthers, likewise brings a new writer, and up to this point, we may add, an entirely successful one, into the field of American dramatists. Miss Nillson is unquestionably one of the cleverest and most finished of the younger actresses of the American stage. Earnest, sincere, unaffected and serious, she has come to the front by the legitimate way of hard, conscientious work, and strict devotion to the highest principles of the dramatic art. She has been spared none of the disappointments that guard the highways of success, none of the bitterness of ambition's cup, and her present triumph is therefore in a strict sense the reward of virtue no less than the recognition of positive acting talents. Prior to this, Miss Nillson is perhaps best known for her remarkable performance of Mrs. Elvsted, in Mrs. Fiske's production of "Hedda Gabler." Since then she has appeared with great success in "The Man on the Box," creating the rôle of Miss Annesley, and in

"Letty." "The Three of Us," although a story of the west, is in no sense melodrama, but a simple, sweet, domestic drama.

A thoroughly interesting and satisfying play of its kind is Mr. George Broadhurst's clever political satire "The Man of the Hour," which has proved one of the four pronounced hits of the winter programme. The play had a special interest to New Yorkers from the fact that the dramatic narrative followed recent civic events rather closely. The organisation under the calcium is easily recognised as Tammany, while the political boss—so ably impersonated in the beginning by the late Mr. MacVickar—might be a replica of the present notorious boss of that notorious democratic organisation. Mr. Broadhurst's second excursion into the "legitimate" took the form of out-and-out melodrama under the euphuistic title, "The Mills of the Gods." The mills of Mr. Broadhurst's gods, moreover, not only grind slowly, we find, but they continue to grind with the water that is past. A theft committed by one James Clarke, under extenuating circumstances, its discovery by a fel-

low-employee, further depredations exacted as the price of silence, followed by the inevitable exposure, trial, conviction, escape and beginning of a new life amid new scenes, there to be run down eventually by his old pal and, at the psychological moment of his happiness, threatened with the exposure he dreads, are the main threads of the narrative; the hero vindicated, and the villain properly discomfited follow as a matter of course. This is a very rough outline, however, of what proved to be a play of absorbing human interest. The presentation was unusually able.

"Clarice," a southern romance, by Mr. William Gillette, realised certain very charming effects of atmosphere, as well as some exquisitely subtle touches of sentiment. Its first act, at least, was as tender as a sonnet, and fragrant as the rose garden that held the scene. Like another charming little comedy, however, which we saw this season, "Mauricette," its first act set a standard which was never quite reached again. Had this level been maintained, Mr. Gillette's play would have ranked with the best offerings of the year. The story involves the love of a young physician for his pretty ward, followed by his renouncement of her, when his case has been diagnosed as consumption. The unfavourable diagnosis, however, afterward proves to have been part of a plot to separate two lovers, and, as usually happens in the play, is discovered in time to save the happiness of those concerned. Mr. Gillette acted the central rôle in his own characteristic, convincing manner, scoring a very gratifying measure of popular success. That a play of the literary and poetic quality of this should have been marred by certain theatrical clap-trap is, to say the least, unfortunate.

The Sothern-Marlowe combination, whose New York engagement this year happily extended over a period of many weeks, have almost come to be recognised as the standard exponents of legitimate drama in this country. Their Shakespearean performances, while not perfect Shakespearean presentations by any means, nor yet of uniform merit, are at all times of sufficient excellence to command the interest of every intelligent and dis-

criminating playgoer. In such parts as *Juliet*, *Viola* or *Rosalind*, parts to which she can lend her own positive charms of person, Miss Marlowe is invariably delightful. On the other hand, the larger demands of *Portia*, particularly the trial scene, she is unable to compass with the same degree of success. Mr. Sothern, too, is at all times a conscientious artist, and is able to bring to his task a very concise knowledge of the technical requirements of the stage, as well as a high order of intelligence. His *Malvolio* and *Shylock* are artistic performances in the best sense, and *Hamlet*, while not to be compared, for instance, with Mr. Forbes Robertson's, is an excellent and in parts a quite satisfying rendering—one of the best indeed the American stage can offer.

To their large Shakespearean repertoire, Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe have this season added Gerhart Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell," Percy Mackaye's "Jeanne D'Arc," and Sudermann's "John the Baptist,"—plays which sufficiently indicate the serious artistic aim of their work. There was an impressive dignity in Mr. Sothern's presentation of "John the Baptist," and moments of deep tenderness, such as the leave-taking of the Galileans, were realised. But for the most part the character as conceived by Sudermann, and portrayed by Mr. Sothern, is rather colourless, dramatically weak and inconclusive, and never quite fulfils the expectations that are from time to time held out. Miss Marlowe's "Salome" was endowed with so many of the actress' own charms, that the daughter of Herodias seemed at times little else than a transplanted Juliet. The famous *dance du ventre* proved to be a judicious mingling of sensuous charms and maidenly reserve, and was quite gracefully executed.

"The New York Idea," by Mr. Langdon Mitchell, which Mrs. Fiske is presenting this season with brilliant success, turns very lightly on the subject of divorce, and in the course of its four clever and diverting acts, the instability of modern matrimonial institutions becomes the occasion of much delicately pointed wit and epigram. An open mind on the general subject is perhaps to be recommended for a perfect enjoyment of the comedy form,

though for the mental comfort of the orthodox we may at once add that the humorous shafts are all turned the "other way." And here again, while essentially satirical of modern conditions and intended to be taken somewhat seriously, we are told, the New York "idea" is projected with such perfect *insouciance*, and in such a manifest spirit of fun, that its subtler satirical purposes only appear in the calm of after reflection. Its shafts are sent not so much to wound as to indicate, say, the direction of the wind or possibly some otherwise inappreciable air currents.

The desired viewpoint is furnished by a somewhat cosmopolitan Englishman, Sir Wilfred Cates-Darby, who in spite of having "knocked about some," to use his own description, experiences a very natural bewilderment over the marital complications of the set in which he finds himself. From bewilderment, however, he soon begins to experience downright interest in the novelty of the situation and with the assurance of his hereditary position proceeds to make the most of his opportunities in an "open field." The leading *motif*, the reconciliation of a hasty divorcee, and her adoring but apparently indifferent husband, while somewhat reminiscent, say, of Sardou is handled with considerable originality. No doubt much of the success is due to the perfect presentation at the hands of Mrs. Fiske, Mr. George Arliss and other members of the Manhattan Company, who once more prove themselves both individually and in the *ensemble* to be the finest acting organisation in America.

Another genuine success of the late season, and an offering of conspicuous literary and dramatic merit, is "The Road to Yesterday," written by Beulah Marie Dix and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland. This is a dream fantasy of the "Peter Pan," or "Message from Mars" order, but instead of the unreal *never-never-land*, or the unexplored Martian globe, the scene is dear old England of Elizabethan times, where in a supposed state of former existence the characters in the play travel the familiar road of their past, be that road comedy or tragedy. The action thus turns lightly on the theory of re-incarnation, and some curious fancies along this line are

worked out as well as some conceits as to former identity, humorously exposed in the course of the play. To give further credibility to the succeeding acts, the dream follows a strenuous day of sight-seeing in the museum and art galleries of London, where in an ordinary studio the action commences. The dreamer is a charming girl, who in the first act is Elspeth Tyrell, in the second and third, the period of her former existence, Lady Elizabeth Tyrell, and in actual life, Miss Minnie Dupree. "The Road to Yesterday" may not possess quite the delicate literary flavour of "Peter Pan,"—which in many respects remains a unique offering—but it is more skilful in invention and in point of dramatic interest and dramatic sequence is superior to the Barrie gem. Those rare qualities of poetry and romance are also present to an unusual degree.

In this year's offering, "The Rose of the Rancho," Mr. Belasco has evidently found a popular successor to "The Girl of the Golden West." "The Rose" tells a charming story, brimful of action and romance, and the picturesque background of Spanish America is utilised with all the stage skill for which Mr. Belasco is famed. A feature of the production is the excellent performance of Miss Frances Starr, a prepossessing and skilful young actress, whose name must also be included in the season's encouraging list of "discoveries."

The prolific Mr. Clyde Fitch has this season added two new plays to his numerous literary offspring, one, "The Straight Road," a serious sociological study, the other a comedy of modern life called "Truth." The title of the latter is somewhat a misnomer, as the story has chiefly to do with untruth in the form of a prevaricating young wife, whose indiscretions, innocent enough in themselves, have, through her fatal habit of lying, involved her in serious complications, from which she is finally extricated only with great difficulty. Mrs. Clara Bloodgood enacted this rôle in her own clever, convincing way, and had it not been for certain obvious weaknesses in structure, the play would undoubtedly have achieved a considerable success at her hands.

"The Straight Road" is a more or less

graphic account of the slums, a side of life which the author has handled with a great deal of characteristic vigour and dash. The picture is bold in its outlines, and the crude, vivid colours are put in with, at times, startling effect.

"The Ambitious Mrs. Olcott," by Leo Ditrichstein and Percival Pollard, one of the last of the season's offerings, is an interesting story of love and intrigue woven into the diplomatic life of Washington. A charming woman with two matrimonial experiences to her credit, the employment of a State-secret to intercept a third, the intervention of a foreign *attaché* to defeat the nefarious scheme, and the incidental reading of some lessons in public honour, are the chief items of the narrative. The play was admirably presented, with Mr. Leo Ditrichstein and that sterling English actor, Mr. William Hawtrej, in the leading rôles.

Miss Eleanor Robson's metropolitan season in repertoire, opening with Zangwill's "Nurse Marjorie," already noticed, and followed later by Clyde Fitch's "The Girl Who Has Everything," "Susan in Search of a Husband," and "A Tenement Tragedy," culminated in "Salomy Jane," by Paul Armstrong, author of the "Heir to the Hoorah," of recent fame. Like many others of our dramatists, Mr. Armstrong still finds his inspiration in the west—in "God's great out-of-doors," among people who live life somewhat at first hand; where love, hate and kindred human passions have free play, and where justice is usually dispensed without the formality of law. "Salomy Jane" is a decidedly interesting play of this breezy, western sort, with, however, the importation of a Kentucky feud to add excitement to its scenes and to further complicate the love affairs of its charming heroine.

In the rôle of the western girl, Miss Robson has found a possible rival to her own delightful "Merely Mary Ann," both in the measure of its popularity, and in point of effective characterisation. Associated with Miss Robson also is that excellent character actor, Mr. Reuben Fax, of whom Canadians will be interested to hear. His performances have invariably provoked favourable comment, but his *Colonel Starbottle* in "Salomy Jane"

proved in its own way as decided a hit as the star's own performance.

The Empire engagement of Miss Ethel Barrymore has so far resulted in a revival of "Captain Jinks," a first production here of John Galsworthy's "The Silver Box," and a revival of Captain Marshall's comedy, "His Excellency the Governor." Of these "The Silver Box" is by far the most important from any point of view. Structurally, Mr. Galsworthy's play may have serious faults and his mental bias is always apparent. But he tells a story that is worth the telling, with a directness and skill that many other playwrights might well envy. The impression of the play that will remain longest, however, is Miss Barrymore's acting in the central character. Miss Barrymore, in certain comedy rôles to which she can lend her great personal attractiveness, has ever been a favourite. But her realisation of the inherent tragedy of this simple charwoman's life, her skill in conveying its moving pathos, were a revelation of emotional depths heretofore unsuspected.

Singularly enough, too, the ever-adorable Ellen Terry, whom we have invariably associated with the most joyous comedy, has in her recent visit made her deepest and perhaps most lasting impression in a tragic rôle. The part of "Lady Cecily" in Bernard Shaw's sparkling comedy, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," written especially for her, of course fitted her precisely, giving free scope for the expression of her many vivacious acting charms, her lovely womanliness, great good sense, as well as native graciousness of manner. Her "Nance Oldfield," too, is an old delight, but it remained for Heijerman's "The Good Hope," a play of wonderful tragic impressiveness, to reveal Terry's acting art in its full maturity.

Among other events worthy of more than passing note, must be named the production of Bernard Shaw's "Widowers' Houses," at the hands of Mr. William Hawtrej and a capable cast; a revival of the same author's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," with Mary Shaw in the title rôle, and "The Reckoning" ("Liebelei") by Arthur Schnitzler, a problem play of sincere emotional and literary interest,

produced by Mr. Robert Hunter, with Katherine Grey in the leading rôle. "All-of-a-sudden Peggy" by Ernest Denny, a London success of last season, in which Miss Henrietta Crossman as the impulsive Peggy on this side, found abundant expression for her own vivacious acting charms, was another delightful

comedy offering of the new year. Not since "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," has Miss Crossman been so well placed.

The season just concluded has witnessed comparatively few efforts in the dramatisation of novels, a condition we may at once ascribe to the number and quality of original plays offered.

A June Madrigal

BY DONALDA L. WALLACE

YOU could but marvel in the woods to-day
That I so blind the blossoming turf did tread,
Where Spring had lately found a dreary way,
And left a path with fairest colours spread

No flower can fail,
No rosebud die,
I'd miss from its accustomed place.
All charms must pale
In earth and sky,
When near me glows your well-loved face.

You say bird voices most melodious trilled;
On ears that heard not fell their joyous song.
With more enchanting sounds my heart was filled,
For you were speaking as we passed along.

Those vernal strains
Will wander wide,
The songsters leave the silent trees,
But still remains
Where you abide
The noblest of all harmonies.

The sunbeams must have touched the sombre ground
And tinged with gold the green beneath our feet:
Their light to me was darkness, for I found
In your clear eyes a radiance more sweet.

Outside that ray
A world of night
Fast held in wintry gloom I see.
Ah, bid me stay
Where, warm and bright,
The whole year round Spring smiles on me.

Over the Tiles to Charlie

By TOM GALLON

*This story throws a strong sidelight on a great problem—
the distribution of wealth.*



"ICH it couldn't possibly be the mice, sir." Mrs. Liles stood with her hands folded under her apron, and regarded her master with a blank face of perplexity; her eyebrows seemed to have disappeared completely into her black bonnet. "An' as for cats, sir, w'y there ain't so much as the w'iskers of one about the 'ouse!"

"Personally, Mrs. Liles, I don't see how the mice are likely to have carried off the whole of a chicken pie—dish and all," said Mr. Charles Raynell, with a faint smile. "You are perfectly certain, of course, that there is no other explanation to give as to the disappearance of food day after day like this."

"I know no more than the dead, sir," replied Mrs. Liles piously. "I on'y know it's there of a night w'en I leaves the place, an' goes back as is my duty bound to Liles; I on'y know it ain't there in the mornin'."

"I suppose you don't suggest, for example, that I walk in my sleep, and get through a whole chicken pie?" demanded Mr. Raynell, somewhat sarcastically.

"To say nothink, sir, of a quartern loaf," supplemented Mrs. Liles. "No, sir, I do not."

Mr. Charles Raynell stopped in the act of filling a pipe, and without looking round, spoke as gently as he could. Mrs. Liles had been with him in the capacity of daily cook and housekeeper for some considerable time; but Mr. Liles was out of work (chronically), and Mrs. Liles was but human. "You know, Mrs. Liles, anybody that didn't know you as well as I do might suggest that you had carried off these things—by mistake, you know," he said slowly.

Mrs. Liles said "Oh!" three times in

succession, something in the manner of pistol shots, and flushed indignantly. "I give you my word, sir, that not so much as a bone of the chicken has passed me lips, nor wouldn't, not if I was starvin'. Oh, sir, 'ow could you?"

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure; I never really believed anything of the kind," he broke in hastily. "But I think you'll admit that it's all very mysterious. There's not the slightest sign of the place having been broken into; not a door nor a window disturbed; and yet these substantial viands are constantly disappearing in the night. It's no ordinary burglar, Mrs. Liles; nothing of value is ever taken. And it can scarcely be a joke on anybody's part. I repeat that I do not like it."

"I don't like it either, sir," said Mrs. Liles, sniffing and putting a corner of her apron delicately to the corner of an eye. "Me 'aving me character took away on account of a chicken pie—to say nothink of a quartern loaf."

"Last week, you will remember, an almost untouched leg of mutton also disappeared," said Raynell. "However, I intend to take measures to find out how it happens; I intend to discover for myself who it is that in some mysterious way contrives to steal food—and food only. That will do, thank you, Mrs. Liles; and please don't think anything about my unjust suspicions."

"I dessay in your place, sir, I should think the same meself; but I wouldn't take so much as a hounce of anythink, not even for Liles." The good woman shook her head virtuously and retired.

It certainly was very mysterious, and as Mr. Charles Raynell had said, he did not like it at all. The element of comedy about the thing disappeared in its uncanny air of mystery; the man did not like to

think that in some fashion a stranger was able to gain access to the house, and get clear away again, leaving no trace as to how an entry had been made.

Some three years before that time Mr. Charles Raynell—bachelor of thirty-two and man of means—had taken up his residence at No. 29 Todddington Terrace. Other people in Todddington Terrace wondered a little who he was, and why he should elect to live alone, save for the daily company of the highly respectable but seedy-looking Mrs. Liles; for Mr. Raynell was decidedly young and good-looking, and had scarcely the appearance of a man soured with the world. Yet that is precisely what the man had told himself was the case before he came to Todddington Terrace.

It began with a woman—as most things do in this world—and it must be confessed that the lady (for the sake of her sex she shall be nameless) treated a good man rather carelessly and casually. In the end she married somebody else, after an affecting farewell to poor Charlie Raynell. Telling himself that he had done with the world, he came to Todddington Terrace, and set up in a house many times too large for him. There he buried himself with his books; there he lived his simple, quiet life, with the culinary and bed-making help of his housekeeper.

Time, that greatest of all healers, laid its hand upon him, and upon the heart he had believed was broken, and gently showed him that there was not very much the matter with his affections after all. Three years before he would have scorned the suggestion; now he smiled a little bitterly, and thought that perhaps after all, Time was right. He was still young—still that happy-natured Charlie Raynell most people had liked; he began, almost without knowing it, to look out of the windows of Todddington Terrace on to a world that might possibly hold something for him still. Of course, he could never love another woman; that was quite out of the question; but there were other matters besides love in the world.

It was about that time, when he had lived for some three years in Todddington Terrace, that he began to notice the young

lady who put her head over the railings. (I am quite aware that that reads something like an old nursery jingle, but it is the only way I have of describing the extraordinary effect she first had upon Charlie Raynell. He thought of her always afterwards—or at all events, for a very long time—in that way).

It happened thus. He was seated one evening in his comfortable dining-room, and Mrs. Liles had been waiting upon him. The meal was well cooked and excellently served, and he had enjoyed it. It was only when he got half-way through it that he happened to turn his head, and to see the young lady outside. It being a fine night, and Todddington Terrace being a place where few people walk in the evening, the blinds were up; and the room, being lighted, was fully exposed to the street.

The young lady was holding on to the railings by both hands; and that brought her chin just on top of the spikes. It was a pretty chin, and the face altogether was wistful, and as it seemed somewhat sharper in its lines that it should have been for anyone so young. But the most remarkable thing about the face was a pair of great brown eyes staring with all their might, not at the man, but at the table. But for the utter absurdity of such an idea, it might have seemed that the young lady was hungry, and was staring in like any common child at food beyond her reach.

The curious part of the business was that she did not seem to see Charlie at all; she just stared and stared at the food. At last he could stand that white, wistful face no longer; with some vague intention of speaking to her, he got up and crossed to the windows; and in a moment she dropped back into the gloom of the Terrace, and was gone.

He hurried to the door of the house, and opened it and looked out; there was no one in sight. At first he had an uncanny feeling that it had been a mere apparition, and that he had not seen any real person at all; then he reflected that if she had run quickly after first seeing him she could have got out of sight round the corner before he could reach the hall door. He

wished he had not got up from the table; he began to wonder about her—most of all to wonder who she was.

He saw her once more—holding on to the railings in just the same way, and staring in; but on that occasion it was only for a moment, and then she fled as before. He might have thought more about the matter, but for the fact that the mysterious disappearance of the leg of mutton occurred that week—and following that the chicken pie was lost; to say nothing of the quartern loaf. He gave himself up to probing that mystery, and quite forgot the young lady who put her head over the railings.

Mrs. Liles brought "Liles" down to assist her in probing the mystery; and "Liles," being introduced, proved to be a stolid-faced, sandy-haired man, with a feeble chin and a deficiency as to forehead. "Liles," on the matter being placed before him anxiously by Mrs. Liles, in the presence of her master, as to how he thought the burglary could have been effected, put his head on one side, and murmured something about "chimbleys" and on that being scouted, proceeded to tap the walls with his knuckles in various places, perhaps under the impression that there was a secret passage somewhere. Receiving a shilling for his trouble, he went away quite satisfied with his own wisdom and deep powers of penetration.

Charlie Raynell determined that that night he would watch on his own account, and would if possible catch the thief in the very act. The better to be prepared for anything that might happen, he carefully loaded a large revolver he had purchased some years before, and determined that if necessary he would not hesitate to shoot anyone attempting to force an entrance. Then as it was growing dark, he proceeded from top to bottom of the house—(or perhaps I should say from the bottom to the top)—in order to discover the most likely place that would be selected by any desperate ruffian for entrance.

The basement had heavily barred windows, and the doors were securely bolted and locked. Ascending to the ground floor, he found that heavy old-fashioned shutters guarded the windows, and that

the hall door had no less than five different fastenings. The windows on the next floor, and on the next above that clearly could not be reached except by means of a ladder; only the attics remained unexplored, and it scarcely seemed worth while for him to penetrate so far as that.

He had never been in the attics; so far as he was aware they had never been used. He made up his mind to go up to them now, more out of curiosity than from any other motive; he mounted a short and steep flight of stairs, and thrust open a door, and went in. He heard the squeak of a mouse, and the quick scamper of the small thing across the uncarpeted boards. Cut into the sloping roof was a deep window through which the moon was shining and making a pattern on the dusty floor. Some odds and ends of furniture and a portmanteau or two were pushed against one wall; for the rest, the place was empty.

He stepped across to the window, and touched it; it came open at once. He swung himself up and looked out, and saw that a parapet ran to right and to left of him, and that opening on to the parapet were other windows like that out of which he looked. He dropped back into the room, and closed the window softly, without fastening it, and stood for a moment or two lost in thought.

"Now, why didn't I think of that before?" he said at last. "It's the simplest thing in the world; the thief crawls along that parapet, and drops through that window, and the whole house is at his mercy. Though why in the name of all that's wonderful he takes food only I can't for the life of me understand. Well, tonight at any rate someone will be on the watch for him. It's perfectly disgraceful that the house should have been left at the mercy of any one in this fashion; besides, how am I to know that something has not been stolen besides food? I dare say if I looked round the house I should find lots of things gone."

He watched that night in a corner of the attic, seated uncomfortably on a portmanteau; but nothing happened. At about three o'clock in the morning, when he was tired and cramped, and cold and half

asleep, he crept downstairs to his bed, and slept later than usual in direct consequence the next day.

Mrs. Liles, hovering about to wait upon him at his breakfast, fingered the edge of her apron, and gave him a startling piece of news. "That was a tender cut o' beef last night, sir," she began.

"Very—and nicely cooked," said Charlie, going on with his breakfast.

"Gorn! gorn, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Liles, with a sort of gulp. "Snatched away, sir, before it 'ad 'ardly bin enjoyed."

Charlie Raynell laid down his knife and fork, and stared at her. "You don't mean to say——"

Mrs. Liles nodded vigorously, and put her apron to her eyes. "W'ich I would wish to leave at once, sir," she sobbed; "some'ow I don't seem to like the feel of the 'ouse. Seems to me, sir, it's sperits."

He was on the point of telling her of his discovery on the previous night, but checked himself; he would have the glory of the capture alone. As a matter of fact, he raged within himself at the thought of this cool thief who could actually wait until he had gone to his bed before raiding the place in this impudent fashion. This time he would wait all night, and woe betide the ruffian when he was caught.

He waited a week—night after night in that cold attic—and nothing happened. Then one night, when he had almost decided to give up the game, he waited there, and was rewarded by hearing a sound outside the window. It was a rainy, gusty night with no moon, and the attic was almost entirely dark; in fact, Charlie Raynell only knew that the window was open when a whiff of cold air struck into the place. Then he heard a light thud as someone dropped to the floor, and then the stealthy movement of feet as the intruder stole across the room to the door and opened it, and went out.

"I'll wait and catch him red-handed," thought Charlie to himself. "He's sure to come back this way."

He unfastened a coil of rope from an old box, and got it ready in his hands with a slip knot. He had not long to wait, for presently he heard the burglar returning through the darkened house; heard him pause for a moment at the door, and then

come into the attic. He was carrying something, because when he got to the window he opened it cautiously, and then set that something on the window sill. And that was Charlie Raynell's opportunity.

He stole forward cautiously, and flung the rope over the head of the dark shape before him; put his strength into the business to draw the rope tightly about a pair of struggling arms. And when that was done, all in a grim, tense silence, with only the hard breathing of two people to break it, he left his captive, and walked across the attic and struck a light.

"Now, my friend," he said, as he bent over the candle, "let's have a look at you?"

Even as he bent above the candle he thought he heard behind him in the darkness a little, quick sob; bewildered, he caught up the light, and turned swiftly and faced his prisoner. Faced in that moment, not the burly, scowling man his primitive ideas of burglars had suggested, but a young, slight girl, who stood slim and patient, with her arms bound tightly to her sides by the cruel rope.

It was the lady who had looked over the railings! The only difference in her appearance, apart from the excitement that shone in her dark eyes, was that now she was hatless and her dress was stained and dusty where she had climbed along the parapet.

"What are you going to do with me?" she breathed, giving a sudden little lift to her chin that was half pride and half resentment. "You've got me tight enough; you needn't be afraid of me."

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered Charlie; and made a movement towards her, with the intention of unfastening the rope.

She stamped her foot and moved swiftly away from him. "Don't you dare to come near me!" she exclaimed. "You've acted like a coward—like a brute, and I——" . . . She suddenly dropped her head upon her breast and burst into tears, looking a pathetic figure enough standing there weeping and helpless, and with her arms bound.

Charlie Raynell hesitated no longer; he moved swiftly towards her and almost roughly untied the knots and let the rope

drop at her feet. Then in a masterful way he put an arm about her shoulders and gave her a little shake.

"Come, don't cry; there's nothing going to happen to you," he said gently. "I dare say it's all a joke, and you can explain it. Come downstairs and talk to me."

She shook him off, keeping her face covered with her hands. "I don't want anything to do with you," she said. "I'll confess everything. I've had a chicken pie—and a leg of mutton—and now tonight——"

"You're forgetting the beef," he broke in icily. "As I find it very necessary to have some explanation, I'm afraid I must ask you to accompany me downstairs; I don't want to use force."

She lowered her hands slowly, looking at him. "And the alternative?" she asked.

"I'm afraid the only alternative is a policeman," he replied soberly.

She gave a little gasp, shut her eyes for a moment and nodded. "Very well, sir," she said slowly, "you must do as you wish."

He took up the candle which he had placed on the window ledge, and which was flaring in the wind; then motioned to her to go in front of him. She walked out of the room and down the stairs. He thought as she went that she tried once or twice to put into place little flying tendrils of hair, and also to whisk some dust surreptitiously from her dress. He showed the way into the dining-room and set down the candle there and looked at her. A sudden new whiteness in her face alarmed him, and he made a movement to set a chair for her. But she waved him back.

"I'm all right, thank you," she said, holding on to the back of a chair, and swaying a little giddily. "Now, what do you want to say to me?"

"I want to know all about it," said Charlie, feeling perhaps at that moment meaner and smaller than a man likes to feel in the presence of a woman. "I've seen you before, you know; you're the lady who looks over the railings."

She nodded quickly. "That began it," she said. "I saw you—from outside, and

it hurt me to see you having a great meal like that."

"It hurts me now when I think that I had it," he replied gently. "You were—hungry?"

"Oh, it wasn't for me," she said. "It was for someone else—someone who couldn't help themselves. I'd have starved rather than steal for myself; I'm young and strong; besides, I—I understand."

"And the someone else doesn't understand?" he suggested. "I wish you'd sit down; you'd make me feel less a brute if you did."

She looked at him with sharp suspicion for a moment; then sat down. She sat prim and stiff, and he thought as he looked at her that she had the face of a child, though it was a tired face at the best. Her hands were slim and white; her dress was thin and shabby, and it almost seemed, by the length of it, that she had outgrown it a little. She tucked her feet under her chair and pulled her skirts down further over her knees.

"You haven't told me yet who had the food," he reminded her.

"Is that necessary? Will it get that somebody into trouble?" Her lips trembled a little as she asked the question.

"Nobody's going to get into trouble at all," he assured her. "But I think I ought to know something about it all."

"It was for my father," she said, in a low voice. "Oh! you needn't think he knows anything about it; he's much more of a child than I am in everything—poor, kind, old thing. He doesn't think about matters of food, and such things as that; he only expects to be called to meals at certain times and to find it ready; some one's looked after him like that all his life. He writes books you know—wonderful books, that take years and years to write—and then no one ever reads them afterwards—not even the subscribers. Some day lots of people will read them—some day when poor father's dead and it's too late."

"I begin to understand a little," said Charlie. "And I suppose the time came when there was no money left for food, and you were afraid to tell him, eh?"

She nodded solemnly. "I dared not;

it would have stopped the work," she said. "You see, it's the most important work he's ever done, and he's already been two years at it. It's a 'History of Money,' and it dates from the earliest times, when you wouldn't think there had ever been any money in the world at all. If you come to that," she added, with a demure little smile, "there doesn't seem to be very much now."

He was silent, while he looked at her and wondered what he was to do. Now that her first terror had passed, and she had unbent a little to him, she seemed in all things so much a child that he could but treat her whimsically. She, too, was evidently puzzled at the situation—wondering a little what was going to happen to her.

"As you are my prisoner, I have a right, I suppose, to question you," he said at last. "In the first place, your name?"

"Lucy Youlden," she replied.

"You don't look very old."

"A little more than nineteen," she said softly. "And I live next door. We've got lodgings there, right up at the top of the house." She broke off to ask a question. "Could you let me go now, if I promise to—to give myself up afterwards?"

"Why?" he asked in return.

"Because father will be expecting his—his supper," she said, with a vivid blush.

"And you've left that upstairs," he reminded her, laughing. "Do you propose to return the way you came? Because, if so, perhaps I might be allowed to assist you."

"Of course, I must go back the way I came," she said, getting to her feet quickly. "And you needn't think I'll take—what I stole to-night," she added in a lower tone. "We shall manage somehow; something's sure to happen."

"Yes, I expect something'll happen pretty quickly," he responded with a smile. "As for the food—(was it a pie this time?)—if you don't take that with you, I shall take the liberty of following you and putting it through the window."

"You're very—very kind to me," she replied, almost in a whisper. "When shall I—give myself up?"

"If you could make it convenient to call at about eleven to-morrow morning?" He spoke politely, with his hand upon the door.

They went up the house together, and he got out first through the window, and assisted her after him. In that extraordinary fashion they proceeded along the parapet, and he watched her disappear into her own window. At the last moment she raised her face to his and whispered "good-night."

True to the appointment made, she presented herself before him in the morning, only on this occasion she came in shamed and angered; stood before him like a little fury with clenched hands.

"You've been to see father!" she exclaimed.

"I have," he replied calmly. "I watched you go away, and I went in and introduced myself. Also, being much taken with the monumental work now in progress, I subscribed for fifty copies at a guinea apiece."

"And paid in advance," she interrupted him fiercely. "I suppose you know that the work will probably never be finished?"

"I take that risk—very cheerfully," he said.

"Father always finds 'kinks' in the work when he gets to about the seventh volume, and then he begins to re-write it. Oh! don't you see how mean you are!" she cried. "You leave your food about, so that anyone is bound to be tempted beyond their strength, and then you give your dreadful money . . . Oh, I'm sure I beg your pardon; I know quite well why you did it—and I'm grateful. Besides, you know," she added more hopefully, "the book may be finished, mayn't it?"

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," he replied. "But I want you to understand that I did it because I should like you to forget what happened last night—my brutality in tying you up as I did—and threatening you. This is a beastly unequal world, little friend; on one side of a mere party wall you find an idle man like myself, with more money than he knows what to do with, and with strength enough to dig for a living if necessary; and on the other side a weak, young girl, with the

burden of two lives on her frail shoulders. I want to make it a little more equal, if I can; at least as far as you're concerned."

"I wish—I wish with all my heart I could do something for you," she said, with the grateful tears springing to her eyes. "Won't you tell me if there's anything I can do for you?"

"Some day, perhaps," he replied, looking steadily at her. "I'm almost sure that some day you'll be able to do something for me."

And seeing that the monumental work and its author have been transferred to the other side of that party wall, and that the "kinks" in that work are being smoothed out in a room very near the attic in which Lucy was once made a prisoner; and seeing also that a blithe little lady sings about the old rooms, and is addressed by Mrs. Liles (supplemented in these days by a couple of smart maids) as "Mrs. Raynell," I am almost inclined to think that Lucy found a way to do something for him after all.

I Whispered to the Bob-o-Link

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

I WHISPERED to the Bob-o-link.
 "Sweet Singer of the Field,
 Teach me a song to reach a heart,
 In maiden armour steeled."

"I only know one song," said he,
 "And that I cannot tell to thee."

I whispered to the sweetest Rose,
 "What doth thy fragrance stir?
 Tell me the charm that I may touch
 The deep, sweet heart of her."

"'Tis in the wind, the charm you seek.
 But of the name no Rose may speak!"

I whispered to the quiet Lake,
 "What draws the stars to thee?
 Tell me, so may her starlike eyes
 Create a heaven in me."

The calm Lake rippled this reply,
 "The stars are mine—I know not why."

"Sweet Maid," I said, "I cannot learn
 A charm to make thee mine,
 And in my heart no grace I see
 To lift it up to thine."

Stooping, I caught her whisper low,
 "I love thee—why, I do not know!"

Poetry, Poverty and Spring

By MARGARET O'GRADY

A striking contrast in every-day life that too often goes unobserved by the eager throng.



T was spring that very day. Oh, the madness and gladness of it! The air pulsed with bird-song. The streets teemed with children and moving vans. You shuddered at the outlook, which was garish, and the surroundings, which were sordid. Poetry and beauty were to be found in the park, where the younger trees looked self-conscious in their fresh leaves. The grass blades were tenderly tolerant, while a few awkward robins pecked industriously in search of worms. Above, a sky of everlasting blue, flecked with silly little white clouds, like *chiffon choux* stuck on with grateful artlessness. On an irreproachable bench, that exuded generous whiffs of splendid, green paint, you lolled luxuriously, taking long breaths and thanking Heaven for being alive, dreaming the golden hours away, while respectable neighbourhoods laboured in the throes of spring cleaning. Pouf! Neighbourhoods lack temperament. To-morrow, then, for littered drawers and shrieking wardrobes.

At that very moment the deep throb of the mighty city beat and broke through the exclusive aloofness of tulip beds and haughty elms. Down immaculately kept paths prudish youth sauntered decorously, while distinguished infants, in prodigious *lingerie* bonnets, were perambulated by pert nurse-maids with appalling exactness. Occasionally an automobile, panting and agitated, dashed past, freighted with veiled women and impenetrable *chauffeurs*, leaving in its wake a malodorous cloud of dust. Handsome equipages, smart frocks, gleaming silks, exaggerated *coiffures*, smiling emphasised eyes, flashed by in a bewildering confusion of gorgeousness and

colour. It was all so beautiful and quite uncommercial enough to soothe the poetic soul and quiet the practical mind. Just then a careless cloud slipped across the sun, and Poverty seated herself on the other end of the bench. She was garbed in rusty and ancient black, her hair and eyes were faded, and she had an altogether hand-me-down air. There were holes in her shoes, and she had but one glove. She was extremely dirty and entirely hopeless.

There are degrees of poverty. This was the thirty-third degree.

To be absolutely poor!

Ah, how dreadful! Imagine existing on one scanty meal a day and going to bed to keep warm. Again, awakening in the morning to desolation and at night sinking to sleep in despair. In fine, such a life becomes a detestable farce, invariably dragged out to a sullen and prayerless end.

Poor, pale, wretched creature of the slums! The slums? Oh, yes, of course, where the submerged tenth, the great unwashed, vegetate; where dissolute tenelements crouch together—and vile odours assail one; where slattern mothers call shrilly to the dirty, unkempt children sprawling noisily on the sidewalks. Sorrow and suffering had laid heavy hands upon this soiled dove, this woman of the streets, and God seemed very far away. And you knew and she knew, too, that one day they would find her when her drug-sodden soul had slipped into eternity.

On that glorious spring day you had sought poetry and had found poverty. Meanwhile the birds sang madly, and the daffodils simpered and pouted at the foolish little white clouds.

A Plea for Woman Suffrage in Canada

By PROF. R. E. MACNAGHTEN

To show that woman suffrage would improve and enormously increase the power of the family vote.



At the recent Federal elections held throughout Australasia last December, every adult woman was for the second time in the history of the Commonwealth enabled to exercise the privilege of the franchise. For Federal purposes the Commonwealth of Australia includes not only the whole continent of Australia, but also, the large and important island of Tasmania. Thus throughout an enormous extent of territory the political enfranchisement of women is already an accomplished fact; and this fact has surely added significance when we remember that Australia is the one continent in the world which is British in its civilisation. Here, and here alone, the British flag, British government and British institutions hold undivided sway; and in this great and magnificent country it has been realised for the first time in the world's history that women have a distinct and important part to play in contributing to the welfare of the body politic. Even if Australia were a small and unimportant country, the fact would not be without significance; but when we remember the size, wealth, resources and progress of the Island-Continent, the precedent thus set may reasonably be expected to appeal to the world with added force and weight. A political organisation which is of such extent and importance as the Commonwealth of Australia cannot be lightly regarded by other countries. Its vastness compels attention; and some idea of its relative capacities may be gathered from the fact that were the rest of the habitable globe to be submerged beneath the ocean to-morrow, there is—with the single exception of diamonds—probably hardly any commodity which is now enjoyed by man that the Com-

monwealth of Australia could not still continue to produce and utilise.

That the extension of the franchise to women has been a real success in Australia can hardly, I think, be disputed by any unprejudiced person; and sufficient time has passed since its first introduction to enable us to take a broad and dispassionate view of the case. Ninety per cent. of the men of Australia, to whichever of the great popular parties they might belong, would, I believe, agree in stating that the concession of the vote to women had been a real benefit to the State; and it must be remembered that though it is only four years since the Commonwealth of Australia adopted the principle, it had been in operation for at least a decade previously in the neighbouring islands of New Zealand, and thence had been adopted by what was then the colony of South Australia; so that when the electors of the Commonwealth endorsed the enfranchisement of women, they were not committing themselves blindly or rashly to a new or untried experiment. It was the success of the principle in New Zealand which led to its adoption in South Australia; it was the success of the principle in South Australia which made it an almost necessary concomitant of the new constitution when the Commonwealth was inaugurated.

It is indeed remarkable and interesting to note with what ease a political change—which some persons might have been tempted to regard as a revolution—was brought about in Australia and Tasmania. At the time when the representation of the various Australian colonies (including the island colony of Tasmania) agreed to unite “in one indissoluble federal constitution under the Crown, and under the constitution hereby established,” one of the contracting parties, namely the colony

of South Australia, already possessed the franchise for women for its local Parliament. It was felt that to alter the voting lists in South Australia would be a cumbersome and retrograde step, and therefore it was agreed that in the case of South Australia the first Federal elections should proceed on the basis of adult (male and female) suffrage. But the principle of female suffrage being thus admitted, it was realised during the session of the first Federal Parliament that its limitation to one state was absurd and ridiculous; and with very little opposition the Federal Parliament agreed to the extension of the principle to all the Commonwealth (or Federal) elections. Once more, when women had thus been admitted to the vote for the Federal Parliament, it was apparent that to deny them the vote in the smaller and less important area of local politics was even more absurd; and thus in a very short time almost every individual State has accepted the principle in State as well as in Federal elections.

Now, it is sometimes said, as an argument against female suffrage, that "women do not really want the vote." What has happened in Australia *since the granting of female franchise* is, I think, a clear and striking disproof of that assertion. I admit, of course, that before the suffrage was granted to the women of Australia, there was no very manifest or outspoken indication of such a desire. It is difficult indeed to see how such a desire could be articulated or formulated without recourse to such means as have lately astonished the English public, of which I hope to say more presently. But on the other hand that women, since the boon has been granted, have shown the fullest and most intelligent appreciation of their privileges will hardly be denied by any one conversant with the actual facts of the case. In the towns women vote, if anything, in greater proportional numbers than men. In the country, owing to the long distances which have to be traversed, and the fact that the farmer's wife is generally unable to leave her household duties, the case is somewhat different, though even there, so far as the villages are concerned, the women are exhibiting remarkable political acumen.

And not only are women, by going in great numbers to the polls, showing that they fully appreciate the privilege conferred on them; but they are also introducing new, and what I think must be regarded as more scientific, methods into political and electoral organisation. Let me give an example to illustrate this fact: At the time when the Federal franchise was first conceded to women voters I was residing in the State of Tasmania. There was already in existence in Hobart an organisation entitled "The Women's Franchise Association," which had been originated with the purpose of securing female franchise. Though the original object had been largely attained, the association was not disbanded. On the contrary, its members, representing some of the ablest and most cultured women of Southern Tasmania, immediately set to work to prove their utility in the coming election. In addition to other work they organised a series of weekly meetings, each of which they invited two or three of the Federal Candidates to address. This was an entirely new departure. Formerly each candidate had merely addressed his own supporters in his own district. But, acting whether instinctively or of set purpose, the Women's Franchise Association introduced a new and, in my opinion, an incomparably better method. The comparative method is the one truly scientific method, and it was this which they for the first time utilised. The result was extraordinarily successful. Candidates were eager to be invited to address the Association, and woe betide the man who refused. And the benefit gained by the enunciation of opposing views by different speakers at the same time in the presence of an audience whose one avowed object was to ascertain the truth, was a real advance on anything which had been attempted before. This indeed appears to me a distinctive and salutary characteristic of the women's vote, that it above all things endeavours to ascertain and act on the merits of the case. And this point has attracted the attention of a recent writer in New South Wales, whose words I may quote: "For the first few years of their political enfranchisement their principal effort has been

to educate themselves as a body in political ways. And their education is still going on; has, in fact, only begun. But the lines in which their influence is to be specially felt are gradually becoming clear. In the first place they have very largely declared themselves against privilege, against monopolies of all kinds, against the raising of the cost of living by a protective tariff, in favour of individual liberty and therefore against socialism, in favour of temperance, moral and physical cleanliness, and all that goes to build up a good national character. They are organising throughout the states, and their power is already great."

While thoroughly agreeing in the main with the writer of this extract, I do not think that the implication that female suffrage is necessarily anti-socialistic in character is borne out by the facts of the case. Since the establishment of female franchise by the Labour Party has made considerable progress in Australia, and the result of the last Federal election points still more clearly to the same tendency. The true view would rather seem to be that the access of the female vote makes no perceptible difference in matters of cut-and-dried policy. If a Conservative Government be in power with male suffrage, it would gain approximately the same proportional addition of votes under a system of female suffrage, and the same principle holds true in regard to a Liberal or to a Labour party. It is not because female suffrage gives any advantage to a particular political party (a view which certainly cannot be substantiated by the actual results of the franchise in Australia), but rather because in all matters, and especially in what I may term matters of social politics, the woman's vote has a purifying, an elevating and an ennobling influence, that the granting of female suffrage in Australia must be regarded as an unqualified success.

The question then naturally arises why, when the women of Australia have received and proved themselves worthy of this privilege, the same right should any longer be denied to their Canadian sisters? It surely cannot seriously be argued that there is any real difference between the two cases, or that the mere environment

of the Southern Cross has such a benign political influence, that the individual who can exercise her vote when living in Tasmania, New Zealand or Australia should be disfranchised if she comes to Canada. The women of the Commonwealth and of the Dominion alike belong to the same race, have the same civilisation and are distinguished from the rest of the world by the same national characteristics. And if it be true, as seems to be generally conceded, that female suffrage in Australia is exercising a purifying influence in the domain of politics, it might well be argued that Canada has even more need of such an influence than Australia. The proximity of the United States (where the political atmosphere has long been notoriously corrupt) has not, it would seem, been altogether ineffective in introducing certain of the least desirable of American methods across the boundary line. If Canadian political life is ever to attain that purity and serenity which all right-minded citizens must earnestly desire, it would seem that the shortest and most effective road to it would be through female suffrage, and if, as seems beyond question, the women of Canada were to use such a privilege with the same intelligence, earnestness and appreciation as their Australian sisters, there is surely no reasonable ground for doubting that the same beneficial results which have been noticed in Australia would be equally noticeable here.

It may, of course, be said that, in view of what has recently transpired in England, the present is hardly a suitable occasion, for advocating the claims of female suffrage. To such an objection a double answer may, I think, be made. In the first place the account of the behaviour of the ladies who by somewhat novel means endeavoured to attract the attention of Parliament to their demands appears to have been greatly exaggerated. Thus Mrs. Fawcett in a letter to the *Times* tells how, at the recent meeting of the National Union of Women Workers—a body which is distinguished for sobriety and ability—Miss Robins (authoress of the "Magnetic North,") sent up her name desiring to speak. "She described her own recent experience in regard to the

group of women suffragists, eleven of whom are now in prison.* *She said she had read the accounts of their proceedings in the press and cordially condemned them.* Feeling, however, that her knowledge of them and their methods was necessarily incomplete in the absence of personal observation, she thought she ought to attend some of the meetings. She did so, and instead of finding them to be what they had been described, she discovered that they were a body of earnest, sincere and self-sacrificing people, and that what had been written about them was 'extraordinarily and flagrantly untrue.'" The fact is that the comic papers, headed by *Punch*, seem to have seized on the incident as being capable of a ludicrous development, and thus to have given a somewhat unfair and exaggerated idea of the facts.

But, secondly, even if the facts had been as they were first reported to be, they at least give a positive and conclusive denial to the argument that "women don't want the franchise." However undignified the conduct of some of these ladies may have been, it at least finally disposes of that time-worn criticism, and to that extent offers a very practical excuse for any excess of zeal which they may have displayed. Under these circumstances there is some reason in Mrs. Fawcett's contention that these ladies were compelled by the necessity of the situation to adopt "other and more sensational methods to force the attention of the country to the claim of women to share in the advantages of representation." In this connection it must be added that, however undesirable may have been the methods adopted by these ladies, they were at least entitled to impartial justice. This, as Mr. Bernard Shaw has clearly demonstrated in a recent letter to the *Times*, they certainly did not get. When Charles Bradlaugh endeavoured to take his seat in the House of Commons without taking the oath, he was ordered to withdraw, and when he refused to obey the Speaker's mandate, he had to be removed by force. Yet it was never suggested that he should be imprisoned for his contumacy, and it is hard to see on what principle a

different and severer punishment should have been meted out to the pioneers of the franchise movement. While some allowance may not unreasonably be made for the prejudices of an old-established and conservative country, the mere fact of such a prejudice existing is surely no argument for its perpetuation in a country like Canada, which may be well expected to show a more excellent way. And the present time, when great questions of national and international policy must inevitably be faced, seems a peculiarly fitting one for introducing into our political life those elements of clarifying and refining influence which, I believe, will always be found to be the inevitable concomitant of the admission of women to the councils of a nation. In countries where the system has not been tried, there generally seems to be prevalent a sort of feeling that an unknown danger lies in the fact of suddenly doubling the number of voters. That feeling, which often undoubtedly exists, does not, I believe, in any way realise the true facts of the case. If I may express my meaning by a paradox, female suffrage does not have the effect of duplicating the voting power by the admission of a large body of voters of unknown calibre. The increase being a mere proportional one does not for practical purposes really make any numerical difference so far as *quantity* is concerned. If a thousand voters give their suffrages for a successful candidate under adult (including female) suffrage, the quantitative result is really the same as if five hundred had voted for him under a principle of adult suffrage. The real difference is in the *quality* of the vote. And in this regard there is a genuine and sensible difference, though it may be somewhat difficult to analyse or define. None the less does it exist. However incapable we may be of specifying the exact causes, most men will admit that the presence of a woman in the house makes all the difference between comfort and misery, and that what Matthew Arnold might have termed the "sweetness and light" of family life contrasts in the most striking and obvious manner with the squalor of a bachelor's den. And the same subtle and almost

*The italics are my own.

indescribable element which pervades domestic life through the presence of woman, *does* also assuredly make its influence felt, when women take part in the political life of a nation.

Nor would it be hard to find other and more particular reasons for the extension of this privilege to the female sex. The individual woman will probably exercise the suffrage with greater conscientiousness than the ordinary man. This is, of course, a very difficult point to prove, but it will at least hardly be denied that women will not be so prone to sell their votes for such paltry bribes as have often in the past turned the scale of elections where only men were the electors. There have been, and I fear still are, places where the successful candidate's poll bears a curious relation to the number of glasses of beer which have been drunk in his favour and at his expense. There still are quite a number of men whose political views are so hazy that a glass or two of beer will turn the scale. I remember being present at a cricket match in Australasia in which one of the candidates for a coming State election (whom we will call Mr. Z.) was playing. After luncheon was over one of the players came out of the booth, and said to a friend in tones of fervent gratitude and admiration: "Mr. Z. *shouted* for the lot of us."

To "shout," I should explain, is the Australian term for "to stand a drink." I have little doubt that by the judicious expenditure of two or three dollars Mr. Z. gained quite a number of votes. This incident happened before the days of female suffrage; since its introduction the value of beer as an electioneering agent has very largely decreased, because any suspicion of the employment of such means would immediately cause a considerable body of the enfranchised voters to offer the most determined opposition to the guilty candidate, on conscientious grounds alone. Indeed, I feel quite positive from what I have actually seen that the introduction of female franchise has considerably cheapened the cost of elections owing to candidates being compelled (and very willingly compelled) to be more strict in their expenditure.

Again, while the admission of women

to the franchise is already doing much to abolish the petty and sordid bribery of the public house, the same purifying influence may reasonably be expected to be displayed in larger and more important directions. It is, for instance, impossible to believe that the appalling political and municipal corruption which is eating like a canker into the life of the United States would be possible or tolerable when once women gained the vote. The growth and continued existence of such an organisation as Tammany Hall may be ascribed to two causes: first, that the average male voter is too busy in the pursuit of a livelihood to be able to devote much or any time to the proper study of municipal politics; and secondly, that he is not sufficiently endowed with the consciousness of civic responsibility to feel that he is bound to spare the time. The thorough-going and conscientious manner in which the women of Australia have prepared and are still preparing themselves for the exercise of the franchise is a sufficient proof that so far as the latter of these two points is concerned the advent of women voters is bound to exercise a salutary influence. But the fact that the admission of enfranchised women must necessarily include a class which is largely a class of leisure is an even more important consideration. Of all busy men the wealthy man of affairs is the busiest. A thousand schemes, a thousand engagements, demand his constant attention. And thus it is precisely the man who in a new country is most required for the conduct of public and municipal affairs, who is least able or least inclined to spare the necessary time. But with his wife and his daughters the case is very different. They have leisure in super-abundance, and to such an extent that they are frequently tempted to devote "their all too numerous leisure hours" to empty and frivolous distractions. By such women as these, and by the wives and daughters of thousands of business and professional men, the time necessary for the proper study of political and social questions can be easily given; and the opportunity of useful work often proves extremely acceptable. And they can now come to the task equipped with all the

necessary preparation. The higher education of women has already in all English-speaking countries accomplished so much that the women of the leisure classes are just as potentially capable of dealing with difficult social and political problems as men. And if men be more fitted by the nature of their sex for the adjustment of purely political questions (and this is after all a matter which still remains to be proved), it is hardly questionable that women in virtue of their sex are peculiarly fitted to deal with all those social-political problems with which some question of domestic economy is in any way concerned. Such questions as poor-law economy, hospital organisation, the housing of the working-classes and all those educational matters in which the problems of the household are reproduced on a larger scale, are clearly within the natural and proper province of woman, and much of the mismanagement of the past is assuredly owing to the fact that women have so long been excluded from their legitimate and natural sphere. Moreover, for the consideration of all such problems women have one great advantage, in that they do not by predisposition attach the same importance to precedent and form. Even the ablest and most successful of men are inclined to bow down and worship before the altar of red-tape; and this routine tendency in the case of the average male often produces the most deplorable results. A striking concrete illustration of the inherent difference between the sexes in this regard is afforded by the advent of Florence Nightingale on the stage of the Crimean War, which I give in the words of Dr. Fitchett: "Into what Russell calls 'the hell' of this great temple of pain and foulness moved the slight and delicate form of this English lady, with her band of nurses. Instantly a new intelligence, instinct with pity, aflame with energy, fertile with womanly invention, swept through the hospital. Clumsy male devices were dismissed, almost with a gesture, into space. Dirt became a crime, fresh air and clean linen, sweet food, and soft hands a piety. A great kitchen was organised which provided well-cooked food for a thousand men.

Washing was a lost art in the hospital; but this band of women created, as with a breath, a great laundry, and a strange cleanliness crept along the walls and beds of the hospital. Muddle-headed male routine was swept ruthlessly aside. Some stores had arrived from England: sick men were languishing for them. But routine required that they should be 'inspected' by a board before being issued, and the board, moving with heavy-footed slowness, had not completed its work when night fell. The stores were, therefore, with official phlegm, locked up, and their use denied to the sick. Between the needs of hundreds of sick men, that is, and the comforts they required, was the locked door, the symbol of red-tape. Florence Nightingale called a couple of orderlies, walked to the door, and quietly ordered them to burst it open, and the stores to be distributed!" The recent revelation of similar incapacity in the conduct of the hospitals during the Boer War seems to show that the controlling influence of woman is still needed under like circumstances.

I have reserved for the end of my article what I regard as the strongest argument in favour of female suffrage. It is an argument which I do not think has been advanced before, but to me at least it appeals with irresistible force. It is sometimes said that as married women will generally vote on the same side as their husbands, the reason for a large proportion of the female sex being admitted to the franchise is *ipso facto* eliminated. While agreeing with the probability of the statement, I utterly dissent from the conclusion which it is sought to draw from it. Doubtless in at least ninety cases out of a hundred wives will vote for the same candidate as their husbands (or husbands will vote for the same candidate as their wives); and I may add that the grown-up daughters of the family will probably also vote on the same side as their parents. But far from being an argument against female suffrage, this fact surely affords one of the most cogent pleas in its favour. The vote of the married man in any community is always and necessarily a conservative vote in the best sense of the term. The married man

from the very fact that he "has given hostages to fortune" represents more than any other man the element of stability in national life. With the increasing facilities and increasing opportunities of modern civilisation, the bachelor may be here to-day and at the other end of the world in six months' time. He has no unavoidable ties to keep him to the spot, and wherever fortune seems to offer the best chance of success, thither will he go. With the married man the case is very different, and especially so as regards a married man with a growing family. For such an one a move is so difficult and expensive that countless causes hold him to the place in which his lot happens to be cast. And the necessary consequence is that he has a far more abiding and provident regard for the country in which he is settled than the man to whom that country represents little more than a place of temporary sojourn. Whether he be a

Tory or a Radical in politics, his vote will certainly be cast with some regard to the permanent stability of his country, and the future welfare of his family. In other words his vote will always be a vote of relative prudence and conservatism. Now the power of this prudential vote will be enormously increased by female suffrage. If we calculate (and I think the figures are probably understated) that on the average every married man will under female suffrage also represent the vote of a wife and one daughter, then it is clear that this most important element of national stability will be increased in power by two hundred per cent. In other words, besides all its other advantages, female suffrage must inevitably tend to an enormous increase in the power of the family vote, and that vote is bound to be cast in the best interests of the State, of which the family itself is the origin and prototype.

The Deserted Schoolhouse

BY OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY.

IT stands forsaken near the road,
The schoolhouse that I used to know,
And holds unbroken through the years
Its mem'ries of the long ago.
The ceilings drop long cobwebs gray,
The door's old hinges creak and groan;
But ghosts of childhood days live there,
And hear the oldtime hum and drone.

The sun looks through the windows dim,
As if to watch some task or game;
The wind slips o'er the benches old,
And stirs the dust on some carved name.
The wide crack still is in the floor
That once kept straight our restless feet,
How hard it was to read and spell
When summer's heart-strings softly beat!

When shadows sit at battered desks,
And moonbeams pale peer through the gloom,
Faint echoes from the voices gone
May whisper softly in the room;
Faint echoes from our merry songs,
Or some far-off forgotten prayer,
May rise or fall like dying breath
Upon the silence brooding there.



THE GIRLS
CARRY
THE BANNERS



A ROW OF
FIRST
COMMUNICANTS



PRIESTS IN ELABORATE VESTMENTS PRECEDING
THE SACRED HOST

The Fête Dieu

By ESTHER BOTTING

*A great religious festival, perhaps the most imposing
to be seen in Canada.*



THE procession of Corpus Christi, or the *Fête Dieu*, is the great open-air celebration of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada. The festival has about it a mediæval atmosphere, as indeed it might have, considering that it was first instituted, it is said, in Italy by Pope Urban IV, about 1264 A.D., because of a "miracle" by which a doubting priest at Volsinii was convinced of the truth of the doctrine of transubstantiation. In Vienna and Munich, in Spain and France, the festival in honour of the Eucharist has been celebrated for centuries with great pomp and ceremony.

From almost the very foundation of

the town of Ville Marie, now the city of Montreal, the Corpus Christi celebration has been observed in its due season. In 1646, as an ancient historian observes, there were in the procession "two French angels, who led between them a little savage." Throughout the Province of Quebec the small towns, as well as the cities, all have their annual *Fête Dieu*.

Corpus Christi is a movable festival. The procession takes place on the Sunday following Trinity Sunday, although the date really falls on the Thursday, but for several reasons the Sunday celebration is found more satisfactory than on a week day.

In Montreal, when the day is fine, spectators gather by many thousands

along the route of procession. It is a mixed gathering that borders the pavements, four or five deep. There are members of the Roman Catholic communion who, from physical indisposition, or because they prefer more private observance of their religion, or for various other reasons, do not join in the procession; Protestants, interested in the religious point of view of so many of their fellow-citizens, or, for the most part, simply looking on from the spectacular standpoint; a sprinkling of Orientals and other foreigners regarding the unusual scene as another part of the life of this strange, new country; a few Jews standing aloof with a disdainful smile for all Gentile delusions.

The streets through which the procession is to pass have been decorated the previous evening. Flags and bunting flutter from windows and house fronts; Latin inscriptions—"Hostia Sanctus," "Venite Adoremus," "Agnus Dei"—and garlands of evergreens span the street or extend along either side. Here and there, on ledges outside the windows of some dwelling, are the household images, with vases of bright-hued paper flowers.

After the celebration of mass, the procession starts from the church of Notre Dame amid the ringing of bells. In

advance are three or four mounted constables and a posse of policemen with visages solemn beyond their wont. A *Suisse d'église* heads the procession, whose official rank, notwithstanding the gorgeous robe of crimson and silver, is that of a beadle. He carries the staff of his office.

Then follow the congregations and religious societies of the various parishes in order, passing slowly along with banners and mottoes, hymns and vocal prayers. Down the street, as far as one can see, is a slowly advancing stream—children, women, and men—above whom hang numberless white silken banners, each telling by picture and inscription its own story from Scripture or tradition.

There are many children in the procession. Little girls in white dresses carry the image of the little Jésus on a flower-decked stand. Other little girls enveloped in the white veils of their first communion follow, singing and carrying banners. Then larger girls holding the ribbons of many banners, emblematic, "*Les Mystères Dououreux*," in one group; "*Les Mystères Joyeux*" in another. A line of novices in black is followed by sisters of the community with downcast eyes and hands folded inside their loose sleeves. Grey nuns have with them some of the larger of the many orphans in their care. Boys of the



THE CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION, SHOWING THE BALDACHIN, OR CANOPY

Christian Brothers' school are accompanied by, here and there, a Brother or two in long, straight black cassock. The white ribbon streamer on the left arm of little boys in several groups signifies that they have made their first communion. Children of Mary from some of the congregations, young women in black gowns and enveloping white veils bear a statuette of the Madonna and Child. The theologians of the *Séminaire de Montréal*, in short, white surplices over the long, black *soutanes*, pass on each side of the road, some with eyes kept devoutly fixed on the book of devotion in their hands, others still observant of the sun-lit world about them. Groups of monks in brown serge and sandals swell the numbers.

Young ladies in fashionable summer dresses and flower-trimmed hats are there. Middle-aged and old women, with tired faces and bare, work-hardened hands, tell their beads with silently moving lips, or respond aloud to the prayers the priest is reciting. There is no class distinction, a titled lady of eminent piety walks, it may be, next a woman who goes out to work by the day.

A touch of vivid green is given by the plumage in the head-gear of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the tufts of red and blue feathers on the Father Matthews banner indicate the temperance society of St. Patrick's with a decent following. As the men pass, some of them slow and stooping with age, a low rumble of half-audible prayers mingles with the sweet voices of girls and nuns raised in the *Ave Maria* farther along the line. And everywhere there are banners, banners. It takes the procession about an hour to pass any given point.

Finally the 65th regiment, the guard of honour, lines up, to a march of its band. Choir-boys in white and red pass through. Priests in richly embroidered vestments and white surplices, bordered a foot deep with lace of price, appear, preceding the baldachin—a canopy of cloth of gold, surmounted by nodding white ostrich plumes at the four corners. Beneath the canopy walk the highest dignitaries of the church,



BOYS CARRY A FIGURE OF CHRIST

one, with uncovered head, carrying the golden ostensorium containing the Host. Before it walk acolytes swinging censers, and as it passes, the faithful on the sidewalks fall upon their knees, and the men uncover their heads. After the canopy follow members of the bar and other citizens. A *reposoir* is erected at the end of the route, sometimes in front of Laval University, and is embowered in palms, garlands of greenery, and many flowers. If the procession take that direction, the ostensorium is carried into St. James' Cathedral, where the great altar is ablaze with light. The people fill the vast space, the organ peals out, the priests about the altar pronounce a benediction, the perfume of incense steals through the church.

Out again in the sunshine, the procession re-forms, and through other streets returns to *Notre Dame* whence it started. The bells in the east tower clang and clash, the great *Bourdon* booms out, the myriad lights about the great altar blaze forth, the organ thunder bursts, the baldachin is borne within, and the vast gathering of people disperses.



THE CASINO, MONTE CARLO

Monte Carlo

By H. S. SCOTT HARDEN

Glimpses of an entrancing spot, where the gayety and recklessness of Europe finds plenty of scope.



N the 13th May, 1858, in the midst of a deluge of rain, the present prince, then ten years old, laid the foundation stone of the Casino on Monte Carlo. One morning, while the building was slowly progressing, M. Blanc called on the proprietors, who were in difficulties, and offered them three hundred and forty thousand dollars for their rights and property. "I shall give you," he said, "three hours to consider the matter, for I return to Nice in the afternoon. In the meantime I am going to breakfast, and I shall be back at half past two."

On that same day, the 31st of March, 1860, the offer was accepted, and the agreement signed. François Blanc died seventeen years afterwards, leaving a fortune of twelve million dollars.

Monaco is the one clean city on the Mediterranean, and there is no more beautiful spot in the world when the sun is rising in the cloudless sky, bringing brightness and warmth, or at that magic moment when sinking behind the ranges of the Maritime Alps, displaying in its setting the beautiful and varied succession of tints which characterise the sunsets on the Riviera. From Marseilles to Menton there are no two places alike—

each outvying its neighbour in brightness and colour, but Monaco and its surroundings surely beat them all.

Even in midwinter the long orchids, the purple anemone and the violet clothe the hillsides, while in February and March, wild thyme, lavender and roses scent the air round the olive woods, and amidst orange trees and palms and eucalyptus, form a most picturesque carpet under the clear sky. Few visitors to Monte Carlo have time to see the old palace on the isolated rock of Monaco, rising as it does in all its grandeur nearly two hundred feet above the sea. The attractions in Monte Carlo itself are far too great.

As you pass down the steps from the rock you see the Casino with the gilded domes shining in the sun like some temple of prayer and peace. Your eyes wander across the picturesque gully of La Condamine with its quaint homes and the little fleet of fishing boats lying at anchor in the bay—and perchance a yacht or two flying the White Ensign or Stars and Stripes of some millionaire. You follow the houses where the officials live, near the spot where the body of St. Devote, a Roman martyr, was stranded. Then you walk along the roadway by the sea and ascend the steps which lead to the terrace in front of the rooms. Then you should look back on Monaco, and no one who does so ever forgets that view.

The Casino stands in gardens kept by a small army of men dressed in blue uniforms, who are always busy among the palms and flowers. At every turn there is an official who watches the passers-by and perhaps a detective who takes a snapshot of some undesirable looking person. The magnificent hotels and restaurants, gaily decked with creepers and evergreens, invite the traveller to halt and pass within—for from the open doors come the refreshing sounds of mirth and festivity, and the view of some of the most beautiful women in the world. As one enters the Casino one receives an entrance card which entitles the lady or gentleman to play. You cannot carry anything with you in your hand save a purse, or a small bag. The rooms are open all the year round from 11 a.m. until

midnight, but it is after Christmas that the real season begins; then for three months every seat at the tables is occupied, and there are rows two or three deep with outstretched hands listening to the sound of the *croupiers* calling continually "*Messieurs, faites le jeu.*"

There is a saying that if you go often to Monte Carlo you meet everyone you have ever met. That, of course, is absurd—but it is extraordinary the number of people who go there and how some of them ever reach this attractive spot.

The majority play *roulette*, partly because it is easy to understand, and no doubt because five-franc pieces called cartwheels are allowed at the tables. Here it is the money is made by the bank, for everyone seems reckless. The very air, stimulated by every sort of perfume, forces one to stay and infuses one with eagerness to win or lose. There are three tables in gilded chambers where larger sums are admitted and where frequently the bank is broken at *trente et quarante*. At *roulette* the largest sum allowed at once on a *chance simple* is 6,000 francs, or 1,200 dollars—at *trente et quarante* the chances are determined by cards—the smallest sum admitted is twenty francs, and the largest twelve thousand, or 2,400 dollars. Here the stakes must be divisible by twenty, and the winner receives an amount equal to the stake. Many people have worked out and tried systems, and ninety-nine out of a hundred have failed. Perhaps the most simple is backing a colour, and I have seen red turn up thirteen times. The organisation in the rooms is perfect. Frequently there are discussions and heated arguments, but if there is any doubt the person invariably who claims the money is paid. With a table covered with coins and notes, sometimes five pieces on a single number, and coins at every corner on the *carré* or *transversale*, it is impossible for the *croupiers* to note all the correct amounts on each.

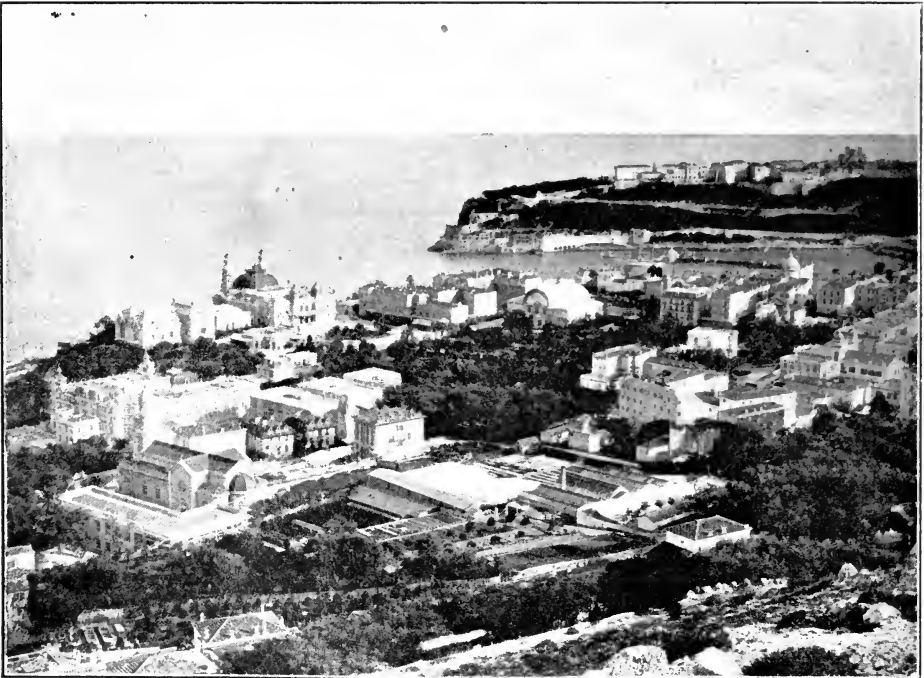
I remember some years ago, about the time Lord Kitchener met Marchand at Fashoda, when the relations between England and France were highly strained, and thinkers in every European country

considered that war was inevitable, I was standing near a *roulette* table and had staked a louis on number eleven. The wheel went round and the ball dropped into my compartment. There was another coin on eleven. When the money was paid out a Frenchman near me claimed seventy-two louis, or twice the amount he had won. I took some of the coins as they were thrown over the cloth and drew the *croupier's* attention to the fact that they were mine. The Frenchman, who had been dining not wisely but rather too well, was furious and made a complaint. Fortunately the *croupier* had seen me stake a louis, and immediately decided in my favour—whereupon the infuriated foreigner commenced to throw louis into the circular tray which had again commenced to revolve. This stopped the play and the players were extremely annoyed. The Frenchman then shook his fist at me, and seeing that I was English said: "You may take Egypt, but I insist on having my money." He was promptly removed by the officials. It

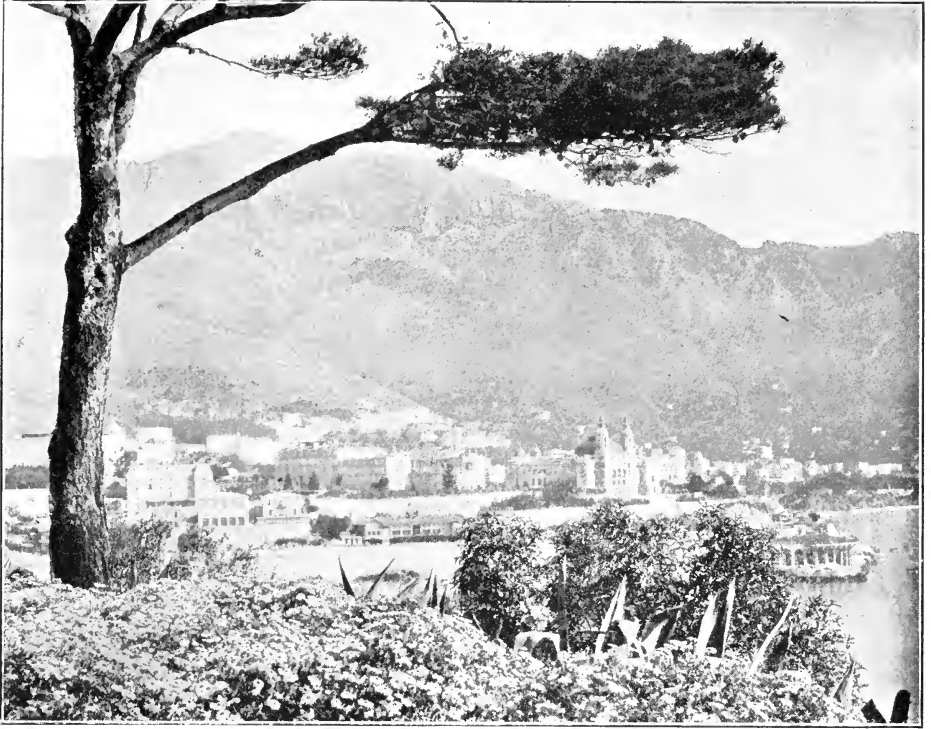
frequently happens that a player loses everything and has not the wherewithal to return home. In those cases application is made to the Secretary, and if it is proved that much money has been lost in the rooms a railway ticket is granted, called a "viatica." It is impossible after receiving this to return to the rooms. I know of a man who was given one, and three years later came back to Monte Carlo to try his luck; he was refused admittance until the amount of the viatica had been refunded.

One of the most interesting places in Monte Carlo is the Mount de Piété, the Government *paru* office, which lies close to the Funiculaire railway up the mountain to La Turbie. Here rests priceless jewels which once belonged to an Empress or some Grand Duke. It is only twenty minutes' walk from the Casino to the eastern border of the principality—a bridge over a little valley, half of which belongs to the Prince of Monaco and the other half to France.

Away up above Monte Carlo, surrounded



MONTE CARLO, FROM THE MOUNTAIN SIDE BEHIND THE CASINO—MONACO
IN THE DISTANCE



MONTE CARLO, FROM MONACO—THE CASINO IN THE MIDDLE RIGHT

by pines, is the famous Corniche road, the ancient Roman track which runs from Paris to Rome. It is reached by a steep and rugged path through the valley of Monaghetti, or by steps cut in the mountain side—*en route* you pass the old Tropea, erected by Augustus as a trophy of his victories over the Alpine tribes and which was used in the middle ages as a fortress. Near by is an old building where nowadays one rests amongst the aloes and olive trees. Here there is a church and image of the 16th century commemorating a far older image and

which has been solemnly chosen by the town of Nice as its special patroness. It is visited on Trinity Sunday by hundreds of pilgrims and numbers of cripples who are brought there in the hope of a miracle.

The other attractions at Monte Carlo during the season are the *Tir au Pigeon*, and the tennis courts, where English and Italians are the chief exponents. The *Grand Prix de Monte Carlo* is the blue ribbon of pigeon shooting, and one sees the best tennis players in Europe gathered in the gravel courts near the *Hotel de Paris*.





Canadian Celebrities

No. 76—REV. DR. A. E. BURKE

THE Maritime Provinces boast of few, if any, millionaires. Their comparatively small area still possesses an enormous acreage of undeveloped natural wealth. Their industries are scattered and barely remunerative. They save themselves from obscurity, however, with the vitalising blood of their sons, which aids in the upbuilding of our Dominion from coast to coast.

Prince Edward Island, like its two sister provinces, has produced and is producing its proportionate share of great Canadians. This smallest unit in Confederation can to-day count hundreds of its successful children, both in the various portions of the British Empire and in the American Republic. Among them all, at home or abroad, none are more noteworthy or deservedly popu-

lar than Rev. Dr. A. E. Burke, of Alberton, P.E.I. Since his ordination by the late Cardinal Taschereau, of Quebec, in the early eighties, this talented priest has been noted as a most liberal-minded cleric and strong, indefatigable publicist. That he has been energetic and conscientious in the discharge of his purely parochial duties, the briefest visit to his parish of Alberton would show. His church and its immediate environments testify to his zeal in that direction; as does also his popularity with his parishioners. But Father Burke is a living denial of the every-day theory that all churchmen are narrow-viewed, their intellectual horizon being identical with the boundary of their parishes. He is a champion as well as a teacher of the people, not only of his co-religionists, but of his fellow-citizens. He is a man of the world,

without any of its worldiness; a whole-hearted priest and lover of his people; a zealous advocate of the rights which are contained in our British heritage. There is nothing suggestive of the demagogue about him. He is not a mere lover of words, a notoriety-seeker, but a man who is slow to begin an argument, and slow to give his just convictions up.

Though an optimist, he is not an idealist. He is a man who is thoroughly convinced that the gospel of Christianity enjoins a gospel of work. And he is a strenuous example of his belief. With a willing brain, he has industriously occupied his leisure moments in the study of horticulture. It is due largely to his active enthusiasm that his native Province is becoming so justly famed for its plentiful, luscious fruit. In the other branches of agriculture he also takes a practical interest. Stock raising, bee keeping, etc., engage his attention. He is not merely a superficial student, nor a hobbyist, but a firm believer of experience as a final proof, and an advocate of utility as opposed to mere theory. His constant contributions to the agricultural journals of the Dominion give ample evidence of this fact; for they are noted for their extensive knowledge, sound advice, and breadth of view.

As a publicist, Father Burke is not only esteemed by Prince Edward Island, but by the Federal authorities as well. So great is the confidence of his fellow-provincialists in him, that he was appointed the head of the Provincial delegation which journeyed to Ottawa in 1904, to discuss several important features of the British North America Act with the Government. It would not only be false, but decidedly uncomplimentary to state that Father Burke has no enemies. If such was the case, anyone would be perfectly justified in terming him a demagogue or know-nothing. No man who ever stood determinedly and uncompromisingly for the rights of himself and his colleagues, has ever been blessed with a monopoly of well-wishers. This public-spirited priest is no exception to this universal rule, although it is safe to say that his admirers far outnumber his opponents.

Prince Edward Islanders are everywhere credited with a superabundant amount of energy; in the New England States they have been for years playing a hard clean game with the strenuous Yankee, the everlasting contest of dollars and cents, where victory goes only to the strong. Is it the cool, invigorating ozone of the ocean, the enormous consummation of sea food, which Professor Agassiz declared to be productive of a powerful mentality, or the healthy exertion of breaking the soft rich soil of this Island of the Gulf, which is mainly the cause of that high average of brain and body that these men from the east maintain? Pseudo-scientists may attempt the solution of the problem, future students of environment and its relation to evolution may study it with success; we, of the present, however, are content to view it as a generality in connection with some particular examples. It is scarcely necessary to state that this tireless worker from our easternmost Province possesses a great share of this energy and determination of purpose which is so characteristic of the men from his section of the Dominion.

"Father Burke says the island *must* have the tunnel," declared a Toronto journal some time ago, "let Father Burke dig it himself."

We may assure ourselves that Father Burke would certainly begin this monumental task, pickaxe in hand, if he possessed the strength and endurance of the Samsons who are yet unborn. As it is, he is content to be the indefatigable and public-spirited agitator. When all other means of winter communication between the isolated Province and the mainland have been found ineffectual, it is generally conceded that more expensive measures must be tried.

Personally, Dr. Burke is a charming host and a delightful conversationalist. His sense of humour is a prominent characteristic, and it has helped to enliven many otherwise embarrassing situations. Though a scholar, he is not a pedant, but is at all times approachable by all his fellow-Canadians who visit his beautiful island home.

William Pitts.

The Last Mound

By ALFRED PALMER

*The terrible fate of a man overcome by land-madness
in Saskatchewan.*



MIDDLE-AGED man alighted from the north-bound train at the insignificant station of Kendurn, Saskatchewan. He was a rather portly person of about forty-five, with dark hair thickly streaked with gray, and a clean-shaven, fleshy face, with small, restless eyes, which fully expressed the alert business mind within. He immediately walked over to the immense unpainted lumber cube, which in large, rudely-formed black letters rejoiced in the fact that it was the "King's Hotel." There he entered his name in the visitor's book: J. W. Mauget, Winnipeg. This done, the traveller stepped a pace or two towards the middle of the room and surveyed the silent group of farmers seated in a row of arm-chairs ranged against the wall around the room. These good people were staring at him as one man. He took a cigar from his case, lighted it, blew several clouds of fragrant smoke therefrom, then turned towards the host who had by this time succeeded in spelling through the name entered by the traveller in the desk-book.

"What are chances for a rig good and early to-morrow morning?" he asked.

The host slowly replied: "Both rigs are away, but one should be in to-night if they can make the ferry. Guess we'll know before bedtime."

Mauget seated himself in one of the chairs. He was still the centre of all eyes, which fact, by the way, did not seem to cause him the least embarrassment, as he puffed at his cigar and watched the curling smoke and sat at his ease. This self-confident, well-dressed man was in sharp contrast with the rough-clad farmers, Nature's field-men, that surrounded him.

A tall, lean, elderly farmer, Asa Lobb

by name, who sat on his right, was the first to break the silence with him. He asked of Mauget, simply: "Looking for land?"

"Not exactly," replied Mauget, without any hesitation or reserve. "Not exactly, as we already have some few thousand acres now on our hands which should carry us through this season—unless, of course, we have any snap offered us. If these people can scare up a rig for me I intend driving out to Vender to-morrow and take a look at some of the dirt we have that way."

"To Vender, eh?" queried the old farmer to himself; yet quite aloud. Then slowly, after quite a pause, he continued as if he had succeeded in digging up some recollections from his mind by sheer effort. "Vender, ah; I s'pose you are the Mauget & Co.? Them as is buying up all land in sight, eh?"

"Yep," quickly replied Mauget, blowing out a big cloud as if it was a thank offering to that fact and his own importance. He then turned his face towards the old farmer in a confident manner, to watch the effect. His eyes met those of the farmer. These small, keen eyes glistening from an ambush of heavy, drooping brows were fastened on Mauget with all the intensity the old man could command. Yet in that grisly old face there was no expression to divulge the thoughts that were passing slowly through the old farmer's mind. Mauget, with all his self-confidence, felt that he was the subject of the old man's thoughts and that these same thoughts were intensely critical of him. The old black hat which shaded the tanned face, the "going-to-town" coat of the shoddiest of tweeds, the patched overalls, and the long, sinewy hands that lay extended upon the arms

of the chair after the manner of those black marble statues of the antique Pharaohs—he had seen such appearances a hundred times before on just such men, and could look forward to see them a hundred times more—but this face that held back thought and had such curious, searching eyes, that he could not fathom, was an unusual experience. He distinctly winced, but why he did so he could not understand.

The expected rig did not arrive. The ferry had broken down and the two rigs were stranded on the other side of the river. Mauget peevishly cursed his ill-luck.

"Was anyone present going Vender way?" he asked.

No one. Old man Asa Lobb, who lived twenty miles north-west of Vender, was going home to-morrow; he might ride out with him and stay off at Benjafield's and ride back with the mail carrier, who called there to-morrow night. This would enable him to see his land. Thus argued the host, and in the end it was thus arranged.

The rest of the evening was passed by Mauget enlightening the farmers as to the enormous profits made in land speculation; how well he had done and how well everyone else could do, if only everyone would help and "boost the country." He succeeded in arousing the "land hunger" in more than one of the hitherto contented, listening farmers. Old Asa, although he listened very attentively to all that was said, did not again speak, except at one point, where Mauget was extolling in an exceptionally coloured way a successful farmer he knew down in Manitoba who, by manipulating his homestead, borrowing money on it, buying more land and selling that at a higher figure, had at length owned a whole section without a cent against it. Then Asa quietly asked him whether he remembered such and such a verse in the Book of Ecclesiastes. Mauget turned to him with a studied look of indulgence and smiling sagaciously to the listening group, drily replied that "he didn't just quite."

"It would be as well for ye and for the peace of mind of others if ye did," retorted the old man.

But they were too excited over the golden dream to take any stock of such a remark.

The morning broke gray and cool. The south-west horizon was heaped with angry storm clouds, and the thick, steely clouds in the eastern sky were struggling fiercely to obliterate the sunlight that pierced them in small patches or reflected beams.

Mauget came from the door and placed his valise in Asa's democrat himself, climbed on to the seat and composed himself for the drive.

The horses responded slowly to the chuck and the vehicle moved as if reluctant to depart from that tiny centre of civilisation.

The storm, although so menacing in its aspect, seemed loth to break, and our travellers had covered a goodly number of miles, in fact were in sight of the first corner stake of Mauget's lands, before the first outbreak occurred. Soon after old Lobb pointed out a small iron rod sticking in the centre of a small mound that marked the beginning of Mauget's cheaply bought lands. Mauget stood up and feasted his eyes on the broad expanse of heaving grass, gay with a profusion of brightly-coloured wild flowers. It was good. He was delighted with the lands, and began to estimate his bargain.

After a time the land became rather rolling and streaked with sloughs. This was far from pleasing to Mauget, who viewed levelness in land as value—indeed, as a market essential.

They arrived at a ridge from which the watchful eyes of Asa discerned a house at right angles with the road. It was Benjafield's.

The old man ventured a suave remark that as they had succeeded in covering so much ground in the face of the storm the wisest thing to do was to at once make for cover before the violence of the storm overtook them. The old man anticipated a refusal, but the "pshaw" of Mauget was of such an irritating nature that Asa determined not to go a step further.

"Say, Mister, here's for the house, and no fooling."

"Say," pleaded Mauget, in his excitement to see all the land, "it's only two and

a half miles to the last mound and two miles from there to the house."

The old man tightened on the reins but did not move the team. They looked fixedly at each other—each was grimly determined now.

"Well then, you can hike off to the house or to the devil, and I'll foot it," Mauget angrily exclaimed. He lit a fresh cigar, put on his overshoes and stepped down from the rig. This resolve in the face of such weather was rashness. At any other time he would have been the first to admit it, but now he was vexed, doubly vexed at the poor quality of the land, and at the stubbornness of Asa in placing the convenience of his team before his.

The rain now began to fall heavily. It was very cold, and chilled him. His low overshoes did not for very long protect his feet from the damp grass. He had extreme difficulty in keeping the line and had wandered very considerably out of his way before he was able to reach the first mound he had set out to find. By this time the storm had burst with a wild fury. Still he had no thought of turning back.

Wet through, miserable, feeling his utter loneliness, he, for the first time today, in fact for many days, looked into the landscape surrounding him. Of course he had looked at it daily, but now he looked into it, realising that he was not outside of it or apart from it, but of it and part of it. He had been moving, not above the creatures of the world, but with them, although thoughtless, senseless and blind to the many profound connections that linked him to them at every turn.

What did his quarter of a million dollars' value avail him now? The thought mocked him as it had mocked many a miserable man before when sundered from comradeship. So Nature thus brought him to a stand and compelled him to feel, although it could not thus suddenly teach him to comprehend, his present position, where unsustained by the social props that had supported him in his daily intercourse with men that he was now like a cripple that had lost his crutches. He viewed his revealed impotence with disgust, even tinged with anger. He was unimpressed by the revela-

tion of the mighty powers that confronted his speck of will power, dominated as it was by greed.

He arose from the stone on which he had rested and looked into the face of the storm, exclaimed bitterly with the voice of despair, "I will make that last mound before I quit!" Desperate words, O desperate man! He clambered up and down the many knolls and coulees totally regardless now of preserving his clothes from the soiling of the mud. As he walked the pain in his side tormented him and his breath was shorter. However, he struggled on and did not rest again until he had reached the fence that bounded the farm of the reckless Irishman on whom the firm had foreclosed. The house, as rugged as its late luckless owner, stood a little back from the road, and between him and the end of the quarter. It was a very forlorn-looking place now. Rory's hard reputation did him more harm than his spasmodic fits of diligence could make right. The marks of his conquest over the primeval prairie were thus being obliterated, and silently and sadly he had passed on to some other place, no one knew where, or cared for that matter—except the one or two who had seen and felt the human warmth of that wild heart—old Asa was one of those who *knew* him. The wind sighed through the broken roof as Mauget looked in, but he did not care to enter. It seemed the house of the dead, but of the dead that never rest: the sighing winds were their voices, and these were perpetually lifted up with complaints to their mother Nature, of wrongs inflicted on her life-loving children.

He went on slowly, holding his side. The mist seemed to tire his eyes and he was obliged to keep a fixed gaze upon the knoll where the last mound lay to prevent himself from going quite astray.

Suddenly he noticed a dark object near this mound that seemed to be moving. What was it? Confound this hazy rain. It was moving—it seemed to be like a man's head. A cry burst from his feverish lips; he had recognised in that dark object beside the mound the tweed coat, the faded blue overalls and the slouched hat of old Lobb.

Mauget shouted like a crazy man.

"Hi, hi, hi! Old man, here am I! Where's the rig? Why don't you come over here? I'm done up." No answer came back from the figure seated at the mound.

He staggered on for a few paces; stopped and shouted again to the silent figure ahead. "Here you, why don't you bring that rig? Hell, can't you see I am done up; done to death." The word "death," uttered in a spasm, slipped out without thought, without the intention to utter it, but once out it seemed to have been flung from him by an inner force stronger than his will. He was now afraid. The terror was overcoming him, and possessing him. It controlled his speech, and presently would control and then vanquish him in the end. But, the old man over there, silent though he was, had he not come over to meet him? Had he not come to save him, to get him to the house? Why, of course, this was the fever: who wouldn't have the fever passing the last few hours as he had done? But the last effort had quite exhausted him; his heart was fluttering like a newly caught bird beating its pinions against the wires of its cage.

He painfully pulled himself up to a large stone that lay close to the mound, clutched it, drew himself partly upright, and gasped out his protestings at the old man: "Why don't you reach me your hand? Can't you see I am quite played out?" The head of the figure which had been slightly turned away from Mauget now moved to look him in the face. One of the long, lean hands slowly raised and

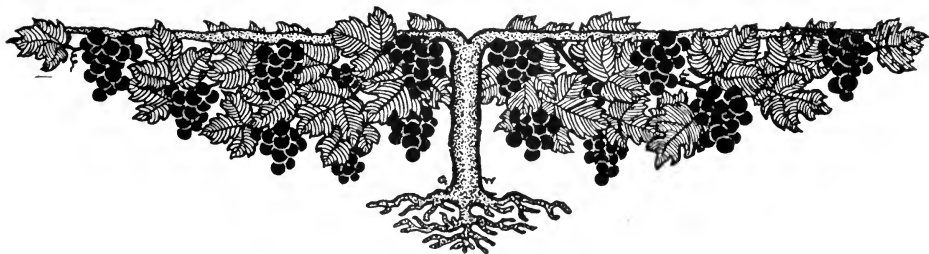
came towards Mauget. He put forward all his remaining strength, half staggering and half crawling, clutched it eagerly.

O God! What was this? The hand he clutched was fleshless—was a death's hand. The fearful chill of the disgusting bones stopped his heart. It was as if the horrid hand had closed around the fluttering bird within and squeezed it to stillness.

He uttered an agonising, despairing shriek, but was powerless to shake away the bunch of loose bones that wound themselves around his fingers. The old flop hat blew aside from the face and revealed, instead of the old farmer's face, the pale horrors of a mocking death. Its grim despair lurked in the deep shadows of the hollow eyes and its ghastly triumph revelled on its grinning teeth. Mauget's face reflected that cold, ghastly stare as he fell forward to the dread embrace.

He had reached the "Last Mound."

Late in the afternoon they found him. His cold hand lay entangled in a thick brier, whose waving head still nodded in the breeze. The brier grew close beside the rough, notched pole that Rory had planted to mark the corner. The rain still fell, but so lightly it seemed as if Nature was weeping these gentle tears of grief for the fate of one of her wayward sons, who was now in harmony with all around him, as the mere earth, no more, no less—the more than Nature had departed. Where? He alone knows who loaned it and took it as He will take ours in the ripeness of time.



Fon, Cook, Chinaman

By IRENE M. NORCROSS

An amusing account of the eccentricities of a Chinaman who was a domestic in a Canadian household.



ING the aged, Wing the perfect, Wing the discreet, the resourceful, the economical, having briefly announced that he would "catchee pay to-morrow and takee tlain, too much lain this place allee time," had forthwith departed, having first, however, promised to send us his cousin to take his place, said cousin having worked for a "heap toney" family in Kamloops and a "velly good boy." Conjecturing that any cousin of Wing's, while lacking his monumental kitchen virtues, must be at least a fair cook and creditable all-round servant, we waited in pleasant anticipation for three days, the Mater and Amy meantime collaborating on the necessary three meals a day, and taking it turn about to recover in the verandah hammock. Then in the dusk of the third evening a slim young Chinaman appeared at the back door, a large paper parcel under his arm, a deprecating little smile on his small, brown face, and remarked "Me Fon. You sabbee Wing? He say me come and work, Alli?"

We said it was "alli," and the Mater showed him round the kitchen and pantry, gave him a key of the back door and mentioned that we had breakfast at half-past seven. The next morning we knew for a certainty that another reigned in Wing's stead; for the crackling of the kindling in the cook-stove had always wakened me at 6.30—my room is over the kitchen—but on this eventful day I slept serenely on till seven, and then awoke to hear nothing but silence in the region below. Full of wrath and apprehension, I hustled into my bath-robe and slippers and stumbled downstairs, my right hand ready clenched for a rousing rat-a-tat on the door of the slumbering Fon; but

in the corridor I met the boy, his arms full of shavings.

"G'morning," he vouchsafed, with the shy, fleeting smile we were to know so well.

"Fon!" I exploded, "you sabbee it's after seven and no breakfast started?"

Fon's amiable little face darkened just a shade.

"When you want blekfast?"

"Half-past seven!"

"Alli! you get him!"

And we did. That was the astonishing and disconcerting part of it. Mush, bacon, eggs, buckwheat cakes, coffee and toast well ready to the minute, and excellently cooked, but—ye shades! How that table was laid!

The pepper and salt and maple syrup were minus, but the Worcester sauce stood boldly forth in its native bottle; also the marmalade showed its maker's name unblushingly on its white stone jar, though the Mater's pet marmalade dish, half-full, had a conspicuous place on the pantry shelf; and, last straw, the coffee was already poured out and the cups distributed with an impartial hand, though the Mater takes cocoa, and Amy hot water. We surveyed the artistic effect in dead silence for quite ten seconds, and then—"We are not *pigs* if we do live in the country," said the Mater, as she rang the bell with a violence that threatened the spring.

"Looks as though he had spilt the things out of a gunny-sack and thrown them into place," the Governor suggested. "Tell him we'll exchange the Worcester sauce for the butter, if he doesn't mind."

Before that day was over it was borne in upon us that we had the most amazing bundle of contradictions that was ever created tied up in Fon's spotless apron;

spotless it was; personally he was immaculate from his neatly coiled cue and clean-shaven forehead to the tips of his quaint native shoes; but his kitchen—how he ever found room to turn round, or lay anything down, or find anything he wanted to pick up in that appalling chaos, I can't imagine. Dirty dishes and cooking utensils littered the tables, sink, the one chair, and overflowed on to the floor. A basin of flour stood on a half-empty soup plate; a packet of corn starch had been deposited in the sink; a bowl of dripping and half a pie jostled one another on the window ledge; the butter dish balanced precariously on the edge of the oven; the breakfast coffee pot, still unemptied, was half buried under the potato parings of the dinner preparations; the pickle-jar shared the alarm clock's tiny shelf to the deadly peril of both, and by way of a conscientious finish, our culinary treasure had draped the end of a very dingy tea towel over a mould of Bavarian cream, while, in a small space in the middle of the table, bounded on all sides by the broken fragments of every law of good house-keeping, he calmly rolled out pastry, his inscrutable Asiatic face as bland the while as a sleeping infant's. Small wonder the Mater had collected us all in the doorway—sympathetic witnesses to the righteousness of her wrath.

"And Wing said he was a good boy," she wailed; "had been in a—what did he call it—toney family! Why I never *dreamt* of such a—such a pig-sty! We can't keep him!"

"Gently—gently!" urged the Governor. "Remember there's only one other Chinaman within fifteen miles, and not a chuck-luck game within fifty. It's a concession for a chink to stay at all under those conditions, and if he goes the next may be worse. We can't get white help in the Buckley Valley. You've tried a Klootchman, and there you are. Besides, this fellow keeps himself clean."

That shot told. The Mater retired until such time as Fon's black sins should have simmered down to a neutral tinted gray in her mental vision, and it was about an hour later that she descended to the kitchen again and received a fresh shock. Everything tidyable had been tidied up

and off. The floor was newly swept, the table scrubbed, the stove polished. The Mater retreated mollified and wondering, a wonder that we all shared and that grew upon us as Fon's marvellous inconsistencies gradually unfolded in our midst. Particular to a fault about his own person—I more than once caught him using my manicure things on his own yellow nails, and his tooth brush had an honoured position next the lemon squeezer over the sink. Yet his sloppiness in his work was beyond belief. Too lazy to get out of his own way as a general rule, and always leaving everything to the last possible moment, he was still always on time, and could rustle his kitchen into shape in short order when it suited him. He was deeply disturbed if there were no flowers for the dining-room, and took no end of pains with the Mater's lace centre-pieces; yet he fairly shied the meals on to the table, and on one memorable occasion actually presented a tin of condensed milk, the lid pried half off, in place of the conventional cream pitcher. This peculiarity extended to his speech also; he was never saucy, never rude, and even when scolded he either remained silent or gave the soft answer that generally increases wrath, but when the Mater asked one morning how the new potato-steamer worked, he answered gently that it was "no bloody damn good!" The Mater fled, and the Governor, after indulging in unseemly mirth in the dining-room, marched into the kitchen to point out to Fon the error of his way; but his own turn came a day or so later. Our nearest neighbours were four young fellows ranching on shares, and batching it together in a shanty, having as cook and general factotum an ancient Chinaman who used his spare time most profitably on an eight-by-ten vegetable patch. We were too new on our wild acres to have any "green stuff" of our own; but when the Mater remarked at lunch one day how nicely a salad would go with the cold meat, the Governor had an inspiration: "I dare say those fellows down the road have more than they need," he suggested.

"Fon, you go look see you can catchee some lettuce off Mr. Reade, sabbee?"

Fon raised his pretty timid eye from the jelly he was placing before Amy.

"Me catchee hell, me go now," he said, mildly reproachful. "Bimeby heap dark, me catchee plenty; have to-morrow."

It was quite a minute before the Governor could make himself heard above the roars of his undutiful family, and when he had got his meaning home, I think Fon's respect for him diminished considerably. We might have been puzzling yet over all his strange antithetic peculiarities, if we had not got light on the mystery from a man who was weather-bound at our house in the course of "hoofing it" out to the coast with blankets and rifle. He recognised Fon at a glance as the erstwhile second cook at a lumber camp at which he had been employed about three years earlier. Then indeed we understood many things. Fon was clearly the product of a very mixed training. The flowers and centre-piece and deft-handed waiting represented the influence of the "toney family"; while the bad language and Worcester sauce and condensed milk tin outrages dated back to the logging-camp epoch, carefully suppressed by the artful Wing. But there were ways and phases of Fon that we were loth to attribute to either the *toney* ones or the logging camp; we decided they must be just original Fon. Among these was his extraordinary absence of mind—and body—in connection with the meals. He rejoiced in putting on all the hot things first, and would then retire, leaving us minus some such important trifle as the plates or carvers. When everything was half cold, and the Mater preparing to ring for the fourth time, he would glide in with the missing articles and the shy, appealing little smile, that had probably saved him from sudden death. Many a time, at first, between courses, we used to speculate as to whether he had run away or merely died, and urged one another to go and investigate, but as time passed we grew resigned, and putting our elbows on the table for lack of anything else, discussed the weather, till Fon saw fit to come out of his trance. His cooking was generally good, occasionally excellent, and now and then very bad; yet here also his typical contradictoriness came out. He had a passion for onions that

amounted to a vice, in fact, to a perfect obsession. He put them into every savoury pie, every soup, every gravy he made, and, when he couldn't dodge them in any other way, he dished them up plain boiled. We were never free from a haunting dread of finding them in the puddings. In his sweets, however, his fancy ran to peculiarity of hue and form, rather than that of flavour and taste. He was always springing some surprise on us—a wild oriental concoction in cake, with seven colours not counting the icing, with Chinese pagodas scattered over the top, and fantastic little josses racing round the edge; or a weird creation that the Governor called his delirium-tremens pudding, consisting of red, shady stuff, with an underpinning of yellow jelly and a green trelliswork arrangement to top off with. It was good to eat, though probably damaging to the gastric centre.

I could never decide whether it was Asiatic cunning or mere good luck, but Fon always managed to avoid getting us all angry with him at once. If the Governor was suppressing bad language over a half-cooked joint at one end of the table, the Mater, at the other, was complacently remarking on that boy's really delicious sauce; and when she suddenly announced that she couldn't endure Fon another week—his kitchen was quite too disgraceful—ten to one the Governor replied that anyone who made curry as he did was worth keeping, though his kitchen looked like a landslide.

For eight interesting months we experienced Fon; then one morning, two weeks before the commencement of the Chinese New Year, he told the Mater that she had better "catchee new boy" as he was going. We did not argue the point, nor even ask the reason. Well we knew that the gambling fever had laid hold of his little brown soul and must run its course in the odoriferous by-streets of the nearest Chinatown before he could settle quietly into harness again. So he went, and in his place reigns a yellow-haired Scandinavian girl; she is clean, neat and thrifty, and never swears—at least not in English—and I quite agree with the Mater that a girl is so much nicer in the house—but she is deadly monotonous after Fon.

Scottish-Canadian Poetry

By WILLIAM CAMPBELL

The author concludes his review of this subject, and gives considerable space therein to women.

ARTICLE II



HE subject of Scottish-Canadian poetry was dealt with, in part, in the April number. It is now proposed to take up the writings of as many more of those poets who come within the scope of these articles, as will fairly present the claims of Scottish-Canadian poets before the public. At most it is possible only to give examples. To attempt to review the whole Scottish-Canadian anthology of poetry would be beyond the writer's intention. Besides, a review that would aim to cover so wide a field might prove somewhat monotonous.

Among the poets whose pens are still kept in practice, John Macfarlane, widely known by his *nom-de-plume* "John Arbory," is entitled to a prominent place. Mr. Macfarlane has given to the world many fine poems and lyrical pieces. Perhaps his fame will rest largely on what he has done to perpetuate the memory of the Scottish martyrs. Having martyr blood in his veins, and being possessed of a deeply religious nature, his heart went out in sympathy to those heroes of covenanting times, and he was constrained to sing their praises in such burning words as the following:

Chased frae his hame, an' the bairns he lo'ed,
Far frae the luv o' his kith an' kin,
He still was leal to the grand auld league,
For he couldna bide in the tents o' sin;
An' the crown was his that the sainted wear,
For it glinted aft on his broo o' care

Abune was the treasure he lang had hained,
Abune wi' the host o' the pure an' just,
Sae he didna flee frae the hour o' doom,
His father's God was his only trust;
An' his saul's ta'en flicht to the realms sac
blest,
Tho' his shroud was a shroud o' mornin'
mist

Of other poems by Macfarlane on the

Covenanters and their times may be specially mentioned "Auchensaugh," "Dowie Howms o' Bothwell," "The Nameless Martyr" and "The Last o' the Hillmen."

With a heart always warm for the mother land, Macfarlane is fully alive to the magnificence of Canadian scenery, as some of his verses show.

The poet's birthplace was the village of Abington, situated near the source of the River Clyde. When he came to Canada, Macfarlane took up his abode in Montreal, and there he still resides. That his muse is not dormant is evidenced by frequent contributions to *The Scottish American*, and other publications.

Donald McCaig, Public School Inspector for the District of Algoma, has not responded to his poetic aspirations in vain. In a little book published by him some



JOHN MACFARLANE



WM. MURDOCH

years ago, under the title of "Milestone Moods and Memories," he proved to the world his title to a place among Scottish-Canadian poets. Before venturing on a printed collection of his writings, Mr. McCaig was a frequent contributor to local newspapers, and he wrote the prize poem for the Toronto Caledonian Society in 1885, "Moods of Burns." The poet's father was a Highlander, and his mother came from Ayrshire. He was born in Cape Breton in 1832. His fondness for the land of his fathers is shown in his verses, "My Island Home," a poem which displays literary ability of a high order.

His poem entitled "Eastern Twilight" paints the downfall of Brahma before the Christian religion. The concluding verses are as follows:

Gautama's lamp is burning low,
The incense lost, the perfume shed
From censers idly swinging now,
Where soul of Brahma's life lies dead!

O sages! waiting, watching still,
For Him who prophets saw afar,
Behold a light breaks o'er the hill,
Behold a newly-lighted star!

O priestess! looking to the skies
For coming tokens of the morn,
For you this brighter star shall rise,
For you this nobler Prince be born!

Of Him the herald angels sing,
"He knows, His children feel like them,
A Sun with healing in His wing,
A Star, the Star of Bethlehem!"

At the time when Mr. McCaig's published poems appeared, they came under review, in these columns, at the hands of Mr. David Boyle.

As a man and a poet, Thomas Laidlaw, of Guelph, has scarcely come in for that mode of praise which his merits call for. If ever a man was filled with that burning love for Scotsmen and for Scotland, which is so characteristic of his countrymen, that man was Thomas Laidlaw. Although only six years of age when he came to Canada, he had within his nature, in large measure, that *ingenium perservidum Scotorum* possessed, more or less, by every true Scotsman.

Mr. Laidlaw's verses on "The Old Scottish Songs" are true to nature; brimful of descriptive power worthy of our best poets; and breathing out a spirit of patriotism which can only spring from the purest of sources. The poem consists of eleven stanzas, of which the following are fair samples:

With the sweet-scented gowan the meadows
are gemmed,
And the lark sings its song from the sky;



DONALD McCAIG

All nature rejoices, and the hills have the
 voices
 Of freedom that never will die.

* * * * *

Yes, the spirit that stemmed the invasion
 that sought
 To wrest from the kingdom its crown;
 That spirit untamed down the ages has
 flamed
 With untarnished, unsullied renown.

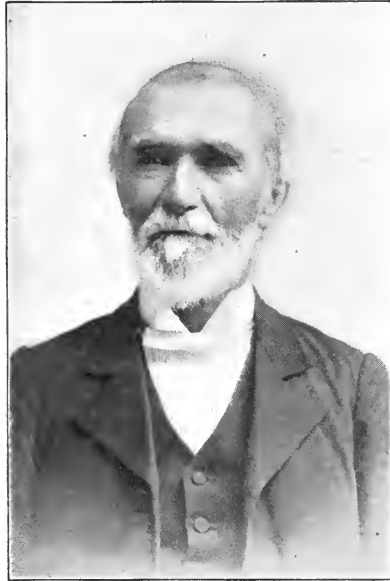
Robert Boyd, who was a pioneer as well as a poet, wrote some excellent poems, and no man within a radius of fifty miles of Guelph was better known or more highly respected. In his writings Mr. Boyd made everything very real. In his "Song of the Backwoodsman," one fancies he sees the gleam of the axe, and hears the crash of the proud oak as it measures its length on the sward. A striking contrast is furnished by a love-lit which follows, the opening stanza of which is well worthy of preservation, for its sweet and tender imagery:

The dark e'e o' e'enin's beginning to drap
 The tears o' its kindness in Nature's green lap;
 Ilk wee modest gowan has faulded its blossom
 To sleep a' the night wi' a tear in its bosom.

"The Herd Laddie" is a pastoral poem,



THOMAS LAIDLAW



REV. WM. WYE SMITH

redolent of the heather hills and gowany braes of Auld Scotland, and affords unmistakable proof of the author's love for his native land, after an absence of well-nigh half a century.

That Mr. Boyd was possessed of a keen sense of humour, is shown in a lengthy poem entitled "The Bachelor in His Shanty," in which he relates his experience as a pioneer, and the hardships he endured while hewing out a home for himself in the heart of the primeval forest. His experiences with wolves and bears in winter; and mosquitos and "bull-frogs brawlin'" in the summer, are graphically described, along with many more ills, to wit:

And oh! the mice are sic a pest,
 They eat my meat and spoil my rest;
 Whatever suits their palate best,
 They're sure to win it;
 Blast their snouts, they e'en build their nest
 In my auld bonnet!

The crickets squeak like sucking pigs,
 And dance about my fire their jigs,
 Syne eat my stockings, feet and legs,
 The hungry deevils;
 Sure Egypt e'en wi' a' her plagues
 Had ne'er sic evils.



JOHN MORTIMER

Rev. William Wye Smith, of St. Catharines, was born in Jedburgh, Scotland, and came to Canada with his parents while yet in early boyhood. Mr. Smith's name has been before the Canadian public, as a writer of both prose and verse, for well-nigh fifty years. His poetry, with which alone this article has to do, is characterised by originality, a masterly style and a winning tenderness, at times, that is quite captivating. Many of his lyrical pieces are beautiful, their outstanding features being simplicity and sweetness, alike in thought and expression. Coming from the border-land of Scotland, Mr. Smith naturally evinces a keen interest in border incidents of by-gone times. In a quaint poem, "The Ghost that Danced at Jethart," he recalls an episode in the history of Jedburgh which is familiar to the student of Scottish history. During the revels following the marriage of Alexander III, the assembled guests were startled by the appearance of an unbidden guest—a thing of dry bones, a skeleton, in fact—whose movements were marked by time and seeming sense—a something "uncanny" whose visit has never been explained. A few stanzas are given here because of their peculiar style, and to

show Mr. Smith's familiarity with the Scottish words in use in those days when the abbots of Jedburgh "had fat kail on Friday when they fasted":

When gude King Alysander was marrieth,
'Twas lang syne, kimmer, i' the town o'
Jethart;
Stane-biggie, Abbey-crowned, auld Border
clachan,
Whiles I ha'e thocht on greetin', and whiles
lauchin',
Just as fond memory wi' the past forgather't,
And down Time's stream was carrier.

The poem goes on to describe the marriage feast, the music and then the dancing. The merry guests are treading a lively measure—

"When sudden cam' a stand!"
But still the patter o' a pair o' feet
Was heard fu' right!
The lad had fainted wi' the lang bassoon,
An' kettle-drums an' fifes were in a swoon,
An' harpers glowered atween their silent
thairms
On sic a sight!

It jos't it wi' it's elbucke e'en the King—
And maskers fled—
For ne'er in masquerade had sic a thing
Been seen or read!
It wasna leevin', yet 'twas dancin', loupin',
An' ower the provost it was nearly coupin',
Sic swirls it led!



MALCOLM MACCORMACK

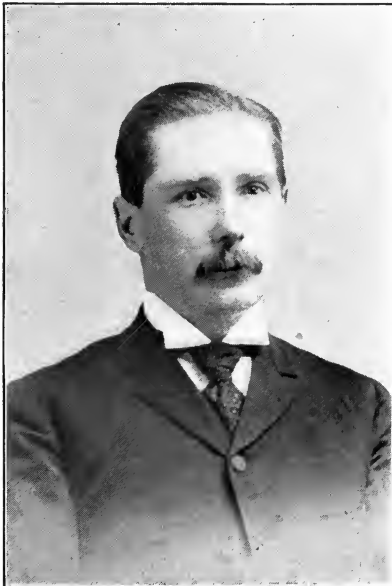
It had a plume an it had been a baron,
 Wi' feathers hie—
 A kilt wi' gold brocade an' siller lacin',
 An' dainty doublet wi' braw, braw facin',
 But Och-hon-a-rie!
 It was an atomy, a thing o' banes,
 That wadna dee!

It lightly trod the airy min-e-wae,
 An' crackit its fleshless thooms;
 An' linked wi' unseen partners down the
 floor,
 A country dance was never danced before!
 An' girned an' boo'd to leddies on the dais—
 Then flittit frae the place!

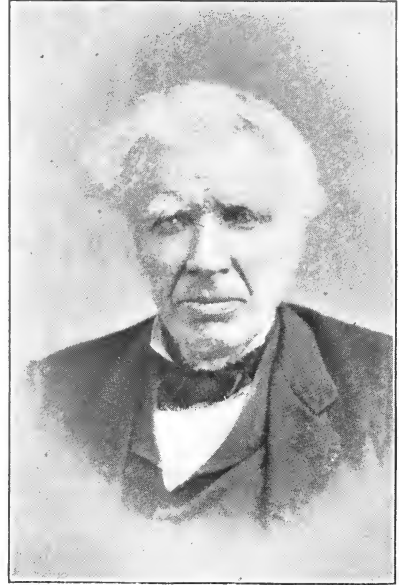
Here is a sample of Mr. Smith's style
 on another theme, in which he shows his
 poetic fancy to advantage:

Wi' the laverock i' the lift, piping music i'
 the skies
 When the shepherd lea's his cot, and the dew
 on gowan lies—
 Up, up, let me awa' frae the dreams the
 night has seen
 And ask what is the matter wi' my heart
 sin' yestere'en?

The laverock i' the lift, i' the wildest o' his
 flight,
 Sees whaur his love abides, wi' throbbings
 o' delight—
 But I behold her cot, and awaken to my
 pain—
 It canna sure be love, or I'd sune be weel
 again!



JOHN SIMPSON



ROBERT BOYD

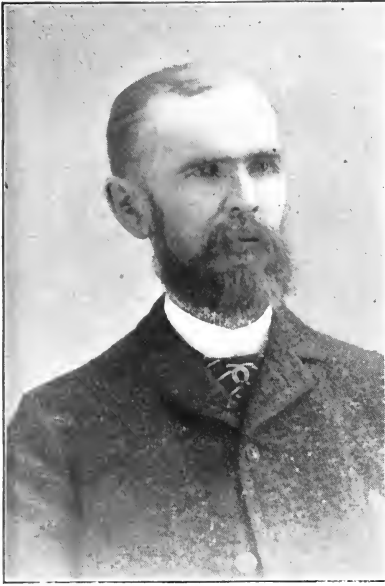
Adown the sunny glade, there's a bower
 that cottage nigh
 Whaur the flowers aye are sweetest, and the
 burn gangs singin' by—
 'Twas there we pairtit late, wi' a kiss or twa
 between,—
 But what can be the matter wi' my heart
 sin' yestere'en?

I'll to yon garden hie, ere the gloamin' close
 it's e'e,
 I'll tell her o' my pain, and ask what it can be;
 It may be she can cure wha gar't me first
 compleen,
 For ah! there's something wrang wi' my
 heart sin' yestere'en!

Another good example of Mr. Smith's
 versification is a sweet, breezy poem en-
 titled, "O, the Woods." The verses
 have a true poetic ring in them and they
 are here reproduced, omitting the first
 stanza:

O, the woods! the woods! the Summer woods,
 And the coolness of their shade!
 Where in wildwood dell all the Graces dwell,
 There to wait on a sylvan maid!
 I'll seek for flowers to deck her bowers,
 And twine in her golden hair;
 And, I wonder much if she thinks of such
 As I, when the Winter's here.

O, the woods! the woods! the Autumn woods,
 And the chestnuts ripe and brown!



WM. MURRAY

When the leaves hang bright in the chang-
ing light,

Like the banners of old renown!
And south-winds ripple across the lake,
Like chiming of marriage bells;—
O, I wouldn't much grieve, if I'd never
leave
These wildest of woodland dells!

O, the woods! the woods! Canada's woods,
And the sweet flowers nourished there!
O, the beechen shade, and the sylvan maid
That garlands her golden hair!
Her name may change with the magic ring—
Her heart is the same for aye!—
In my little canoe there is room for two,
And sweetly we glide away!

Mr. Smith has been a prolific writer of
poetry and his muse awakes at times,
even yet.

Among the many Scottish-Canadians
who have sung in a minor strain, John
Mortimer has a prominent place. Mr.
Mortimer comes of Aberdeenshire stock.
His father and mother settled on land im-
mediately adjoining the town of Elora,
and on the old homestead the poet still
dwells.

Mr. Mortimer has exhibited in his writ-
ings a deep love of nature as it appears to
him in his rural surroundings; his de-
scriptive powers are above the average;

he is possessed of a somewhat brilliant
fancy, and a vivid imagination; in short,
he is by nature well equipped for poetry,
especially in its simpler forms. His lines
entitled "A Tribute to the Toads," ap-
peals to us because of their simplicity and
naturalness. Here are the first two
verses:

The Spring has reached our Northern clime,
Crows in the air abound;
The snow is melting, and the time
For toads will soon be round.

I'm glad the Spring will turn them out,
I love so much to see
Those sober creatures hop about
Upon the grassy lea

The short poem "Song" is a neatly
written appeal to our common humanity
and is one of Mr. Mortimer's favourite
pieces. It is as follows:

Some seem to think our mission here
Is only to be glad;
And the way to bless the sons of men
Is bid them ne'er be sad.
I claim not mirth should rule the earth,—
No prejudice have I,—
Nor reckon those but friends or foes
Who make me laugh or cry:
He who would share my joy or care
Is still the friend for me,
For the heart, you know, where'er you go
Is won by sympathy.

MRS. JEAN BLEWETT, AUTHOR OF "THE
CORNFLOWER AND OTHER POEMS"

Is won by sympathy,
Is won by sympathy;
The heart, you know, where'er you go
Is won by sympathy.

When sounds of mirth and gladness fall
In vain on Sorrow's ear,
Then strive to comfort those who weep
And give them cause for cheer;
We may impart to every heart
Some sunshine if we try;
'Twill hasten on the joyous dawn
We hope for bye-and-bye,
Till comes to stay that happy day
When all shall brothers be,
For the heart, you know, etc.

Another poem, "The Felling of the Forest," brings out Mr. Mortimer's descriptive powers. The poem is too long for reproduction here, but the temptation to give an extract from it is too strong to be resisted:

But slowly did the work advance; to tell
How, thrown with skill, the forest monarchs
fell,
To me were pleasant—prone and parallel;
This way and that, their huge boughs in-
terlaced,
Tier over tier, for giant bonfires placed,
With terrible descent; but fearless all
We laid them low and climbed each sway-
ing wall
To cut the higher trunks and boughs, and lay
Compact for burning at some future day.—
And listening now I hear those bonfires roar,



MISS H. ISABEL GRAHAM



MRS. ISABELLE ECCLESTONE MACKAY

And see great sheets of flame that skyward
soar,
Triumphant beacons of thy future, great,
Oh, Canada! our dearly loved estate!

* * * * *

Thus fared the noblest of our forest trees,
Whose branches mingled, bending in the
breeze
For broad, unmeasured leagues on every side,
All green and glorious in their summer's
pride!
The home of rustling wings and nimble feet,
The Red Man's shelter, and the deer's retreat.

Others of Mr. Mortimer's poems that are deserving of special mention are "Somebody's Child," "After a Hundred Years," a tribute to Burns; "Nelly and Mary," a well-conceived and cleverly-written dialogue; "A Dream," being a vision in which is a graphic and awe-inspiring description of the Deluge; "A Woodland Vision," etc.

Malcolm MacCormack, as his name indicates, comes of pure Highland extraction, his parents having both come to Canada from Argyleshire. The poet was born in the village of Crieff, Wellington, Ontario. He early evinced a poetic tendency, which was stimulated and encouraged through coming in contact with McColl, Laidlaw, McCaig and others.

MacCormack's verses entitled "The



MRS. GEORGINA FRASER NEWHALL

Gael's Heritage," are a tribute to Fingal and Ossian. Following are some verses which indicate pretty clearly the scope of the poem:

Sons of the Gael! 'tis yours, with proud
elation,
To guard the fame of the unconquered
brave
Who stood erect, disdaining subjugation,
And scorned to own the hateful name of
slave

'Tis yours to claim the heritage of splendour,
That gilds with light the old historic page,
Whereon your fathers' deeds remain to render
Their fame undying to the latest age.

'Tis yours with grateful homage to remember
Their glorious deeds in those heroic days,
When Fingal fought his foeman without
number,
And tuneful Ossian sang immortal lays.

The name of John Simpson is not so well known in Canada as it deserves to be. This may be accounted for in two ways. In the first place, he has not published his writings in book form; and in the second place he has resided for many years in the United States; at present he is understood to be living in British Columbia. Mr. Simpson was born in Elora, Ontario, on July 2nd, 1855, of

good Aberdeenshire stock, his father's name being Peter Simpson, and his mother's maiden name, Janet Catanach. On his mother's side, his progenitors were of a decidedly literary turn of mind, and distinguished themselves in the halls of learning. Mr. Simpson obtained his education at the Elora public and high schools, and at Toronto University, where he took his B.A. degree in 1884, and his M.A. degree in 1887. He has followed in the footsteps of his maternal grandfather, becoming a successful teacher. This enlargement on Mr. Simpson's career is justified by the fact that he has written some of the best poetry of which Canada can boast; and it can confidently be said that he has not yet given to the world the best that is in him. His is the true poetic temperament and his genius is of that soaring kind behind which there lurk great possibilities. Here is what may be called a prayer for his native land. It is given in almost its entirety, as it breathes out a spirit which should animate every true Canadian heart:

THOU GOD OF NATIONS, GUARD OUR LAND!
Thou God of nations! guard our land,
Thy blessings on our country pour!



AGNES TYTLER

Our shield and succour evermore
 Be Thine Almighty hand!
 Thou high and mighty King of kings,
 Thou Maker of all earthly things,
 Support us with thy leading-strings,
 Alone we cannot stand!

The mighty empires of the past
 Have fallen, and in ruins lie;
 Their walls, that towered once on high,
 Upon the earth are cast:
 Great Babylon is lying low,
 Proud Carthage is a scene of woe,
 In Rome corroding lichens grow
 On ruins that are vast.

No human hand can shackle time:
 Though Petra from the rocks was hewn,
 In heaps its fragments now are strewn
 Within a desert clime:
 O Lord, lest such a direful fate
 Our land and nation should await,
 To Thee we fain would consecrate
 Our lives with faith sublime.

Our nation ever shall be free,
 No dweller in our broad domain
 Shall ever guiltless wear a chain,
 Or pine in slavery:
 In praising Thee each shall alone
 The guidance of his conscience own;
 Our land shall never hear the groan
 Of dying liberty.

A prolific writer of poetry is Mr. William Murray, of Hamilton, a kindly Scot from Finlarig, Perthshire, who, for thirty years or so, has been the honoured bard of the St. Andrew's Society of Hamilton, and of the Caledonian and Gaelic Societies as well. Mr. Murray has written poetry sufficient to fill two volumes, but he has never ventured on the publication of his works, although many of his poems have appeared in print. Here is a specimen—not his best, but selected as being within available space:

THE SCOTTISH PLAID

The plaid amang our auld forbears
 Was lo'ed ower a' their precious wares,
 Their dearest joys wad be but cares
 Without the plaid.

And, when the auld guidman was deid,
 'Twas aye, by a' the hoose agreed,
 That to his auldest son was fee'd
 His faither's plaid.

Ah! gin auld plaids could speak or sing,
 Our heids and hearts wad reel and ring,
 To hear the thrillin' tales that cling
 To Scotia's plaid.

To hear hoo Scottish men and maids,
 'Mang Scotland's hills and glens and glades,
 Baith wrocht and fought wi' brains and
 blades
 In thae auld plaids.

The star o' Scotland n'er will set
 If we will only ne'er forget
 The virtues in our sires that met
 Aneath the plaid.

Amang the Scottish sights I've seen,
 Was ane that touched baith heart and een,—
 A shepherd comin' ower the green
 Wi' crook and plaid.

And i' the plaid a limpin' lamb,
 That on the hill had lost its dam,
 And, like some trustfu' bairnie, cam'
 Row'd i' the plaid.

Another sight I think I see—
 The saddest o' them a' to me—
 The Scottish martyrs gaun to dee
 I' their auld plaids.

But let's rejoice, the times are changed,
 The martyrs hae been a' avenged—
 An English princess has arranged
 To wear the plaid.

Wm. Murdoch, a native of Paisley, Scotland, came to Canada in 1823, and settled in St. John, N.B., where he engaged in various occupations, his later years being devoted to journalism. In his youth Mr. Murdoch was intimately acquainted with Walter Watson, who wrote the well-known song, "Sit Ye Doon My Crony and Gi'e Us Your Crack." A day or two before Mr. Murdoch's departure for Canada, Mr. Watson walked all the way from Kilmarnock to Paisley to bid farewell to his brother poet. The following stanzas from "A Prayer" will show what Mr. Murdoch could do in the way of versification:

From the depths of the ocean to earth's ut-
 most bound,
 In ravine and valley, O God, Thou art found
 By all who would seek Thee aright;
 Could we penetrate earth to its innermost
 cave,
 Or were mountains on mountains laid over
 our grave,
 Were the floods of the ocean above us to rave,
 We could not be hid from Thy sight.

Oh, Father of worlds—omnipotent God!
 Support us, Thy creatures, who groan 'neath
 a load
 Of transgressions by nature our own;
 When Thy thunders shall over this universe
 boom,

And awake all who are, or have been, from
the tomb,
May we number with those who in glory
shall bloom
Eternally around Thy white throne.

It seems a noticeable and well-established fact to those who have given the subject of poetry any thought, that the proportion of the gentler sex who have wooed the poetic muse in Canada is greater than in the Old Land. Scotland may not have produced, proportionately, so large a number of poetesses; but what has been lacking in quantity has been made up in quality. Some of the finest songs in the language have been created by women in Scotland, and their popularity will go down through the ages.

Several ladies have distinguished themselves in the realm of poetry on this side of the Atlantic. Of these Mrs. Jean Blewett is perhaps the most widely read. As her work is well known to those who read *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*, but little need be said for her here. Her latest volume of verse was reviewed in the January number. Miss H. Isabel Graham, of Seaforth, a daughter of the Manse, has written many poems that will live. Miss Graham is a daughter of the Rev. Wm. Graham, for thirty years minister of the Presbyterian Church at Egmondville, and a native of Comrie, Perthshire, Scotland. Miss Graham is not unknown to public fame, as several of her poems have found their way into the public press. One little poem of hers entitled "There's Aye a Something," furnishes a moral clothed in every-day apparel, with a due proportion of embroidery in the shape of mother wit. Here is a sample of Miss Graham's work in a familiar strain, bearing the title of "The Prodigal Child":

Far from the light and the comfort of home,
Out where the feet of the desolate roam,
Wanders a son from his parent astray,
Bruised by the thorns of life's rough, weary
way;
Father, have mercy, the night's dark and
wild,
Save in his weakness Thy prodigal child.

Fall'n like a star from the firmament bright,
Hiding in darkness, away from Thy sight;
Gone are the false, fleeting pleasures of earth,
Dim are the marks of his right royal birth;

Yet Thou dost love him where'er he may
stray,
Bidding him come to Thy bosom to-day.

Mrs. Isabella Ecclestone MacKay is a daughter of one of Woodstock's best-known citizens, Mr. Donald MacLeod MacPherson, Scottish to the core, as his name indicates. Mrs. MacKay has the true gift of song, with a style of expression that is all her own. She has contributed quite a number of poems to Canadian and American publications, and these have attracted considerable attention. Her verses on "Hallowe'en" are unlike all other poems on that subject. Hallowe'en is suggestive of frolicsome fun, with a spice of something "no' canny" thrown in. Mrs. MacKay's poem is in the nature of a reverie—an appeal to the past, with a glimpse of

"Old friends whose comradeship my age
has missed,
Dear faces whom death's cruel lips have
kissed;
One long-lost love whose face for weary
years
I have not seen save through a mist of
tears—
I see them all so plain. Ah, yes, I ween
I need no other guests on Hallowe'en."

In "The Apple-parin' Bee," Mrs. MacKay strikes a different chord. Here are two verses:

My gals is struck on parties, the kind that's
known as "balls,"
They spend their lives in dancin' an' re-
turnin' dooty calls;
They never seem to get much fun, in fact it
'pears to me
We were a sight more jolly at an apple-
parin' bee.

* * * * *
I asked the gals one mornin' "Look here,
I'd like to know
Jes' what you think you're gettin' from this
everlastin' show?
We didn't wake with faded eyes and head-
aches—no, siree!
The days our greatest frolic was an apple-
parin' bee!"

Mrs. Georgina Fraser Newhall, a native of Galt, of good Scottish stock, has distinguished herself both by her poetic and prose writings. Her "Fraser's Drinking Song" has been adopted as the "Failte," or welcome of the Clan Fraser Society of Canada, and it has been set to a stirring martial tune. The first and last verses, or toasts, are as follows:

All ready?

Let us drink to the woman who rules us
to-night,
To her lands, to her laws, 'neath her flag
we will smite
Ev'ry foe,
Hip and thigh,
Eye for eye,
Blow for blow—
Are you ready?

All ready?

A Fraser! A Fraser forever, my friends;
While he lives how he hates, how he loves
till life ends,
He is first,
Here's my hand,
Into grand
Hurrah burst—
Are you ready?
All ready!
All ready!!
All ready!!!

Agnes Tytler, whose poems, though comparatively few in number, have won for her a place among Scottish-Canadian poets, was born in the Township of Nichol, County of Wellington. Her father came from Aberdeenshire and her mother from Banff. Most of Miss Tytler's poems are couched in a somewhat serious vein. The following verses from "The Valley of the Shadow of Death" are a fair sample of what she has written:

Even in youngest baby-days
The dark shade hovers nigh,
As oft we are reminded
There is none too young to die.

* * * * *
The world was fair and beautiful
When I was young and gay;
I find much that is sorrowful
When I am turning gray.

* * * * *
Tired, from this weary, weary world
I turn my thoughts on high,
Where dwelleth holy peace and love,
And naught can fade or die.

We need not wealth or power
To reach the heavenly shore;
Freely God gives us, day by day,
And bids us ask for more.

In making the foregoing selections from poems by women, only the writings of Scottish-Canadians have been drawn upon. Quite a number of native-born Scots-women, resident in Canada, have contributed largely to the poetry of this land. Among the more prominent of the latter are: Mrs. Mary A. Maitland, Mrs.

Jessie Wanless Brack, Mrs. Margaret Beatrice Burgess, and Mrs. J. R. Marshall.

There is one other poet to whom a tribute may well be paid—Rev. R. S. G. Anderson, who was, some years ago, in charge of the Presbyterian congregation at Wroxeter, but who is, at present, living in Scotland. Mr. Anderson has produced poetry that will compare very favourably with that of any of his compeers. "The Young Minister," and "The Precentor," are vivid pen-pictures. Both are written in "braid Scots," with which Mr. Anderson is quite familiar; and they are brimful of that pawky humour which is characteristic of the Scot in his best moods. The Dominion is well remembered by this poet. "The Crofter's Song," "Sugar Making," and "Canada," all bear the stamp of a loyal and warm-hearted citizen. That Mr. Anderson is an Imperialist, as well as a patriot, is evidenced by the closing verse of "Canada," which reads as follows:

Blest be our land that has written in story
Names that are worthy, and deeds that inspire!
Long may her place in the roll-call of glory
Wake a true pride with the patriot's fire.
God ring the Empire round;
But let our sons be found
Marching, breast forward, the first of the free.
True to the larger house
Still shall we give the rouse,—
"Canada! Motherland! Our hearts beat for thee"

What has been spoken of as "the flowery field of Scottish song" may be said to have been well cultivated in Canada. A few samples—among thousands—have been given in this and the previous article. But these will suffice to prove that the product, so far, has not only been plentiful, but excellent. With the making of history—the development of the country and the gradual building up of this great Dominion—will come a purely national poetry; but those who write that poetry will not be less successful that they have had as their model those poems and songs which have contributed, in so marked a degree, to popularise Scotland among the other nations of the earth.

Current Events

By F. A. ACLAND

SO far as the proceedings of the Imperial Conference have reached us, they have followed the lines of least resistance and, consequently, nothing of a radical or even seriously important nature has apparently happened. The spectacular portion of it all has been excellent; the processions, the dinners, the receptions, and the many brilliant functions in which the assembled premiers have taken part, have been carried through with admirable effect. In its way this is no small achievement; at least it shows the absence of any friction in the present relations, for the colonial premiers are not of the type who would hesitate to speak their minds. Laurier and Botha have been, as was generally predicted, the most interesting figures; perhaps Botha has, in fact, rather taken the lead as a feature, and certainly nothing could have exceeded the enthusiasm of his reception by the British people. Botha has shown by his speeches that he is a man of fine feelings, and he will go back to the Transvaal cheered and confirmed in his resolution to rehabilitate his country and to work with Dr. Jamieson for a united South Africa. There has been much talk in the inner circle of the Conference of which the public knows nothing, but we may be sure that much of it hinged on the vexed question of the burden and privilege of Empire, and how to shift somewhat of both from the shoulders of the mother country to those of the colonies, without trammelling the independence of each individual part. Nothing very practical is likely to come of it all for many a year, unless the arrival of a sudden and terrific crisis rends or welds the Empire; but, in the meantime, the quadrennial Conference is a pleasing and substantial evidence of the warm ties of sentiment that are alone at present sufficient to keep the Empire together. Anything we do to strengthen these ties of sentiment we contribute to the cause of Imperial unity; once we allow them to be shattered, the cause of the Empire is gone.

We are apt to overlook sometimes the force of imperialism in other empires than that with which we are connected. The recent elections in Germany, which resulted in cutting almost in two the parliamentary representation of the Social Democrats—practically Socialists—in the Reichstag had imperialism well in the foreground of the issues raised. Moreover, the occasion has developed the man, and a sort of German Chamberlain is at the helm in the colonial office, an ex-banker, Herr Dernburg, who proposes to put the colonies on a business basis. The dissolution itself was sprung upon the house by the Kaiser, so it is believed, because an important group in the house controlling the balance of power had threatened to prevent the passage of a money vote for the war in German Southwest Africa—and Herr Dernburg's part in the elections was to draw alluring pictures of what in his opinion the German colonies might become one day for the Fatherland, of their productive possibilities, their commercial value and the field they opened for the enterprising energies of the young in all sorts of directions. Dr. Edward Bernstein, writing on the subject in the *Contemporary Review*, says of Herr Dernburg's speeches that they "read often as if they were extracts from a company prospectus, and the calculations Herr Dernburg read to his enchanted hearers remind one rather of a promoter of doubtful companies than of a man experienced in the formation of over capitalised companies. But it cannot be gainsaid that they made a deep impression. It is always an enticing spectacle to see a man of business and dry figures turn up before our eyes as a visionary dreamer."



The Arbitration and Peace Congress, that met during the month in New York, was the occasion of many interesting speeches, in which much amiable sentiment was expressed, but it is doubt-

ful if it has really made war any less likely than before. War, it is to be feared, will be banished from the earth only when we can also safely abolish gaols. Both are a sign of human frailty, until we have eliminated which from our nature, it is idle to talk of ideals. The proposal for a universal arbitration court is a very proper and timely one, and such a court is a natural development of the universal friction which the embittered industrial rivalry of the age continually begets. There will be work enough for such a court in the settlement of the minor disputes of the world; it is when we come to matters which nations will not allow to be arbitrated that red war begins to rage.



If we glance for a moment at the great wars of the last century and a half, those, at least, with which we are most familiar, to how few of them we could point and say that an arbitration court would have averted the mad strife of arms. Take the American Revolution; can we suppose that George III and Lord North, on the one hand, or the colonial leaders on the other, would, or could, have made concessions that would have kept the peace? Chatham was a stronger force in England at that time than would have been any arbitration court in Europe, and when he failed, the court would hardly have succeeded. Would anyone be disposed to argue that Napoleon would have heeded an arbitration court, until, at least, he had finished his career of conquest, and could have used it as a tool? Not that Napoleon did not appreciate the principle of arbitration within a modest sphere—he was one of the first of modern statesmen to apply it to industrial disputes, for instance, and the councils of Prud'hommes established by him in 1809, are effective yet in France and Belgium. Would France, England and Turkey have allowed Russia to arbitrate the question of the balance of power in Europe in 1854? Would Bismarck have given France the possibility of escaping the ordeal of 1870? Did not Spain almost beg for arbitration with the United States ten years ago, and did not the United States reply through the button-hole badges of its soldiers, "To h—— with

Spain?" Would arbitration have averted the Boer War? Who shall say? If it was written in fate that the Boer nations were to be engulfed in the British Empire, as we must now believe it to have been, no possible arbitration court could have kept the Boers from struggling fiercely against such a destiny. The field of the arbitration court must be the comparatively humble one of bickering technicalities; the destinies of nations will continue to be settled by the sword. The greatest existing safeguard against war is its great and increasing cost, and the only sure preventive of war is the production of a race of mortals who are too wise to quarrel or too weak to fight.



The deliverance of the budget speech of the Chancellor of the British Exchequer tempts a comparison with the figures of our own national expenditure and income. Mr. Asquith was fortunate in having a magnificent surplus of \$26,995,000, which came instead of an anticipated deficit of \$230,000. The expenditure for the coming year is placed at \$703,785,000, while the revenue, after certain reductions have been made, will yield a surplus of \$11,250,000. These are gigantic figures, but in proportion to our population, our own are not unequal. Including capital expenditure and ordinary expenditure, the estimates for the coming year for Canada provide for \$116,000,000, about one-sixth of that of Britain, and our population stands in about the same ratio. A third of the Canadian total, however, may be said to be devoted to purposes relating to the development of the country. The present is preëminently our growing time, and it is necessary, above all things, that the commercial and industrial equipment of the country should march abreast or should keep even ahead of the prodigious expansion in population which we are at present experiencing.



Should we, therefore, look to see our expenditure keep pace with the growth of our numbers, so that, given a population equal to that of Britain, our taxation would equal that of her people? By no

means. The total of Imperial expenditure includes \$300,000,000 for army and navy alone, and a further \$75,000,000 for interest on the huge national debt which the wars of centuries have bequeathed her. Against this we may set \$10,000,000 for the interest payable on our own national debt, but the remainder of the vast expenditure named, over one-half the total indicated by Mr. Asquith, may be practically cut out of the Canadian prospect; this represents the dual advantage of living on this side of the world and of living under the ægis of Britain. Whether in course of time some portion of the large sums we are now expending annually on development purposes should not in some way be transferred to the relief of the parent country in recognition of the peace secured to us by reason of her vast armaments, is for the future to determine, but such a diversion would not represent increased expenditure. There are many other things to take into consideration, but on the whole, it seems reasonable to conclude that we could equal the population of Britain without attaining more than half her present annual expenditure, perhaps without exceeding a third of it.



It is interesting to note that the question of old age pensions is beginning to receive practical attention in England and Canada at about the same time. The older country is ahead of us in the matter of providing the money, since Mr. Asquith proposes to set aside \$7,500,000 of the anticipated surplus of next year for this purpose; we, on the other hand, are first in the field with respect to the measure, since Sir Richard Cartwright has already introduced into the Senate a bill providing for a scheme of selling annuities to workingmen, which, despite disavowals, still has some semblance to pensions by the State to the aged. What will be the nature of Mr. Asquith's scheme, it is impossible to say. The Canadian proposal, as outlined at present, is to take the savings of the workingman and care for them until he is 60 years old, then to supplement them handsomely by the State and return them to him in the form of an annuity proportioned to the amount of his savings.

The maximum annuity so granted is to be \$400. This is well, so far as it goes, and it may be added is on the lines of the legislation adopted in New Zealand, whose experiments in sociological legislation we are accustomed to regard as the most radical and most successful of their kind, but it does not really meet the case of that necessitous old age which is one of the worst reproaches of our civilisation. Men who are now old, or getting old, could not benefit by such a scheme. Moreover, there are many, very many, even in Canada, in spite of assertions to the contrary during the debate in the Senate, who need absolutely every cent of their earnings to provide even the most meagre living for their families. These, in their old age, need and deserve the assistance of the State equally with those who have been able to save money, but they will be unable to claim it. On the other hand, there is undoubtedly a most serious objection to conferring such an annuity on all men equally on reaching a certain age, apart from deserts, apart from needs, and without reference to the prodigious strain such a system would place on the finances of any country. Here, therefore, is the dilemma that faces the modern statesman who touches this rather painful problem in sociology.



The letter written by President Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, of the C.P.R., to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, shows how prodigious have been the efforts made by that railway to keep pace with the wonderful expansion which the west has seen during the last few years. The locomotives and freight cars were increased from 1901 to 1906 by 70 per cent., and the total expenditure for this and other lines of development had amounted to \$72,000,000; this in five years, not counting the \$35,000,000 expended during the same time in building new railways. It is not enough, of course, perhaps it is not even as much as the railway should have done, or might have done; and yet there is a limit to the possibility of production. The north-western lines of the United States have a very similar story to tell, for the expansion has not been confined to our own side of

the line. Everywhere, where they can be produced, engines and cars have been building for the western railways. But the growth of the West in population and productivity is greater yet, and is far outstripping the progress of transportation facilities. A difficulty, too, of which we hear little, but which is a very genuine one, is the dearth of practical railway men. Not a few of the old hands have gone farming themselves—and who can blame them?—while with the building of new lines and the running of more trains, there has been a greatly increased demand for men with more or less technical knowledge, with much of it of necessity in the case of engine drivers. There are few sources of supply and there is a strong temptation to supply the demand with men who may not be wholly fit. It is taking great risks with life and property if this is done, but the impatient public must bear in part the blame for all that happens. To put it briefly, Canada has grown out of her railroad clothes, and it is a matter of time to make a new suit. If it were not treason to do so, one might almost suggest that it would be well even to stop growing for a year or two.



Surely the ban of the comic opera "The Mikado" in England is the most extraordinary outcome imaginable of the alliance between Britain and Japan. Nothing more comic could have been imagined by Gilbert and Sullivan themselves. Somehow it does not strike one as wholly in keeping with the dignity of Great Britain that it should be quite so eager to soothe the ruffled feelings of a nation that is still so lately arrived among civilised states that it takes seriously the buffoonery and burlesque of an amusing play. After all, the Japanese are new in the rôle of western civilisation, and that their identity with it is far from being complete is evident from their susceptibility to matters of this kind. Those westerners who have lived in Japan tell us that the Europeanisation which the Japanese have undergone is, after all, but a thin veneer, extending, moreover, only to the upper orders of the people. It may be abandoned one day as quickly as it has been

assumed. Not that Japan will necessarily revert even then to her former seclusive barbarism—but she will proceed to work out her destiny on other lines than those of such civilisation as we know to-day, and quite possibly on lines that will put out of the question any alliance between her and a western nation of humanitarian propensities.



The retirement of Lord Cromer from the unique position he has occupied as practical tyrant of Egypt has brought forth a chorus of eulogy of his great career. He is a most signal demonstration of the truth of Tom Hood's theory that "an angel from heaven and a despotism" is the best possible form of government, if we could only get it. It is true Lord Cromer was not an angel, but a most wise and virtuous statesman, who by force of circumstances was given a free hand in the management of the affairs of the ancient land of Egypt at a time when its worn-out system had completely broken down and anarchy threatened to paralyse its national life. He rehabilitated the country, restored to it the vast territory that had for ages been under its dominion, made it prosperous and independent of all—save only Britain, and now modestly and unostentatiously retires to private life. He never had an official title higher than that of Consul-General, but the Khedive obeyed him unquestioningly, though not perhaps without inward resentment.



The successor to Lord Cromer has difficulties of another type than those encountered by the retiring statesman. Sir Eldon Gorst, the new Consul-General, finds a new Egypt in an economic sense, and an Egypt, moreover, in which the reawakened national life is demanding definite expression. The national sentiment is inevitably antagonistic to foreign control, and an agitation that has grown stronger and stronger as the country has become more prosperous and better organised, threatens to assume more formidable shape now that the guiding hand of Lord Cromer has been removed.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



JUNE

DARK red roses in a honeyed wind swing-
ing;
Silk-soft hollyhock, coloured like the
moon;
Larks high overhead lost in light, and singing;
That's the way of June.

Dark red roses in the warm wind falling,
Velvet leaf by velvet leaf, all the breath-
less noon;
Far-off sea-waves calling, calling, calling;
That's the way of June.

Sweet as scarlet strawberry under wet leaves
hidden,
Honeyed as the damask rose, lavish as
the moon,
Shedding lovely light on things forgotten,
hope forbidden—
That's the way of June.

—Nora Chesson.



BEFORE WE GO AWAY

THE feminine half of creation is busy just now, preparing for the coming vacation—for the river, the lake or the hills. Every year we seem to become a more "going-away" people and the holiday brings a corresponding rush beforehand. Life would be much more desirable if there were no getting ready or clearing up. Perhaps the latter undertaking is the more burdensome. The process of preparing and cooking a dinner has something of elemental joy about it, but the woman who can look you in the eye and say she delights in washing dishes is a lineal descendant of Sapphira. It would be a good thing if women would realise that an essential for an enjoyable holiday is comparative simplicity in dress and furnishing. Comfort must be there or the summer cottage is worse than the town or city home. Children who are tormented with fine clothes during the holidays are losing the finest happiness in

the world. Cool and simply-trimmed linens, sensible straw hats or rakish Tam o' Shanters, are the true holiday garb, while the serge skirt is a necessity if there are canoes to paddle or rocks to climb. It is a fatal mistake to tire yourself out with frills and "fixings" beforehand, in the belief that you will get all the needed rest in the holiday. The strain will be felt for a fortnight or a month, and you will declare that the last state of the holiday-maker is worse than the first.



BONBONS

THE bonbon is such a favourite with most women, such a sweet habit of the sex, that it must have been formed at a very early date. There is a rhyme which every child knows, the second stanza of which declares:

"What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice and everything nice."

Long ago woman's affinity for sugar was established. It may be true that the secret of winning a man's love is to "feed the brute." But what about the affections of the gentle girl whom Edwin desires to win? Let him put not his trust in poetry books or sheet music, but in the bonbon box in the *de luxe* edition. The palate of Angelina cannot resist the contents thereof, and Edwin will find the way to her heart strewn with chocolates of vari-coloured fillings and adorned by sugared cherries.

We are informed by an English authority that the origin of the manufacture of bonbons dates from the time when sugar was first used in England—that is to say, about the commencement of the thirteenth century. The first experiments with the juice of the sugar-cane, brought from the East after the Crusades were at Sicily by

Jewish traders, about the year 1230. The following curious extract relating to the production of sugar is from a letter written in Latin of the period by Frederick II, Emperor of Germany, and King of Sicily and Jerusalem, to Ricardo Filangieri, Governor of Palermo (1230): "We invite you to take steps to find two men who know well how to make sugar, and send them to Palermo to manufacture it. You will also see that they teach the process to others, in order that the art may not be lost in Palermo."

The manufacture of bonbons, which was rather rude in the commencement, improved gradually and acquired a certain perfection in the fourteenth century. Francis I was accustomed to give bonbons to the artists whose work he looked on at the Louvre and at Fontainebleau, and he had dishes of assorted sweetmeats served at his table daily. Henry IV carried all sorts of bonbons and ate them at court daily. Even to the present, France, the land of all dainty manufactures, produces the most tempting bonbons.



AN UNUSUAL CONTRIBUTION

THE English suffragettes who elected to go to Holloway Jail rather than pay a fine for disturbing the peace, have contributed not a little to the discomfort of politicians and the gaiety of nations. Mrs. Pankhurst, one of the most aggressive of the noble army, spent some of her spare time in prison in making sketches of her deadly dull surroundings. Since their liberation, the suffragettes have dined sumptuously and have spoken loud and long. They are also writing for the magazines and telling of their week-end in prison. The May number of the *Pall-Mall* contains an article, "What It Feels Like to be in Prison," written by Sylvia Pankhurst, and illustrated after drawings made at Holloway by the author. There is not much literary grace in the description, but Mrs. Pankhurst is concerned chiefly with the suggestions for reform. Her conclusions are decidedly sane and humanitarian:

"Holloway Jail, of which I have tried to give you a glimpse, has set me thinking deeply on the need for reform of prisons,



MISS EDNA MAY

Another dramatic favourite who recently left the stage to become the wife of a "copper millionaire"

and of what they ought to be. Having been among the prisoners as one of themselves, and having seen that most of them are very poor and many of them are old, and that few of them reach the standard of health at which it is possible to enjoy life, it has seemed to me that whatever may be thought as to the treatment of graver criminals, these short-sentence prisons ought really to be hospitals for mind and body, and are needed rather to help and reclaim the poor, wrecked waifs of society than to punish them by inhuman routine and spirit-crushing solitude.....The idea of teaching habits of decency and refinement never seems to have entered the minds of the prison authorities.....The need for reform strikes one at every turn, and as one thinks of the hundreds of practical housewives one knows, the thought forces itself home that if they were allowed a voice in the management of these matters, they would come in, with their sensible ways, and brush away the dust of ages from our moulding prison system."

It's a poor imprisonment that does



"TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW"

From the painting by J Pettie, R.A.

nobody good and the riotous doings of the suffragettes may ultimately result in good if reforms of the nature indicated are made in the English system.



A CHEERING REPORT

THE Hamilton Health Association has issued its second annual report, which contains among other interesting matter an account of the establishment of the Mountain Sanatorium for the consumptive citizens of Hamilton and the county of Wentworth. The people have responded with commendable generosity to the claims of the work, and the various illustrations in the report show how thoroughly the benevolent enterprise has been carried out. The grounds comprise a beautifully wooded farm of close to one hundred acres, rolling land, well watered and drained, and situated on the high table land above the city. Those who know Hamilton do not need to be told how beautiful is the prospect that stretches from the height of the ridge and beyond one of the most picturesque bays in Ontario. The air is pure and invigorating, the view everything that Ontario's woods and waters can afford, and the patient who refuses to recover in the midst of all this cheering environment is incurable indeed.

The Daughters of the Empire, under the leadership of Mrs. P. D. Crerar, have done and are doing a great deal for this truly patriotic cause. Tuberculosis is properly called the white plague, which

commits its ravages in every Province of our Dominion. To fight it successfully, there must be sunshine and fresh air. This is part of the treatment at the Mountain Sanatorium, and the proof of its efficacy may be found in the number of cured or improved patients. All over Canada the importance of the campaign against this unsparing foe

is being recognised, and it is essential that women everywhere realise how much may be done to check its first advance by the simple agency of light, air and proper nourishment.



THE CANADIAN COMPLEXION

WE may as well admit that a Canadian woman with rosy cheeks is not a common sight. A writer in "Canada" remarks in this wise:

I am an Englishwoman who has spent many years, first in England and then in Canada, studying girls from an educational point of view, and I am far from finding that "all Canadian girls are constitutionally strong, healthful, and absolutely happy in the fullest sense of the word." I must confess to a feeling of disappointment that the girlhood of a new country with such a splendid climate compares, on the whole, so unfavourably with our English girls. The pale, colourless faces (except when out in bright frosty weather) of the majority of Canadian girls present a great contrast to the clear skins and bright colouring of the majority of English girls (my experience was chiefly amongst upper-class girls in both countries), and their physical strength and powers of endurance compare still more unfavourably. An ordinarily healthy English girl takes as a matter of course, and enjoys, a daily walk of from three to five miles or six miles, or a bicycle ride of eight or twelve miles. A Canadian girl feels quite worn out after a walk of two or three miles, and her bicycling powers are on the same scale. English girls between twelve and twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, dislike intensely having to confess to physical weakness, or even tiredness; the Canadian girls I came across had no hesitation in saying they did not feel like it, and discussing their

ailments, nervous feelings, etc. This latter is not as healthy a condition as the former, and the girls are not constitutionally as strong, the ordinary diseases of childhood and lesser ailments taking far more hold of them than of English girls. This is, I think, greatly due to the over-heated, shut-up houses of the Canadian winter, the large quantities of candies eaten at all times, and the constant whirl of excitement in which the ordinary girl lives.

We are willing to plead an unhealthy pallor, but when it comes to displaying dainty molars, the Canadian girl is superior to her English cousin. So there are consolations.



WOMEN NOVELISTS

THE London (England) correspondent of a San Francisco journal says a few encouraging words regarding the popularity of the fiction that is written by the members of the sex which has no vote. Here is the paragraph which gives an interesting summary of the lucky novels:

There is one point worthy of mention in literary England. It is mainly the women who write the stories and who have thus a peaceful supremacy more real than they will ever get by storming Parliament Yard. In a list of twelve best sellers in England, degenerate man has no place whatever. Let me conclude with the list itself. The books are: "Fenwick's Career," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "The Far Horizon," by Lucas Malet (Mrs. Harrison); "The Treasure of Heaven," by Marie Corelli; "The Gambler," by Mrs. Cecil Thurston; "Prisoners," by Mary Cholmondeley; "The Dream and the Business," by John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie); "The Viper of Milan," by Marjorie Bowen; "The White House," by Miss Braddon; "In Subjection," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler; "A Sovereign Remedy," by Mrs. Steel; "The Incomplete Amourist," by E. Nesbit (Mrs. Hubert Bland), and "A Queen of Rushes," by Allen Raine (Mrs. Beynon Puddicombe).



THE APPAREL AND THE MAN

THE change in man's attire from the picturesqueness of the past to the practical ugliness of the present is discussed by an English writer in somewhat melancholy fashion. After referring to the former distinctions of dress he says:

"Then suddenly it seemed to the careless onlooker at Life's Pageant, there came a flop in clothes—no other word

will better describe my meaning. The decadent, greenery-gallery style commenced, men (perhaps I should say æsthetic people) faint from the enclosed air of early Victorian drawing-rooms, strolled languidly to giddy heights, and there biliously began the faded art tones, the yellow ties, the appearance of personal neglect, rigorously conventional, which marked an age of thought, typified by dress, an age which was really only the end and decay of early Victorianism. The semi-monastic appearance of the Middle Ages, the gay exuberance of the Elizabethan, the lolling dare-devil of the times of Charles the Second, the Dutch rigidity of William of Orange, the brutal snuff-stained Georgian stocks, the facetious primness of Beau Brummell—all these down to our queer new fashions of to-day are as important to the study of mankind as any written books."

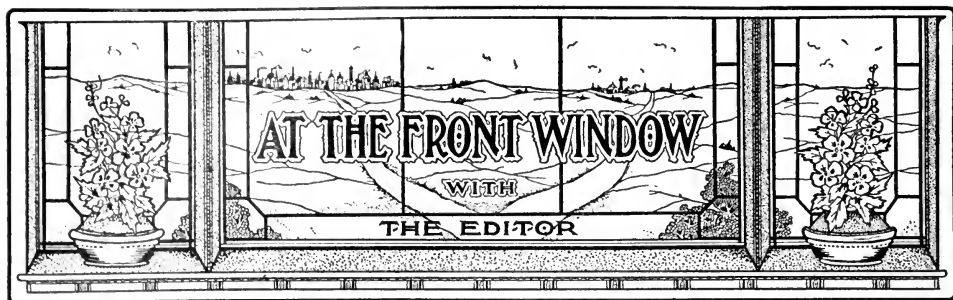


MAN'S SPHERE

OF course we have all heard of Woman's Sphere. Do not the words adorn the head of a department in many a newspaper and magazine? But what about man's sphere? It used to be considered incorrect for woman to be occupied with anything more than baking or sewing. To spell incorrectly, to play insipid variations and to read with the falling inflection the poems of Felicia Hemans were accomplishments of every perfect lady. But time and the type-writer have changed all that. Defective orthography is no longer considered charming, and a "smattering" is no longer regarded as elegant. Woman has "invaded," we are told, the business world and man does not approve of the liberty she has taken.

But what was woman to do? Man had coolly taken up dressmaking, usurped millinery and gone to house-cleaning. In sheer self-defence, woman decided to take degrees and enter offices. It is idle and inconsistent for man to cavil at her becoming barrister while he insists on baking bread. There is really no sphere left for woman except scrubbing, which still seems to be an exclusively feminine occupation.

Jean Graham.



A MASTERPIECE IN COLOUR

WHEN the original of Mr. Frederick S. Challener's painting, "The Meeting of Venus and Adonis," which will decorate the proscenium arch of the new Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, has been seen by the public, not many persons will dispute the assertion that it stands as the most distinguished example of decorative art by a Canadian painter that we are able to show. The reproduction, which is the frontispiece of this number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, serves merely to indicate the outlines of the painting. To fully appreciate the great beauty of the colouring it is necessary to see the original, for the reproduction loses all the depth and variations of the sky, the water and mountains in the distance, and the superb flesh tones of the figures. Venus, or Aphrodite, was the Greek goddess of love, who outshone all the other goddesses in grace and loveliness. Her retinue consisted in part of Eros (Cupid), the three Graces and the personification of laughter. These the artist has placed on the canvas. Among her favourite animals were the ram, he-goat and doves. In the earliest works of art she usually appears clothed, but later she is shown more or less undraped, either rising from the sea, leaving the bath, or merely as an ideal of feminine beauty. Sculptors took delight in idealising her form. The most famous of original statues are the Aphrodite of Melos at Paris and the Aphrodite of Capua at Naples. Adonis was properly a Syrian god of nature. While yet a youth he was killed during battle with a wild boar. The goddess, inconsolable, made the anemone grow out of his blood. When the river Adonis, in Syria, ran red because of

soil washed down from Lebanon by the autumn rains, the native women believed that Adonis had been slain in the mountains and that the water was dyed with his blood. His funeral rites were performed with great lamentation, but when he was resurrected in the spring in the shape of blossoming vegetation, the celebration was licentious in the extreme. This rejoicing became an annual custom, known as the Feast of Adonis, and was observed by women. The custom, which began in Syria, crossed over into Greece and thence as far as Rome. The Grecian festivities on these occasions were simple and restrained.

Mr. Challener has imagined the first meeting of Aphrodite, who personified feminine beauty, and Adonis, a high type of manly beauty. The incident shows the four goddesses waiting for Adonis to awake, with Cupid ready at hand. Cupid is usually represented as a child, but he has been sometimes shown as a model of ripening youth, lithe of limb and graceful of form. Mr. Challener has adopted the latter conception. Known in mythology as Eros, this youth is the deity that sways the passions of the heart of both gods and men. It will be seen, therefore, that to paint a picture such as "The Meeting of Venus and Adonis," requires much more than a mere knowledge of the principles of art and the values of colours.



THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM

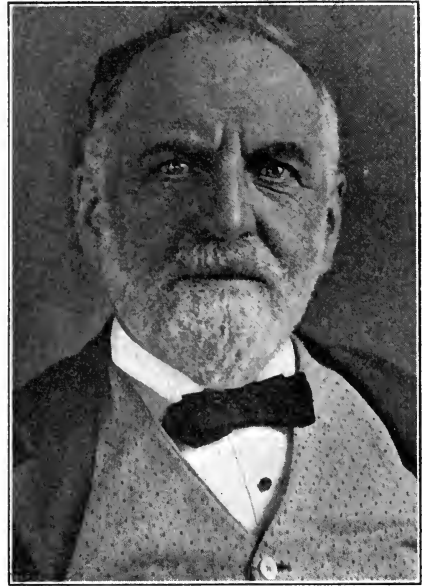
EVEN before the article entitled "Swede Girls for Canadian Homes" appeared in the April number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, we had had a pretty good idea that in many Canadian households the problem of how to get a good,

faithful servant girl at a moderate wage was regarded as almost beyond solution. The number of inquiries that have been received as a result of the publication of that article, has enlarged our appreciation of the situation. The difficulty has been, all along, not so much a lack of quantity as a lack of quality, not the quality of adeptness, but rather the quality of faithfulness and trustworthiness. There is extant, in our cities in particular, a class of young women who are lamentably frivolous and morally irresponsible. They are, many of them, the so-called professional domestics. They frequent the employment agencies, make engagements that are broken without any apparent shred of excuse, and flit from place to place in the deplorable quest for romance. The women who have suffered from the whims and fancies of this class of girl are beginning to look elsewhere for help, and are learning that it is a good investment to assist willing girls from the Old Country by paying their passage, which amount is afterwards made up in service. Enterprise of this kind has been made convenient through the instrumentality of organisations for the purpose, a good example of which is the Women's Domestic Guild of Canada, which has a centre of distribution at 71 Drummond Street, Montreal. When it becomes generally known that good girls from abroad are available for a small temporary outlay, the problem will be at least partly solved.



A CHAMPION OF WOMEN

WHATEVER may be said about the merits of the reforms that Mr. W. T. Stead advocates, the gentleman himself is an excellent type of the person who presses his case to the last ditch. He is more than anything else a man of conviction, but he is also a slave to his conviction. For instance, he upholds what is known as woman's rights, but he makes no exception to prove the rule. If he is to speak at any gathering, he makes it an unalterable condition that women must be allowed to attend. He gives no ear to the plea that the presence of women would be irregular at a gathering of club men. Apparently he does not care much whether



MR. W. T. STEAD
Apostle of Peace

women attend or not, but he insists that they have that privilege anyway. His motto is: "No women, no Stead." He lived up to it at Chicago, refusing to address a meeting, the organisers of which stood pat against permitting women to attend. He did the same thing again at Toronto, and discovered a spirit of independence equal to his own. Of course, that is simply one of his eccentricities, but it is a kind of eccentricity that develops antagonism and tends to hinder the possessor in the propagation of his ideas.



THE NEW PRINCIPAL

DR. R. A. FALCONER, to whom has been offered the Presidency of the University of Toronto, is one more Prince Edward Islander who has won high distinction. At present he is Principal of the Presbyterian College, Halifax, and it is expected that as soon as he returns from a trip that he has been enjoying abroad, he will formally accept the position offered. Since the resignation of President Loudon, several months ago, the Presidency of the University of Toronto has been unoccupied, except in an acting capacity, by



DR. R. A. FALCONER

To whom has been offered the Presidency of the University of Toronto.

Principal Hutton, of University College. Dr. Falconer is forty years of age. He was educated first at Queen's Royal College, Trinidad, and later in London, Leipzig, Berlin and Mareburg. In 1892 he came across to Nova Scotia, and soon became lecturer in Greek exegesis in the college of which he is now Principal. Those who know him speak confidently of his capabilities for the important position to which he has just been called.



A CANADIAN ORCHESTRA

THE musical season in Canada, just closed, was distinguished by the first performance of an orchestra for which there is hope that it may in time take rank with the best instrumental organisations on the continent. The occasion was the concert of the Toronto Conservatory Symphony Orchestra on April 12.

Writing on the significance of the performance, Mr. J. Harry Smith says:

"Canada has seen several attempts at the organisation of a symphony orchestra, some of them entirely worthy, made in a desire to provide in Canada something that Canadian musical art really needed. The

results, however, have not heretofore been so successful as the cause in most cases was worthy. While the attainments of existing and past Canadian orchestras are to a great degree creditable, in no case has there been a combination of favourable circumstances such as would give to the Dominion an orchestra that might, in the near future, compare with the greatest of those of the United States.

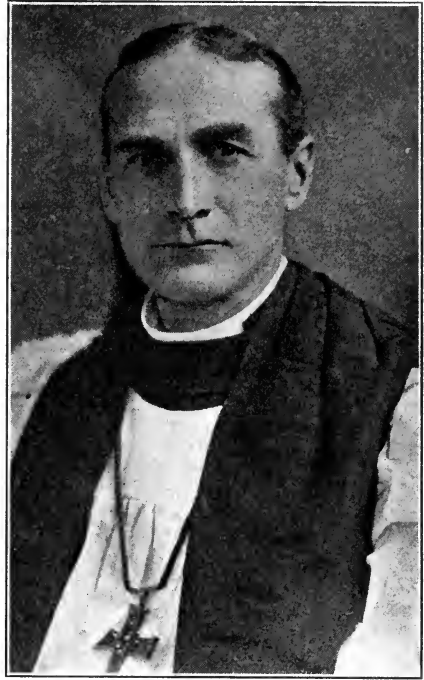
"If anything were necessary to ensure Canada's right to a place of musical honour, the laurels brought from New York by the Mendelssohn Choir would supply the need. But Canada has never had an entirely successful orchestra. Thousands of dollars have been spent annually in bringing to the Dominion the great orchestras of other countries. Attention and encouragement have been lavished upon the half-dozen choral societies which have been doing and are still doing a splendid work in Toronto alone, but never has it been possible to find enthusiastic support for the Toronto orchestras that have, up to this time, claimed public attention. At the time of former attempts, the difficulties attendant upon the securing of sufficient talent have been too great to allow of the measure of success that would ensure support. The musical union, which includes in its membership practically all the professional orchestral players of North America, has its regular scale of charges for rehearsals and concerts. The great expense thus involved had to be guaranteed at the start. This was done by a number of public-spirited citizens appreciative of the country's need in this direction. For the first time in Canada, members of the musical union played with instrumental teachers and their more advanced pupils in a symphony orchestra, and the result was what might have been expected.

"The man to whom the greatest credit must be given is the conductor, Mr. Frank Welsman, who has proved himself so well justified in assuming the duties of orchestral leadership. He is a comparatively young man, with more than a national reputation as a violinist and pianist, but he has never shown to greater advantage than when he presented to the public the result of the season's work of his orchestra.

Very great credit is also due the professional musicians associated with him. In the majority of cases they worked for the cause and for no personal gain.

"A word should be said of what was accomplished by the orchestra. The attendance was large, sufficiently so to pay the season's expenses. It was necessarily a highly critical audience and the enthusiasm displayed throughout the evening left no doubt as to the verdict. The programme was, to some extent, exacting, including Beethoven's symphony in C major, op. 21; Moszkowski's Spanish Danish, op. 12, No. 2, and the Liszt Hungarian fantasia. The work of the strings calls for special mention. Tone and technique were surprisingly excellent and the unanimity of the instruments was particularly noteworthy. The orchestra comprised fifty players, including eighteen violins, four violas, four 'cellos, five contra basses, eight wood-wind, nine brass and two percussion.

"If Canada is ever to have an orchestra as worthy of her as is the Mendelssohn Choir, it would seem that the auspices under which this Toronto Conservatory Symphony Orchestra has been started are those which have the greatest chance of success. We are, evidently, not yet sufficiently cultured to allow of government or municipal grants towards this sort of educative institution, and if the good work is to go on, generous individuals and an appreciative public will have to assume that duty. Canada must some day have a national music. She will some day have men who shall write in poems of tone Canada as they know her. Until she has worthy orchestras as well as



A. F. Ingram

DR. A. F. WINNINGTON INGRAM

Bishop of London, who is soon to visit Canada, and his official signature.

worthy choral societies, the genius that lies latent within our country will never show forth. The foundation of a lasting orchestra that may in time take its place among the great musical combinations of this continent, is a big step forward in the general advancement of Canada's musical art."





MORE MERITORIOUS WORK BY
CANADIANS

THE month's reviews embrace a number of noteworthy books by Canadians. Mr. Norman Duncan, who seems to be making a sure way for his literary work in the most remunerative markets, has written another story of Newfoundland life, entitled, "The Cruise of the Shining Light." Mr. Arthur Stringer has followed his "Wire Tappers" with a story along the same lines, entitled, "Phantom Wires." Anish North, to whose name we are unable to supply a prefix, being frankly ignorant of this person's identity, is a new Canadian author, whose first novel, as far as we are aware, is entitled "Carmichael." Prof. Workman, of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, in his work on the Servant of Jehovah, has contributed an important addition to theological literature. Reviews of these books follow:



A NEWFOUNDLAND STORY

NORMAN DUNCAN'S latest novel, "The Cruise of the Shining Light," (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1.25 net) is quite different from the suggestion of the title. It is mostly a study of quaint, eccentric character as found in a Newfoundland fisherman and shown in first-rate outline against a youthful background in the person of *Dannie*, a lad who lives with and by this outlandish man of the sea. The *Shining Light* lies dormant in a little cove near Twist Tickle, the scene of the story, during most of the first twenty years of Dannie's life, and then she is rigged up and sailed for a purpose. The author saw probabilities of romance and mystery in the possibility of a designing person being able to hire a seaman to purposely wreck a vessel at a convenient

place for safely landing the crew, and being familiar with the quaint speech and manner of the Newfoundland fisher-folk, he saw also opportunity for picturesque setting and artistic treatment. He tells the story in the first person, beginning with the first intelligent observations of the lad Dannie in the guardianship of the old salt, Nicholas Top, of Twist Tickle. Nick, as this "hook and line" fisherman comes to be familiarly named, possessed almost an uncanny determination to see Dannie grow up to be a gentleman, and towards that end he sacrificed much of what comfort and luxury he might have enjoyed in order to bestow more upon the lad. One wonders why this unusual type of humanity, this peg-legged, bescarred and bewrinkled old sailor, living in bachelorhood, with Dannie as sole companion, should possess so strong a desire to "stand by" the boy and rear him like a gentleman that it developed with the years into a veritable passion. While the mystery is being impressed and the curiosity of the reader whetted by the foster parent's unwitting remarks and by half-yearly trips of questionable character to St. John's, agreeable entertainment is provided by Nick's superb garrulity and rum-tipping propensities and by the author's poetic appreciation of a picturesque community, with the sound of the sea always ringing in the ear. Presently a girl named Judith appears, and enthralls Dannie. The love-making is distinguished by the sweet, unaffected simplicity of honest hearts, but it is interrupted by a tutor who is "imported" from London to give Dannie bearings as a gentleman and to accompany him in the pursuit of culture abroad. After two years the tutor and Dannie return, and in the confusion of love-making, Judith disappears. Then the *Shining Light* is put to sea in an endeavour to

find the girl. The quest is successful and Dannie and Judith become reconciled. Old Nick comes to his accounting, and then he reveals the secret of Dannie's life. Dannie's mother died when he was born, and six months afterward the father, with Nicholas Top as one of his crew, wrecked a vessel at the wrong place, and all on board were lost except Nicholas. Before going down the father had received Nick's assurance on oath that the baby Dannie would be reared like a gentleman, the money to be provided by the man who had prompted the wrecking, the means of extraction to be blackmail. Some readers may conclude that the secret is not worthy of the consequences. Be that as it may, Mr. Duncan has written in a charming style, a style that reminds one of Stevenson's, but it departs from Stevenson's into a fuller appreciation of the poetry of environment.



A MELODRAMATIC STORY

MR. ARTHUR STRINGER'S novel of a year ago, entitled "The Wire Tappers," is followed now by another in sequel form and of the title "Phantom Wires" (Toronto: The Musson Book Company. Cloth, \$1.50). While the incidents of the later story involve the adventures of two of the leading characters in the first, Frances and "Jim" Durkin, "Phantom Wires" is an independent novel, and therefore a knowledge of the first is by no means essential to an appreciation of the second. Frances and Jim had determined to depart from their former shady means of livelihood, and had gone to Europe with that object in view. The second story begins by finding Jim stranded at Monte Carlo. There we have a picture of a man whose temperament is craving for *action*, for sensation, and is whetted by lack of money. He has been separated by force of circumstances from his wife, Frances, who, he supposes, is honestly teaching music in Paris. But he gets a momentary glimpse of her at Monte Carlo, masquerading as Lady Boxspur; and when he sees that she has gone back into their former ways, he goes too. He breaks into the apartments of a Russian prince. While he is there working in the dark, having cut the electric



JACK LONDON, THE AUTHOR

Who is leaving on a three years' cruise around the world.

light wires, a key turns in the door. Then some one walks in and lights a match. It is his wife. He had come for money; she for documents, having joined the British secret service. They decide to join forces in the old way again, and then follows in rapid succession a series of extremely sensational and melodramatic adventures. The average detective story is away outdone. Electricity and wireless telegraphy play a part, and scenes change with Arabian nightlike unexpectedness. While it must be admitted that some of the moves have scarcely a plausible excuse, the plot is intensely absorbing, even if it is also intensely theatrical. It is melodramatic and sensational to an extreme, with a moderate, well-tempered medium. In other words, while the story itself reaches the top heights of extravagance, it is told in restrained diction. Instead of being full of "blood and thunder," it is distinguished by lightning and whispers. In the end, the Durkins get back to New York, where, after a few hours of tremendously rapid action, they overcome their arch enemies, MacNutt and Keenan. An epilogue shows them once more in the right way, and there is

a promise that this time they will stay there, for a child is to be born unto them.



DID ISAAH PROPHECY OF CHRIST?

PROFESSOR WORKMAN'S long-expected volume dealing with the problem of the Servant of Jehovah in the book of Isaiah, has at length been published. (Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.75 net.) The writer, who is at present Professor of Old Testament Exegesis and Literature in the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, has given to this subject particular thought for twenty years, and the result of this long period of scholarly research and acute study is a book which might well serve as a model of chiselled and easily understood phraseology, of careful paragraphing and of truly remarkable compression. Dr. Workman has accomplished the rare feat of discussing a subject which has been regarded as the peculiar province of the learned exegete, in such a way that the reader of general intelligence can understand his every sentence and grasp the whole problem.

There is no doubt but that the contents of this book will prove intensely interesting reading to every student of the Bible who thinks he knows something of the relation of Old Testament prophecy to the Christ of the New Testament. Most Bible students, while uncertain about a great many passages in the prophets, firmly believe that the well-known 53rd chapter of Isaiah refers directly to Jesus Christ; the Servant of whom the prophet speaks, whose appearance he describes and whose mission of vicarious suffering he details with such a wealth of imagery has always been identified with the Saviour who died on Calvary. Professor Workman, however, while agreeing that the suffering Servant's mission was ideally fulfilled in Christ, sets forth in these pages his reasons for holding to the view of many modern scholars that Isaiah's Man of Sorrows was not an individual, but the community, ideal Israel. He claims that the *Servant* passages were composed in the days of Babylonian exile, and holds that "the Servant is always the Israelitish nation, or the Jewish church, contem-

plated by the prophet either from the point of view of its actual condition or from the point of view of its divine vocation." He further asserts that vicarious suffering as taught by Deutero-Isaiah, "is participative, not substitutionary. The voluntary sacrifice of the Servant was not an offering given to God, but an offering made for men." To one who has not studied the context, he admits that "the account reads like that of a person; but traditional interpreters have been blameworthy for disregarding the historical setting and for viewing the delineation as a miraculous portraiture of Christ."

Whether the reader will agree that Professor Workman has given absolute proof of his main contention or not, he will be grateful for the flood of clear light thrown upon this old question. One whose mind is open to truth will surely admit that the author's argument for a late writer of these passages, commonly called by modern critics Deutero-Isaiah, is invincible. Every reader, Jew and Gentile alike, will enjoy the splendid chapter on the mission of the Jewish nation to the world and will at last close the book with a profound regard for the patient, devout, and long-continued labour of the man whose thorough scholarship and literary skill have built it up in spite of years of difficulty, discouragement and devotion in the cause of what he believes to be the truth.



A NEW CANADIAN AUTHOR

"CARMICHAEL," by Anish North (London, Ontario: The William Weld Company. Cloth, \$1.25) is a novel of Canadian rural life, based on animosity between neighbours, aroused by a dispute over the location of a line fence. It is related in the first person, by "Peggy" Mallory, a farmer's daughter, who tells in an unaffected and convincing style how human proneness to suspect evil in others prevented the love of herself and Dick Carmichael, a youth of the adjoining farm, from developing in its own sweet way. It is rather refreshing to read a story of this kind after some of the highly-flavoured novels that are being produced, even though the technique may not be,

artistically, satisfactory. At the outset the reader is interested in two urchins, Peggy and Dick, who are the only evidences of recognition of any kind between the Carmichael and Mallory households. The maid and the lad are scampering together through the fields, in blissful ignorance that a dispute over the line fence had ever existed or that it had been settled. They discover a cut in the standing timber on the Mallory side of the fence, and an innocent announcement of that fact stirs up the smoldering rancour and bad feeling between the fathers. Then the Mallory house and barns are burned, and Carmichael is suspected, even by his own son, Dick. But the suspicion keeps Peggy and Dick apart. The youth leaves home as a result of a dispute with his father. Revival meetings are held in the neighbourhood, and at one of them a convert confesses the theft of the timber that stood near the Mallory-Carmichael line fence, and it is learned also that Carmichael did not fire the Mallory buildings. About this time Dick returns, and he and Peggy are married, as a matter of course. The story is valuable, inasmuch as it gives a faithful account of many things characteristic of farm life in Ontario.



A SPLENDID CHARACTER STUDY

THE appearance of Edith Wharton's novelette, "Madame de Treymes," in book form (Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Cloth, \$1.00 net) renders available in convenient form one of the most subtle character studies in current fiction. Although the complete story is told with the use of only about twenty thousand words, the reader gets more out of it than he oftentimes might get out of a story of five times its length. The name indicates that *Madame de Treymes* is a French woman. She is also a resident of Paris and a member of an exclusive branch of Parisian society. The story has to do in particular with her and an American who seeks marriage with her sister-in-law, an American woman who has been unhappily married to Madame de Treymes' brother, an incorrigible *rué*. Of this unhappy union one child is a result. There has been no



EDITH WHARTON

Author of "Madame de Treymes"

divorce, but the parents have for some time lived apart from each other. The child has been living with the mother. While this domestic arrangement is being carried out, the American, John Durham, the former lover, casually meets the mother in Paris, and as a means towards bringing about a legal divorce from the erring husband and a marriage with Durham, Madame de Treymes, the sister-in-law, is introduced. Through the succession of interviews that follow between this elusive French woman and the American, one obtains an intimate acquaintance with a highly influential, super-aristocratic, Roman Catholic family—a family that is in reality a political body, in the councils of which individuals may express opinions and differ from the others, but when a move is to be made all must act as one person. It is contrary to the practice of the Church to sanction divorce, and in support of that the family stand pat, but there is the soul of a child at stake, a child that is now in the custody of a heretic. Durham and Madame de Treymes carry on negotiations, during which the French woman displays an extreme astuteness and almost devilish elusiveness. She pre-

tends to be acting as Durham's intercessor at the family councils, and finally she reports success—that an agreement has been declared in favour of divorce. Durham is elated, but before he has more than begun to enjoy his prospect, Madame de Treymes informs him that the only condition is that the custody of the child be transferred to the father's family. Rather than agree to that, knowing the mother's attachment to the boy, Durham abandons all hope of possessing the mother. The end is somewhat uncertain, and it is left to the reader to decide whether Madame de Treymes really deceived Durham or whether she, too, was a victim of jealously guarded family traditions.



"NEWER IDEALS OF PEACE"

ONE of the notable publications of the month is a volume entitled "Newer Ideals of Peace," by Jane Addams, author of "Democracy and Social Ethics" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25 net). Its appearance is timely, coming at a time when there is promise of real progress towards an international understanding that will forever place international warfare in the realm of history. The author of this work has found the sources of her inspiration in the heart of a great cosmopolitan community, and her conclusions are drawn in the belief that the forces at work there in the making of all men kin will in time have a universal application. Her appeal is quite different from Tolstoi's, who describes the pitiful side of war, depicting the average soldier as one who goes into battle at the bidding of his superiors, knowing little of the moral consequences, and caring less. Then we have had our painters of armed conflict, particularly Vereschagin, who put on canvas thousands of the wounded and the dead, and thus force us to question the moral fitness of the thing. We have also the economical side, championed by Jean de Block, who counts the cost and argues like a homeopathist that if the expense were carried further the preparation for war would make war impossible. Jane Addams's *newer ideals* are different from these, and can be best epitomised by saying that they

are based on humanitarian principles—widening sympathies, increase in international good-will and the removal of prejudice by increased contact.



A TIMELY HISTORY

ALL who hope to visit the Jamestown Exposition at Norfolk, Va., should, in order to fully appreciate the significance of the occasion, read such a book as "The Birth of the Nation," by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited. Price, \$1.75 net). Most persons already know that the exposition is intended to be a celebration of the settlement of the English at Jamestown three hundred years ago. Mrs. Pryor, who has already attained a reputation as a writer of history by her two other books, entitled, respectively, "The Mother of Washington and Her Times," and "Reminiscences of Peace and War," shows in this, her latest work, a thorough equipment for the task of writing an account of the early colonisation by the English of the Virginian tracts; and, in fact, of the history of North America from the time of Columbus down to the delightful romance that hallows the names of John Smith and Pocahontas. The author has wisely refrained from attempting to epitomise the history of the United States, but has confined her efforts to a comprehensive account of the early settlement of the English on these western shores, chronicling events of tremendous significance in our day, with the object of giving the reader a proper appreciation of what the Jamestown Exposition should mean to all persons of Anglo-Saxon origin.



A BOOK ON INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA

THE fact that Great Britain is lamentably lacking in authentic information respecting the native races of the various parts of the Empire, has induced the publication of an extensive work to be known under the general title of "The Native Races of the British Empire." One of the latest volumes to be published in this connection deals with the Salish and Déné tribes of North America, who

inhabit the vast tracts from Hudson's Bay west as far as the Pacific coast (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.50 net.). The author, Mr. C. Hill-Tout, has spent fifteen years in intimate contact with the Salish tribes, and he has had exceptional opportunities of obtaining authentic information regarding the Déné. Not only are the people and their customs, beliefs, etc., dealt with in a comprehensive manner, but there is, as well, a valuable description of the country they inhabit, and of the flora, fauna, etc., to be found there. The volume contains thirty-three full-page reproductions of excellent photographs and a map.



RESPECTING RAILWAYS

NO period in the history of our country has been marked by so extensive an amount of railroad building as the present, and now is, therefore, the time when the people should see to it that they do not divest themselves of powers that will cripple or embarrass later generations. We have seen examples of the immense influence that has been wielded in the United States by some of the railroads, and therefore a book of much value has just appeared entitled, "Federal Power over Carriers and Corporations," by E. Parmalee Prentice. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50 net). The work deals with the nature and extent of powers belonging to the general government in the United States, and not with Congressional legislation. A perusal of the book affords an opportunity to form an estimate of the value of explicit laws affecting carrying companies or corporations, and its value to Canadians lies in the warning that it gives and the caution that it should inspire.



NOTES

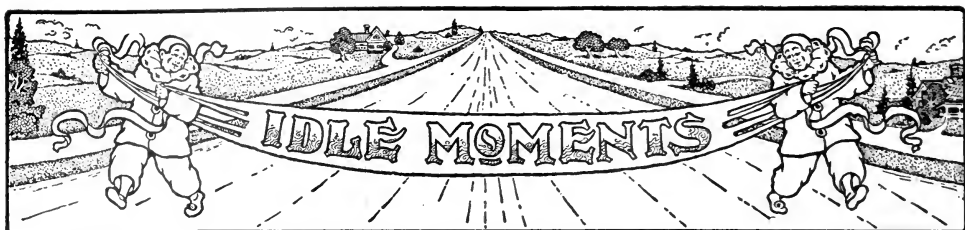
—J. D. Logan, A.M., Ph.D., author of "The Structural Principles of Style," and numerous essays, recently delivered a lecture before the Philosophical Society of the University of Toronto, entitled "The Religious Function of Comedy," which was so well received that requests were made to have it published as an essay. The request was granted and a well-

printed brochure is the result (Toronto: William Briggs. Paper, 25c.). The essay is distinguished by excellent diction and scholarly treatment of the subject.

—"At the Sign of the Beaver" is the title of a handsome little volume of short stories and poems by Samúel Matthewson Baylis (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.00). As Mr. Baylis is a Canadian, being a resident of Montreal, added interest will be taken in his work. The first short story, entitled "A Notarial Protest," will likely give the most pleasure in reading, but the others will be found interesting, particularly to those who have a fancy for religious speculation. The poems and sonnets show, if anything, more merit than the prose, and they are especially praiseworthy because many of them deal with historical subjects that are too often neglected by our native singers.

—"Historical Sketches of Scotland in Prose and Verse" is the title of an artistic little volume by Miss Mary Leslie (Toronto: The Bryant Press). It is an account of the Kings and Queens of Scotland from the reign of Fergus the First to Victoria. All who have had the pleasure of reading "Rhymes of the Kings and Queens of England," an earlier work of Miss Leslie's, will be able to anticipate the worth of a similar work with respect to Scotland. There is a valuable appendix, containing brief sketches of the Highland clans.

—In *University of Toronto Studies*, the review of historical publications during 1906, relating to Canada, making Volume XI, edited by Prof. George M. Wrong and H. H. Langton, Librarian of the University of Toronto (Toronto: Morang and Company, Limited. Paper, \$1.50), contains almost two hundred reviews. Although the work covers book and periodical literature, one would scarcely believe that so much historical matter relating to Canada would find a way into print during only twelve months. Some of the reviews are necessarily quite brief, but the more important publications have received comprehensive treatment. The value of the volume to all persons who have an interest in the Dominion is at once apparent. The names of the reviewers and the works assigned to each, show that there has been a judicious selection.



HER PHOTOGRAPH

THERE was never any real hunger or cold at the Norvals—their's was not that kind of poverty. But neither was there any money at all to be spent for extras or luxuries.

Virginia knew that papa and mamma gave her all they possibly could. She recalled with pain how mamma still wore those old, old, mended gloves, because she took the money for the new ones and bought Virginia a dotted muslin dress.

Mamma was so sweet, poverty had not made her bitter or impatient. How lovingly and with what infinite pains she devised pleasures for Virginia, and toiled over her dainty, inexpensive clothes!

Virginia knew it all so well, and tried hard to be brave and patient, too, but, somehow, when she looked over at the Bentons, and saw Jessie coming out in her new *organdie*, and being joined by Mary Carter in her pink silk *mull*, and both going toward that temple of delight, the new photographer's "gallery," Virginia could scarcely keep back the tears.

The tiny village of Elmhurst had the excitement of the photographer's visit only once a year, and never at any of these annual visits had there been money enough for Virginia to have that longed-for picture taken. She had no photograph at all, she thought, sadly, only that one taken when she was a year old—long ago, before papa lost his money. All the other girls had such fascinating pictures of themselves. Mary even had a *pastel*, almost life-size, her hair in rigid curls, and some *La France* roses from their garden in her lap. Virginia was sitting on the beautiful old verandah, with the purple wistaria growing all about it. Out in the yard the tall old locust trees wore their June dress of white blossoms. All the air was sweet with their perfume, and

the sun shone very brightly; but Virginia's heart was sad as she watched the two little girls entering the big white tent down the street. There was a pathetic droop to the soft mouth, and the tears were very near, when mamma came out of the cool, bare old dining-room, and drew Virginia into her arms.

"Dear little girl, mother is so sorry about the photographs. Mother hoped you might have some taken this time; but, dear, the money mother had saved must go to buy poor old Aunt Ailsey some shoes; you know how she has looked forward to 'Big Meeting' out at the darkey church, and now she cannot go unless we buy the shoes for her," and there were tears in mother's eyes.

Virginia gave her an earnest hug, and said: "Darling mamma, you know I want her to go, and I'll try hard not to fret a bit. I'll go up in the attic and have a glorious dressing up, mayn't I, mamma?" And mamma smiled a relieved "yes."

But when Virginia had dressed up in lovely old faded India mull, with the big pink flowers in it, and while she was looking for a bonnet in the old chest, she found such a dear little, old daguerreotype of mamma, when she was a little girl, in a quaint little low-necked dress and with roses in her lap. Virginia's heart swelled again and the tears fell fast on the pink-flowered dress. She jumped up quickly; "I'll go out to the big swing," she thought; "somehow things don't seem to hurt so much out there," and she slipped quickly down the attic stairs and out to her loved retreat—the big swing in the cool, green forest, just back of tiny *Elmhurst*.

"I may as well cry it out," thought she; and did, sobbing out her little grief, which seemed so big to her, until she fell asleep and slipped to the soft mould beneath the swing, where she lay, a pretty picture, with her yellow-brown hair falling in curly

disorder over the old flowered gown. Drowsily she slipped her dimpled arm beneath her head and slept.

She was awakened by a voice, a strange voice, but soft and sweet, saying:

"Louise, look at her! Isn't that exquisite! I must paint that, if I can possibly get her to sit for me."

Virginia got up quickly, flushing and shyly saying, "Good evening," which is provincial Virginian for "Good afternoon."

Two charming-looking ladies in dainty summer gowns stood near, one carrying paint-box and portfolio. The fairer one had spoken. "I am Miss Tyler," she said again. "I paint pictures, and I should like to paint you in that dress, if your mamma will let you sit to me; do you think you would? I would gladly pay you, you know."

Virginia's heart beat high with excitement, but she hesitated: she did not think mamma would allow her to accept money from a stranger.

"Won't you take me to your mamma, and let me try?" said the fairer lady, smiling.

Virginia led the way to the stately old house. Mamma came to the door herself, in her simple, pretty, white gown; and when she saw the fairer lady, she exclaimed: "Why, Grace Tyler, is it really you?" and almost as quickly the fairer lady said: "Why, Georgie Peyton, I've never seen you since the dear old days at college."

So they kissed, and talked and talked; and though for a long time nothing was said of the picture, Virginia felt sure it would be painted—and it was.

And though, of course, nothing was said of pay, before it was painted at all, Miss Tyler took Virginia down to Richmond, which wasn't very far away, and had a dozen platinum-finished photographs made, in which Virginia wore her



A HISTORIC TREE

hair in its natural curls, and had *La France* roses in her hands. *Pearl L. Benedum.*



AN HISTORIC APPLE TREE

THIS is a photograph of an old apple tree which stands about four miles northeasterly from Port Hope, on the farm of Mr. J. Holdsworth. Old residents of the neighbourhood say that this tree is the sole relic of the first orchard planted in Central Ontario. The tree is certainly very old, for the orchard in which it grew is mentioned in Mrs. Moodie's famous story of early Canadian life, "Roughing it in the Bush" (Vol. I, pages 126 and 135). This work was written about 1830, and the orchard was old even at that early date, so there may be much truth in the assertion made by old residents that the orchard was planted in 1792. As may be seen by the photograph, taken in August, 1905, the tree is



A FISH STORY IN THE MAKING

now very bent, and is more than half dead. The apples it bears to-day are small and of a disagreeable flavour, but when the orchard was in its prime, its fruit was the pride of the countryside.

If the tree could speak, what a tale it could tell! For over a century it has stood on the hillside, overlooking the whole farm, and the highway winds past the foot of the hill. It has seen storm and shine, snow and rain, and all the changes that have passed over the neighbourhood for the last hundred years. It has witnessed the progress from the haphazard, bush-whacking and ground-scratching of the earliest settler to the scientific forestry and farming of the present day. Think of all the changes in the personnel of the farm! Think of the sturdy farmers and the busy housewives who have lived their lives or so-journed beside it! Think of the youths and maidens who have eaten its fruit, wandered under its branches, and made love in its shade! Truly the old tree could tell a tale.

The spring spoken of in Mrs. Moodie's book still supplies the farm with the best of water, and the graveyard is still undesecrated by strangers. Mrs. Moodie's log houses and sheds have, of course, disappeared, but their sites are yet known. It is indeed very interesting to read such a book on the spot where it was written, where the author toiled and sang. The descendants of him who planted the orchard, as well as of many

others, mentioned in the book, are still living in the neighbourhood. But the ruin of the old apple tree is hastily approaching; soon its gnarled trunk and withered arms will bow in the feebleness of extreme old age before some ruthless tempest, and the historic spot where it now stands will know it no more for ever. *James E. Horning.*



BETWEEN COURSES

By D. J. O'D.

KIND LADY (to tramp):
My good man, I can

smell your breath a mile off.

TRAMP: No mam, it's de methelated spirits off me autermobile what you smell.



TEACHER (to Johnny who is listening to chum near the hot air register): Johnny, shut off that hot air down there.

JOHNNY: I can't, mam, he's too big fer me to lick.



LADY (to ex-tramp, who is applying for a job): What we want is some one to look after the goats. Have you had any experience in that line?

EX-TRAMP: Well, lady, I served me apprenticeship on de bumpers.



WIFEY: George, dear, isn't my new hat a cuckoo?

HUBBY (looking at the bill): By the size of the bill it must be a pelican.



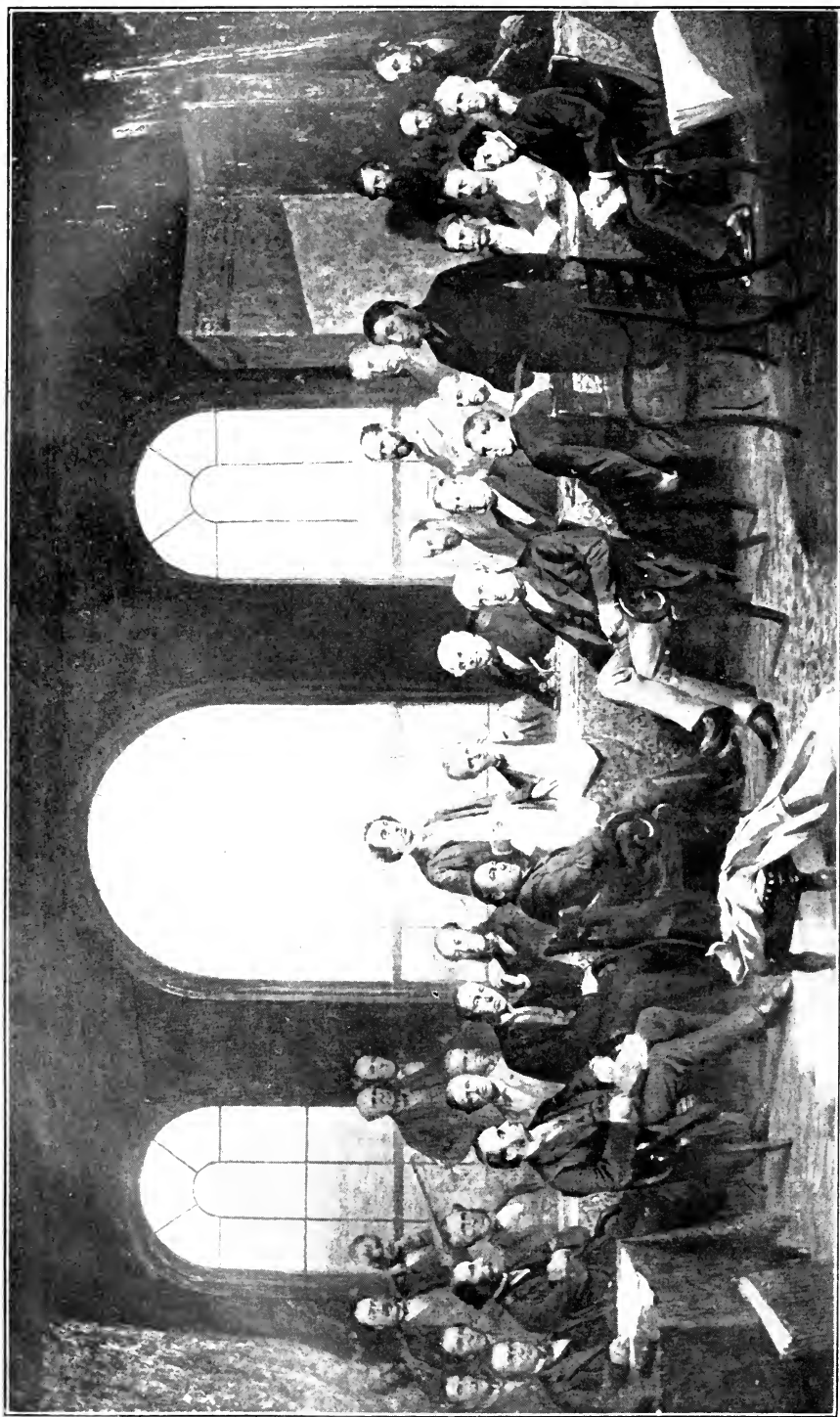
JOHNNY: Ma says pa is bull-headed.

FREDDY: That's nothing; my mother says pa has the neck of a canal horse.



PROFESSOR AT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE: What is the typical American steer?

STUDENT FROM MISSOURI: The bum steer, sir.



From the Painting by Robert Harris, R.C.A.

THE FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 3

The Fathers of Confederation

By JOHN LEWIS

Editor-in-Chief, The Toronto Star

An interesting appreciation of some of the leading figures of a somewhat remarkable gathering, only two of whom still survive.



THAT Canadians are not a very demonstrative or self-conscious people would appear from their treatment of their national day. They still let off their fireworks on the birthday of Queen Victoria, and march in procession on the day of St. Jean Baptiste or the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, while the birthday of the Dominion, though set aside for rest and pleasure, passes by as if it were not a landmark in the history of the nation. If we were given to celebration, we might have an excuse for marking in some way this fortieth anniversary of Confederation, when all the Fathers but two have passed away. Let us at least glance at the familiar picture of the conference at Quebec, which is reproduced on the opposite page from this, and try to brush up our memories of the times and the men.

All will recognise at once the faces of Macdonald, Brown, Tilley, Mowat, Tupper and Langevin, who took active parts in politics after Confederation. The chairman, Sir Etienne P. Taché, belongs to an earlier day. He was born five years before the close of the eighteenth century; he was a lieutenant in the Canadian *Chasseurs* in the War of 1812; he was a middle-aged man when he entered the first Parliament of the United Canadas, as member for L'Islet. From this time forth we find him holding office

in ministries of all stripes of politics, yet without the least suspicion of mercenary motive or betrayal of friends. From 1846 to 1848 he was deputy adjutant-general under the Tories. When the Reformers won their great triumph at the elections of 1847-8, Taché entered the famous ministry headed by Lafontaine and Baldwin. Baldwin and Lafontaine retired. Hincks came in and was defeated; the Tory party was reconstructed as the Liberal-Conservative party; still Taché remained placidly at the helm, the leaders of both parties being glad to have his assistance. When he retired in 1857, Imperial honours fell on his shoulders; he was knighted; he was made honorary colonel in the British army, and *aide-de-camp* to the Queen, and he was one of the *suite* of the Prince of Wales in his tour through Canada.

To say how he was recalled to political life is to tell a large part of the story of Confederation. In 1864, neither political party being able to command a majority in the House, the Governor-General, who was sorely troubled by the chaotic state of affairs, induced Sir E. P. Taché to lend his name and influence to a ministry. But the task was too great even for him; in three months the ministry fell, and chaos was imminent again, when George Brown made his famous proposal that the parties should sink their differences and endeavour to frame a new constitution, under which

the quarrels of Upper and Lower Canada would be laid at rest. The joy and relief were as great as had been the tension occasioned by the difficulties and dangers of the time. Sir Richard Cartwright says: "On that memorable afternoon when Mr. Brown, not without emotion, made his statement to a hushed and expectant House, and declared that he was about to ally himself with Sir George Cartier and his friends for the purpose of carrying out Confederation, I saw an excitable, elderly little French member rush across the floor, climb up on Mr. Brown, who, as you remember, was of a stature approaching the gigantic, fling his arms around his neck and hang several seconds there suspended, to the visible consternation of Mr. Brown and to the infinite joy of all beholders, pit, box and gallery included."

But where was the man under whom Brown and Macdonald, personal as well as political foes, would consent to serve even for a great patriotic end? Sir Etienne P. Taché was the only man. He had, in the language used by one of the leaders, "ceased to be actuated by strong party feelings or personal ambitions," and he enjoyed the confidence and good-will of all. When he died, on 30th July, 1865, the war broke out again, and before the end of the year George Brown was out of the Government.

The face in the picture between George Brown and Sir Oliver Mowat is that of Sir A. T. Galt, to whom Sir Richard Cartwright assigns a large share of the credit of Confederation. As early as 1858 he moved in the Legislature a series of resolutions advocating the federal union of all the British North American provinces and territories, virtually on the basis that exists to-day. It is worthy of note that he then declared that questions relating to education and likely to arouse religious dissension, ought to be left to the provinces. He entered the Cartier-Macdonald Government after Confederation, and soon achieved a high reputation as a public financier. Through the negotiations that led to the formation of the coalition, his name appears as an intermediary below Brown

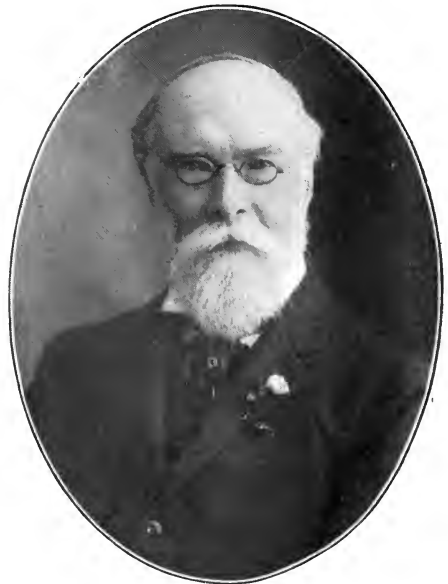
and Macdonald. He was a member of the coalition until 1866, when he withdrew because he did not consider that sufficient safeguards were provided for the Protestant minority of Quebec. Later, on receiving assurance upon this point, he consented to be one of the delegates to Great Britain to complete the scheme of Confederation.

The figure to the left of Sir Charles Tupper is that of D'Arcy McGee, a brilliant Irishman, who in his youth was attached to the Young Ireland party, and took part in Smith-O'Brien's rebellion, fled to the United States, and afterwards came to Canada, where he became a thoroughly good and somewhat conservative citizen. His speech is perhaps the most literary in form of any of those printed in the debate on Confederation, and is a clear and compact account of the circumstances which made the change necessary. In 1865 he visited Ireland and denounced Fenianism, drawing upon himself the enmity of the organisation. In April, 1868, he was shot dead by an assassin while entering his house in Ottawa after the adjournment of the House. There had been a debate on the disaffection in Nova Scotia over Confederation, and McGee had made a conciliatory speech. "We will compel them," he said, "to come into this union. We will compel them by our fairness, our kindness, our love, to be one with us in this common and this great national work." The assassination of McGee was no doubt political, and due to his changed attitude on Irish affairs. Another of the Fathers, George Brown, was marked for the bullet of the assassin, but the act had no political significance, nor was it inspired by enmity for the victim. Bennett was undoubtedly insane.

One of the results of the movement for Confederation was to give Sir John Macdonald a powerful ally from Nova Scotia. In the *Nineteenth Century* for May there is an article on "The Problem of Empire," by one of the two survivors of Confederation, now eighty-five years of age. At Confederation Dr. Tupper was a man in early middle age, stalwart in person, having a voice like



SIR CHARLES TUPPER



SENATOR A. A. MACDONALD

The only Fathers of Confederation who are still living.

thunder, and all the equipment of "a first-class fighting man." He did not work at this time, afterwards in Opposition, and again when the Canadian Pacific legislation was carried. I heard him some years later; though his language was sometimes violent and his denunciations terrific, one always got the impression that he was not really very angry, but was merely hurling these rhetorical rocks across the House as a matter of policy, by way of discouraging the enemy and comforting his friends. He made a good though a losing fight in 1896. It was characteristic of him to deliver the opening speech of the campaign in Winnipeg, defying the lightning of Manitoba's opposition to the remedial legislation restoring separate schools in that province.

The other survivor is Senator A. A. Macdonald, who was seventy-eight years of age last February. He represented Prince Edward Island at the Charlottetown conference on the union of the Lower Provinces, and afterwards at the Quebec conference. He has served his native Province in several capacities, as a member of its Legislature, as a

member of the Charlottetown School Board and the Board of Education, as Postmaster-General, and, from 1884 to 1889, as Lieutenant-Governor. Since 1891 he has been a member of the Senate of Canada. He is attentive to his duties, but not given to speaking; is courteous, dignified and somewhat reserved in manner, and generally answers to the description of "a gentleman of the old school." His health has not been good for the last two years, but is improving. Let us hope that he and his colleague will live to see a good many more anniversaries of the Dominion whose constitution they helped to frame.

To whomsoever we may assign the chief credit for bringing about Confederation, two faces in the picture stand out as those of the men who had most to do with working out the system. They are Sir John Macdonald on the Federal side, and Sir Oliver Mowat on the Provincial side. Macdonald was at the head of affairs from 1867 to 1873, and again from 1878 to his death in 1891. Mowat was Premier of Ontario from 1872 to 1896. Those were formative years, years in which the bounds of

federal and provincial authority were settled, and the machinery of government put in working order. It would not be fair to ignore the work done by Sandfield Macdonald as the first Premier of Ontario, but his face does not appear in the picture for the very sufficient reason that he was an opponent of Confederation. Before Confederation his name appears at the head of Liberal administrations. But it was at the instance of Sir John Macdonald that he accepted the task of setting the Ontario machinery in motion.

What difficulties did these men face, and what did they do for Canada? We are in some danger of thinking lightly of our own history, because so little of it is written in blood. For the history of Confederation we must go to unpromising sources; to a volume of debates, to sessional reports and State papers, to the musty files of old newspapers. At about this time, the neighbouring Republic was passing through the closing scenes of the agony of four years, a titanic struggle for existence. The roar of the guns sounded in the ears of our own public men, as they discussed the terms of Confederation in a calm and almost academic way. "We are striving," said one of them, "to settle forever issues hardly less momentous than those that have rent the neighbouring Republic, and are now exposing it to all the horrors of civil war." By Confederation and the acts which flowed from it, the feeble and isolated and distracted British colonies in North America were converted into the Canada that we know to-day. That this was done peacefully detracts from the picturesqueness of our history, for it would tax the powers of a Macaulay to make the report of a debate in Parliament as thrilling as the tale of Gettysburg. Yet there is something worthy of thought and study in the very fact that Confederation won for us in a peaceful way what other countries have won by civil war and wars of conquest—freedom, union and great expansion of territory.

In 1864 the failure of the old Legislative Union had been demonstrated.

The deadlock in Government had a more serious aspect than the struggle of two sets of politicians for power. The Upper Province was English and Protestant, the Lower Province was French and Catholic, and the cleavage of party politics was too near to the cleavage of race and religion. There had been a narrow escape from war with the United States, and it was feared that the Union armies, when released by the close of the civil war, would be used for the conquest of Canada. During many years the trade of Canada had been built up on the basis of reciprocity with the United States; the treaty was about to be abrogated, and Canada had to look about for new channels of trade. Canada was not then a country stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but a strip of territory in the midst of the continent, isolated from the seaboard on both sides, and depending largely upon the United States for access to the Atlantic. Canada had been repeatedly warned that she must undertake a larger share of the burden of her own defence, and depend less upon Great Britain. These were the problems that pressed upon the minds of the statesmen of forty years ago. They were problems of real difficulty and magnitude; they have found, we may reasonably hope, a satisfactory solution. The country no longer feels the loss of the trade that grew up under the reciprocity treaty; its trade last year was \$612,000,000, as compared with \$131,000,000 in 1868. Immigration is coming in at the rate of 150,000 a year; business prospers, the railways have more business than they can handle, and it is apparent that there will be enough and to spare for three trans-continental railways. Of quarrels arising out of racial and religious differences less is heard every year.

That our new constitution, after forty years' trial, is working fairly well, is evident from the fact that so little is said about it. The constitution of old Canada lasted about a quarter of a century, and it was nearly always under discussion. At the outset, it had to be determined whether it was to give us

responsible government; this was not decided until 1848, when Lafontaine and Baldwin took office under Elgin. At first Lower Canada was dissatisfied; then Upper Canada, stirred by George Brown, began to complain that it was dominated by Lower Canada. Some public men wanted to break the union; some wanted the basis of representation adjusted. It is no wonder that great constitutional lawyers were bred in this period, because the constitution was forever being pulled up by the roots and examined. After Confederation it was necessary to adjust the boundary be-

tween the federal and provincial powers, and this led to the famous duel between Macdonald and Mowat. But the questions were settled within the four corners of the constitution, and so it will probably be with similar questions that are before us to-day. It is difficult to interest people in constitutional questions such as occupied the stage fifty years ago. All this would indicate that we have at last got hold of a good working instrument of government, and if so, we are right in looking at the old picture of the Fathers of Confederation as one of real historic interest.

Baby's First Shoe

BY IVAN L. WRIGHT

OH, Little Shoe, with bow of blue,
And frail brown leather sole,
I wonder whither, whence you'll roam
Ere you have reached your goal?

Perhaps you'll tread the road that leads
To Babies' Land o' Dream,
Wherein all folk are fashioned fair,
And things are what they seem.

And may be, too, you'll toddle on
To where Life's portal opes
Upon a world in which is born
The first of childish hopes.

And then again (who knows?) you may,
With slow, unsteady gait,
Unknowingly approach the place
Where goblins always wait.

Of course you then will have to flee
To Mother's loving arms,
In which there'll be no need for fear
From spooks and fancied harms.

And without doubt, you'll learn to know
The path to Father's heart—
A land of love and tender care,
In which a King thou art.

Oh, Little Shoe of spotless white,
Roam on from clime to clime,
For soon you'll show, as all things must,
The wear and tear of time.

Search out the Isle of Restful Sleep,
The land of Heart's Delight;
Go forth unto the Gates of Joy,
And knock with all your might.

Where'er you go, you dainty bit
Of creamy white and blue,
Remember, please, that you are known
As baby's first *real* shoe!



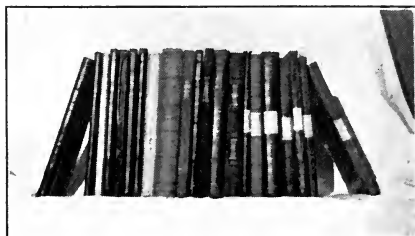
Canadian Celebrities

No. 77.—DR. OTTO KLOTZ



FORTY years ago on August 16th, 1906, Otto Klotz, a lad attending Dr. Tassie's famous Grammar School at Galt, began to keep a diary. He has kept it ever since, and has not missed a single day. Stay—he did drop one date; it was the day he lost when crossing the Pacific in 1903. None of your little pocket diaries with a scant couple of inches for a day. This was, and is, a generous foolscap-page diary, in which you can content yourself with a line on a vacant day and write a ream on a full one. At a moment's notice he can turn

up the twenty-odd volumes, and tell you where he was—what he was doing—as likely as not what he was thinking—on



A DIARY OF FORTY YEARS

any given day. There's a methodical man for you!

When Otto Klotz was married he began to keep account of his household expenses. Year by year, without a break, he kept this up, and now he possesses a record of prices, the economic history of a Canadian household, which the statistical people at the Department of Labour, when they cast eyes on this, will straightway covet. For a while, indeed, at the end of every year, he analysed the domestic expenditure and classified it under all sorts of heads. There were thirty-six such divisions, ranging from groceries and insurance to pocket money, charity, amusements and livery.

As a youngster Otto Klotz lived in Preston, and the grammar school at Galt was three miles away. He divided the road into four parts and kept account day by day of how much he walked, and of what portions he escaped walking by means of lifts. At the end of the term he could tell how many miles he had walked on his way to and from school.

This methodical personage has been methodically working along ever since those days, and at present is Astronomer in the service of the Dominion Government, and his address is the Observatory at Ottawa. He has an LL.D. to put at the end of his name; Toronto University gave it to him in 1904 to celebrate the completion of his *magnum opus*, the spanning of the Pacific Ocean, and the completion of the first astronomic girdle of the world. Also, it was a recognition of his services to the university in connection with the founding of the Alumni Association.

He has been nearly thirty years in the service of the Government. After he had finished with Dr. Tassie's school the young German-Canadian—have any of the particulars mentioned caused you to suspect that he is of German parentage?—entered Toronto University. Uncertainty as to his vocation, and the fact that he had taken a medical scholarship of \$120, led to his taking the prudent step of tackling two courses simultaneously, the medical and the mathematical; after a while he fixed his affections on mathematics and science, and, as he found

Toronto poorly equipped in regard to the latter, he migrated to Ann Arbor. There he stayed three years, there he graduated in 1872, as civil engineer, and thence he returned to Canada, a growing country which he was convinced would provide a place for him. For a while the place was private practice at Preston, the town where he had been born, and at Guelph.

Then in 1875 he went to the Northwest for the Dominion Government in a matter of surveys connected with the Mennonite settlement. That employment led to more, and since 1878 he has been continuously in the Government service.

For a long time it was surveys and exploration. In 1884, for example, he led a party overland to Hudson's Bay; on reaching that sea, he met Gordon's over-sea expedition in the *Neptune*. He travelled some 2,000 miles in a canoe; he was the first person to descend the Nelson in the nineteenth century, the Hudson's Bay Company having long given up that route for the less dangerous Hay River. During this expedition he reset two sun-dials, at Cumberland House and York Factory, which had been set up by Sir John Franklin. During all these years that diary was steadily being entered up, and it contains a vast amount about the Northwest Territories of those early days—historical, ethnological, climatological and what not.

Then in 1885 came the task which first set him on the lines of definite astronomical work. This was the inauguration of governmental transcontinental longitude work. British Columbia had granted to the Dominion the "Railway Belt," of twenty miles on each side of the Canadian Pacific; to determine it, a series of astronomical observations was necessary, and with its completion astronomical work was on a permanent footing. In 1898 he visited Russia on a special mission for the Canadian Government.

The spanning of the Pacific came with the British Pacific Cable. The Ocean of the Future is 8,000 miles wide; working east and west from Greenwich, positions had been accurately determined to Vancouver one way, to the eastern verge of Australia the other way; but the great 8,000-

mile gap intervened. For longitude work telegraphic communication is necessary; as soon as the cable was finished, Dr. Klotz, accomplishing an old desire, was at work. When his series of observations was completed, the results of the observations west from Greenwich over the ocean coincided with those already ascertained by working east to Australia to the fifteenth part of a second of time, or eighty-four feet. Toronto University was not the only institution to recognise this South Sea work; preceding its degree came an honorary membership in the New Zealand Institute—the said honorary members being limited to thirty, who

must be outside of New Zealand. He is fellow and member of many scientific societies on both sides of the Atlantic.

Then there has been the Alaska boundary; Dr. Klotz had charge of the Canadian side of the astronomic work by which the initial point of the 141st meridian was determined. Beside that, he looks after the earthquake investigations, magnetics, and the pendulum or gravity work. So, if you wonder whether that shock you felt the other day really was an earthquake, you may write to him to ask what his seismograph records say; only, if you do so, he may enter the fact in that diary of his.

Two Thoughts

BY S. J. DUNCAN-CLARK

THERE came a thought—a little spark of Truth;
 Into an open mind by chance it fell;
 It bore no label, nor, by any sooth,
 From whence it came could he who held it tell.

Like waiting tinder, the receptive mind
 First smouldered, then grew luminous with fire
 That snapped the cords which, once, the soul did bind,
 And, in its furnace, purified desire.

Wrapt in its lambent heat, the man became
 No longer, in the march, one who kept time,
 But, for all other men, a torch of flame
 That lit the way to summits more sublime.

There came a thought—a little drop of sin;
 Into a ready mind by chance it fell;
 Disguised it was when first it entered in,
 Whence it came then, who knows, if not from hell?

Like some absorbent, the unhealthful mind
 Received its virus and the poison spread:
 The vision of the soul was rendered blind,
 And hideous lusts within its chambers bred.

Beneath its loathsome spell the man became
 No longer one who dared to face the light;
 His life, a ruin, and his future, shame.
 He plunged, despairing, in abysmal night.

Journalism at Confederation

By J. E. B. McCREADY

Dealing with the time when telegraph despatches were dear and scarce, but when big men in journalism were plentiful.



T would be, perhaps, within the mark to say that when the Dominion was formed, no daily newspaper within its borders had a circulation of 15,000 copies. When Thomas D'Arcy McGee prepared his lecture on *The Mental Outfit of the New Dominion*, recalling the number of colleges, institutions of learning and newspapers with which the country was equipped, there were but few more than a score of daily newspapers in British America. Of these Ontario possessed twelve and Quebec eight. Daily newspapers in the Maritime Provinces, excepting a few spasmodic and temporary ventures, may be said to date from Confederation, or to owe their existence to the Confederation movement. But in the first seven years after the union, the number of dailies in Canada had doubled, the Maritime Provinces being supplied with eight in 1874. To-day the daily newspapers of Canada number over one hundred, while their aggregate circulation has doubtless increased fifteen-fold since 1867.

But Canadian journalism at the date of the union, despite the limited number and circulation of newspapers as compared with the present time, was a great power in the land. At no period since have there been more forceful writers or men of wider influence at the editorial desks of the leading journals than during the Confederation era. In Ontario, George Brown, William McDougall, John Cameron, James Beatty and Thomas White (Mr. White was first of the *Hamilton Spectator* and afterwards of the *Montreal Gazette*) have since had no successors of greater ability, and few equals as editorial writers. In Quebec, Edward Goff Penny, D'Arcy McGee and John Dougall wielded

trenchant pens in English journalism, to say nothing of many vigorous writers in the French language. Nova Scotia had her William Annand, E. M. McDonald, and a galaxy of younger journalists, in William S. Fielding (now Minister of Finance), John G. (afterwards Sir John) Bourinot, George Johnson, Martin J. Griffin and others. New Brunswick, with John Livingston, William Elder and Timothy Warren Anglin, as editors of her leading papers, and a number of younger men since of some note, under their tutelage, was enjoying the golden age of newspaper activity in that Province; while in Prince Edward Island, Edward Whelan, David Laird and Henry Lawson wielded the editorial pen with skill and ability. A number of those I have named figured at one time or another in the Federal or Provincial Parliaments, or Legislatures or Cabinets, of the sixties and seventies of last century. The list is far from complete, but it may be doubted whether the larger number of editorial writers in Canada to-day embraces so many names of eminence and distinction in the profession. Newspapers have been greatly enlarged and improved in many ways, while relatively the status of the leader-writer has declined. There is much less of the one-man power in journalism throughout America to-day than in the active days of Horace Greeley, Joseph Howe and George Brown.

At Confederation the leading journals of Canada were all strongly partisan; the independent newspaper had hardly yet come into being. The leading journals of Ontario and Quebec confined their parliamentary reports mainly to the sayings and doings of their party leaders and favourites. Political opponents were reported, if at all, with marked brevity.

There was no *Hansard* in those days and the scrap-book reports in the Parliament Library which afford the best record of the speeches, were each clipped from a journal favourable to the public man whose speech was recorded. The telegraph service was limited and costly, and very much less of the parliamentary reports was sent to the press over the wires then than now. Press messages from Ottawa to St. John and Halifax cost one cent a word for transmission, and the newspapers were less able to pay for extended reports than they are to-day, especially at such rates.

I remember well trying to condense into one or two hundred words an outline of some field night in the Commons in which Canada's greatest men discussed the weighty questions of the time. These telegrams were of necessity condensed to the last limit, and when they appeared in print, after being somewhat amplified by the night editor, the result was sometimes amusing, and at other times almost tragic. The names would often go wrong, for the rank and file of the Ontario and Quebec members were almost as unknown in the Maritime newspaper offices as are the names of the members of the Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth to-day. In the eastern newspapers, especially, letters supplemented or took the place of the present full telegraphic reports, while pen portraits of the leading Canadian statesmen anticipated the life-like plate pictures which have since made their faces familiar in every household. There were many letter writers in the press gallery. To those from Ontario and Quebec, the newly arrived Maritime Province statesmen sat unconsciously for their pen portraits. The Maritime men in the gallery in their turn sketched the Ontario and Quebec notables. It was a sort of general introduction all around.

And when the four new men from the breezy prairies came in 1871, and the six members from beyond the *Great Divide*, the letter-writers had also to introduce them to newspaper readers. They were indeed objects of no small degree of curiosity. Donald A. Smith and John C. Schultz, destined later for titular distinction; Amor De Cosmos, "lover of the

universe"; big, burly Bunster, and long-haired, picturesque Thomson, of Cariboo, served as subjects of much more or less lurid description. They had come so far, by the circuitous routes of those days, that to some of their number the mileage exceeded the indemnity. Even one of the Ontario members, Simpson, of Algoma, was forced to travel hundreds of miles on snowshoes to reach a point where he could find the means of conveyance by team. These far-westerners came not only from a far country, but from a thinly settled one. There were few voters, indeed, beyond the Great Lakes in 1871. Manitoba's first four members, at their election, polled an aggregate of only 1,008 votes. Of the first six members from British Columbia two were returned by acclamation, and the four who went to the polls received altogether but 497 votes, not one of them getting 200. Contrast this with the last election to the Commons in Winnipeg, when Mr. Bole was returned with the support of 4,308 votes, while his unsuccessful opponent had more than 4,000. To read again one of those forty-year-old letters from Ottawa is to see portrayed many stately and commanding figures and some that had challenged attention from their oddity and grotesque appearance or manner—among them all Sir John looming large as a king, while great men supported him on the right and the left, and stalwart and conspicuous men of note filled the front benches opposite.

Is it true that in both journalism and politics the bigger Canada produces smaller men? We would all be reluctant to confess it were it true, and it is not true; but there was undoubtedly a larger share of Canada's really great men in the first Federal Parliament than are in that body to-day. We have multiplied our great railway men, our mine owners, our cotton kings, our coal barons, our steel magnates, our captains of industry and merchant princes, our patent medicine nabobs, our bankers, financiers, insurance managers, land speculators, our charter-mongers and contractors, and these callings have absorbed a host of our shrewdest and ablest men. At Confederation, statecraft was viewed as our greatest calling, and though Ministers served annually for

\$5,000 and Members and Senators for \$600, a seat in the Commons or Senate counted for more, relatively, than they do to-day, and attracted men of foremost ability, as they do not always now. Business is at present bigger than politics and millionaires are multiplying in the land. Who was there in all Canada whose private fortune was expressed in seven figures in 1867?

So there were great men and new men, and great and new questions as well, to furnish subjects for the pens of the gallery scribes and the editors at home in those days. There were three general elections in the first seven-year period, secession rampant in Nova Scotia and rebellion in the Northwest, occasional Fenian raids, the purchase of the vast Hudson's Bay Territory, the carving out of the first new Province therein, the bringing in of British Columbia and Prince Edward Island, the binding together of the whole fabric with bands of steel by the Intercolonial and the Canadian Pacific railways, the organisation of the federal services, the making of one Canadian tariff to replace the differing provincial schedules, the abolition of dual representation, the bringing in of the ballot, the settling of the serious quarrels with our neighbours to the south. Over these and other great questions our statesmen debated and deliberated as serious men who were conscious that they were laying the foundations of a great State. And their ability and earnestness lent a dignity to Parliament which it scarcely possesses to-day.

There was, on the other hand, a strong note of provincialism among the members from the different Provinces, which made it difficult to fuse the various elements that were brought together, and even to enforce party discipline. This cropped up strongly when the first tariff was brought in and sent some of the New Brunswick supporters of the Government almost into revolt. That a bread-tax and further taxes on our West India trade would be imposed by the Canadians if once they got us in their power, had been zealously proclaimed by all the anti-Confederates in the Maritime Provinces and as earnestly denied by those who supported the Union movement. To the

dismay of the Maritime Unionists, a duty on flour and increased duties on sugar and molasses was now proposed. They were loud in their protests. How could they justify such an outrage to their constituents? And yet, almost before they could realise it, the odious taxes were being railroaded through the House in concurrence on the report of the Committee of Ways and Means. Charles Fisher, a former Premier and Attorney-General, seconded by his brother-in-law, Charles Connell, hastily scrawled an amendment to refer back to the committee with instructions to strike out the duty on flour and reduce the duties on tea, sugar, molasses "and several other articles." That was all he had time to write before the evil would be consummated. In an instant the yeas and nays were called. "Charles Fisher and 'several other members' will stand up," sneered Sir John, with mocking reference to Fisher's loosely worded resolution. Some very angry New Brunswick members rose to their feet, with others from Nova Scotia, only to be outvoted by a laughing House. Thereafter there was a duty on flour, much more irritating than burdensome to the people of the east, and it did not lessen the irritation when the gossip of the lobbies and smoking-room repeated other sarcastic references of Sir John to the "two Charlies."

The bread-tax, as it was called, long remained a sore subject in the east, but the incident serves chiefly to show something of the sectional feeling of the time and also as illustrating Sir John's method of imparting a lesson in discipline. He was always quite intolerant of any independent action among his followers. The newspapers of the smaller Provinces in their then brief and sometimes prejudiced reports of the proceedings in Parliament, seldom failed to record even a trivial matter such as that just mentioned, and these had their effect upon the public mind. It was not long till Mr. Fisher accepted an offered judgeship, and Mr. Connell gravitated to the Opposition. The Maritime people were quite provincial yet, and it was not pleasant reading for them that their public men should be, even at infrequent intervals, ridiculed

across the floor, either from the Ministerial or the Opposition side. Hence when Alexander Mackenzie retorted to Mr. Tilley that "the honourable gentleman's logic was as bad as his grammar," or when D'Arcy McGee intimated that Mr. Anglin "sat there, not on a seat, but on a three-legged lie," the effect on the eastern mind was far more irritating than if the words had been applied by men of the same Province to one another. In not a few cases the men of the east and the west, like boys at school, formed their first acquaintance by an exchange of metaphorical hard knocks, only to become fast friends thereafter.

It happened once or twice in those early days that a newspaper man attending Parliament was assaulted by an aggrieved member whom the scribe had caricatured or criticised with undue severity. And many more were from time to time threatened with corporeal pains and penalties that were never realised. In the actual cases of assault there was no doubt considerable provocation, and the gallery was able always to make good either in the encounter or in the account of it, so that no member of the House had much to boast of. I was two or three times threatened, but fortunately escaped unbruised. The most trying ordeal, and it was more amusing than dangerous, was after having published a more or less graphic account of the fight between Bunster and Cheval in Room 13, incidentally referred to in an earlier number of these retrospective sketches. British Columbia had a very real grievance in the long delay which took place in fulfilling the terms of union, while the Pacific Railway was a bone of contention between opposing parties. The British Columbia members were quite right, as the Prince Edward Island members are to-day, in insisting that the union compact should be carried out to the letter at whatever cost. None the less their complaints were a weariness to the House. That fact afforded no proper justification for Cheval accompanying Mr. Bunster's robust, if rather disjointed, eloquence persistently, night after night, with the music of the mouth organ and the Jew's harp. Mr. Bunster was in some measure justified in resorting

to summary proceedings, and would no doubt have got even with his adversary had not the door of the locked room been, most inopportunistically for him, broken in, and the little Quebec man rescued just at the moment when he was able to bear away as a trophy a tuft of black beard torn from the bleeding chin of the man from the far west. When my account of the affair had appeared in St. John and had been transmitted to Ottawa, I was soon informed that a sound thrashing awaited me at the hands of Mr. Bunster. Cheval had escaped, but I should not be so lucky. The following day, in the forenoon, I was hurriedly completing a letter to be sent out by the noon mail and was alone in the writing room, my watch beside me on the table as admonitory of the speeding minutes. Thus writing against time, I heard the door open and a heavy step advancing behind my chair. A quick mental process decided that the new arrival was Bunster, and that about the best thing to be done was to keep on writing. Anyway, the letter was very nearly completed and might yet be finished in time should the interruption not prove serious. Surely my enemy would not attack from behind and without warning or parley of some sort. So the letter-writing went on. The footsteps came to a sharp halt close behind me. It was a rather tense moment, but I decided to continue writing and await further developments. It seemed an age, and several lines were added to the page before anything more occurred. Then a massive hand was slowly extended over my shoulder, and grasping my watch, removed it out of sight. Some sense of the grotesqueness, if not the humour of the situation, for the moment rather relieved the tension. Then a gruff voice broke out: "Does this watch lie?" I replied, calmly: "It keeps very good time, Mr. Bunster," and continued to write. He held the watch in his hand for perhaps a minute longer, then laid it down on the table again and walked out of the room without another word. I caught the mail.

The gallery had in the early days, from time to time, selected one from among the 181 members of the House, to whom was accorded by unanimous consent the bad eminence and also the title of the *Wicked-*

est Man in the House. It might be more difficult to make a selection for such a throne of state in these days, but at the time here referred to, which was some years after the episode last herewith related, the choice had fallen upon an Ontario member who, for the purpose of this history, may be called Blagdon. That was not his real name, of course, and very probably he was not more wicked than some of his fellow-members, who cheerfully accorded him a precedence in transgression. Be that as it may, he was endowed with a rasping, coarse voice, which distinguished him from most other speakers. The telephone was a new invention at that time and the first instruments were being installed in Ottawa. A room was fitted up in the Parliament Buildings and the men of the reporters' gallery were notified that half a dozen instruments would be placed there and connected with the Dominion Methodist Church, so as to give an opportunity to listen to the service on the following Sunday.

The gallery was well represented in the

room when the time came round. Six of us sat down, each with two receivers, one at each ear, as was the equipment first in vogue. We waited. Soon the organ pealed forth an overture. Strangely solemn it was thus to hear for the first time sweet strains coming as it were from the unseen world. All felt the solemnity of it, and a hush that was almost intense fell upon our little company. We waited for the clear, reverent voice of the pastor, with whose tones most of us were familiar, to begin the opening invocation. Instead we heard a harsh, coarse voice of a stranger and it was not unlike the voice of the *Wickedest Man*. This was too much. Every one was at once seized with the same impression. One of the listeners blurted out, "Hades. It's Blagdon!" and a roar of uncontrollable laughter broke forth. There was no more solemnity in the service for the gallery men after that, and all may be pardoned if they have since retained some prejudice against the plan, since more in vogue, of listening to religious services by 'phone.

The Heart's Response

BY W. INGLIS MORSE

NE'ER can the murmur of the shell
 Answer the sea
 As I in my undoing
 Respond fore'er to thee.
 What choric cry, fair one, I give,
 That thou mayest tell
 The dull chimes offered in the house
 Where Passion and Beauty dwell!

Canada's Possibilities and Perils

By JOHN MACLEAN

An appraisal of the Dominion's possibilities and disadvantages, with an optimistic outlook.



It is very easy to assume the rôle of prophet when a nation is shaking off her swaddling clothes, and a man may be forgiven a bit of exaggeration when he sees the work of a century compressed into a decade. But something more is needed than a glance at the march of events, for there are hidden forces, and undying principles beneath the surface which demand the vision of a seer, and he will be slow to predict the growth of institutions which are yet unborn. We have become accustomed to the phrases, the awakening of China, and the development of Japan, but with our eyes toward the Orient, we have failed to notice the birth of a new nation at our doors. To-day is the crisis time in the making of a new Canada, for the whole country is pulsating with a new emotion. There is no longer any east or west in the Dominion, for when we stand on the Pacific Coast we are joining hands with the lands beyond the seas, as Vancouver is the nearest white man's port to the Orient, and from it starts the shortest and best trade route between Europe and Asia, and when we look across the Atlantic, we are hailing brothers who send greetings in language, commerce and unity of aim. The currents of thought and feeling and ambition are uniting the nations in a great world relationship, till the problems of one become of undying interest, as they are the problems, of all.

When Jacques Cartier and Champlain with dauntless courage pursued their weary way along the rivers and over the lakes of New France, they found only a few arpents of snow, and the country was only a large Indian reservation, and a splendid game preserve, where gentlemen adventurers might hunt

at leisure, and gather fortune from the pelts won by the hardships of the savages. Fifty years ago the fertile fields of the western provinces comprised a great lone land, significant enough in its solitude as the land of the trapper and trader to give a title to a once famous book, and Rupert's Land and Hudson's Bay Territory in the same area were suggestive of bears and buffalo, savages and eternal snow. Canada has been discovered again, and there is required an additional volume to Parkman's immortal works to complete the conquest and tell the story of New Canada. The greatness thrust upon us demands another vision, so as to widen our horizon and bring us in touch with the world outside, for during the years which lie behind we have been content with the curse of provincialism, which is the heritage of old lands, and is not wanting in some new countries. Optimistic in tone and statesmanlike in its grasp was the recent speech of Lord Grey, the Governor-General, at Vancouver, in which he called attention to the valuable trade pouring through the ports of Shanghai and Hong Kong and the advantageous position of British Columbia for capturing a large share of the traffic. Japan, Corea and Manchuria are treeless countries, and there is a great demand for lumber; the Japanese are substituting bread for rice as an army diet, and the people are forming the habit of using bread, and new relishes will be required with this change, in the form of butter, cheese and jam, and British Columbia and the provinces east can supply these demands. Canada has become the land of the endless trail, with great possibilities in her boundless resources.

With the quickening atmosphere of western Canada, the stride of the visitor

is lengthened, and there follows an expansion of his vocabulary, for the wide outlook makes his languages commonplace, and he must needs use larger terms and phrases. The size of the Dominion is suggestive, and we must be modest in our claims, yet there is some significance in size. Canada has an area of 3,750,000 square miles, which is almost as large as Europe. It is nearly the size of India, and makes one-third of the British Empire. From the Atlantic to the Pacific is a stretch of about 3,000 miles, and from south to north it is upwards of 1,500 miles, which makes the Dominion larger than the United States, including Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands. It is eighteen times as large as Germany, and would make twenty Spains, while the sea coast equals half the circumference of the earth. The Province of Saskatchewan contains 159,038,720 acres, the greater part of which is suitable for mixed farming. The average width of the Province of Alberta is about 400 miles, while from north to south it is 900 miles, and its area comprises 161,920,000 acres. Either of these new provinces is double the size of Great Britain and Ireland, and is much larger than either Germany or France. A friend of the writer left Halifax a few days ago for Edmonton, and had he travelled the same distance east that he did going west, he would have landed in St. Petersburg.

Magnitude is small when there are few resources, but when we reckon the boundless wheat fields of the western provinces, the large orchards of Nova Scotia, Ontario and British Columbia, the mineral deposits and coal areas, the wealth of the fisheries, and the extensive forests, there is something in size. The wheat crop of the West is estimated this year at one hundred million bushels, and the land has only been touched. Indeed, it is expected that within the next ten to fifteen years, western Canada will be able to produce all the bread-stuffs which Great Britain requires, and then will it step into its heritage as the granary of the British Empire. Westward lies a heritage of untold value, for the first foot of soil is of greater value

than all the minerals in the land, and with the three feet of sub-soil, there is a foundation for an empire. And then there are the large cattle, sheep and horse ranches, which are a worthy adjunct in agricultural development.

Wherever there are large deposits of iron ore, there is a foundation for commercial ascendancy, and there are few countries which have as much iron ore as the Dominion of Canada. In the great iron ore districts the assemblage of raw materials for iron and steel furnaces can be made at a lower cost than at Pittsburg, the cheapest centre in the United States. Canada's great opportunity as a producer of iron and steel, lies in being able to supply the home and foreign trade, as there is ore on the east and west coasts for the foreign trade, and on the lake coasts and centre of the country for the home trade. What is wanted to develop these resources is capital and energy, with ease and low cost of transportation.

The immense deposits of coal have only come to be appreciated within the past few years. Of a total annual output for the Dominion of eight million tons, the Province of Nova Scotia supplies five millions. But Nova Scotia is estimated to have seven billion tons within an area of six hundred and thirty-five miles, while the total coal areas of Canada, not including areas known in the far north, which are not developed, embrace ninety-seven thousand, two hundred square miles. Such an amount of hidden wealth, practically undeveloped, is prophetic of a great future. Of the immense quantity and variety of forest resources it is sufficient to say that in spruce alone the area of its forests commences at the eastern extremity of Labrador, westward to Ungava Bay, thence southwestward to Hudson's Bay, thence to near the mouth of the Coppermine River, and the greatest expansion of the Mackenzie River, and the area of these northern forests comprise 2,500,000 square miles. The spruce forests, with abundant water-power close at hand, are sufficient to supply pulp and paper for the whole world. There is no country which possesses such an inexhaustible

supply, and while the great demand for pulp must remain constant and increase, there is a great future in store for this special industry. The large paper mills of the United States are in a great measure dependent upon the forests of Canada for their supplies, but it is evident that the industry itself must ultimately be transferred to where the supplies are to be found. There are large forests in New Brunswick, and in Quebec Province the supply is abundant for pulp. On the Manicougan River on the St. Lawrence, the forests are able to yield 100,000 tons of pulp annually for fifty years, and in the territory watered by the Aux Outardes, another branch of the St. Lawrence, the forests are able to supply 75,000 tons a year for forty years. Then in British Columbia there exists the greatest preserve for pulp industry in the world. The industry has not yet begun in earnest, and it cannot be developed without capital and energy, and railroads, but when these are furnished, even a prophet will fail to predict the growth of the country within the next fifty years.

The possibilities which are imbedded in the growth of population, can only be feebly grasped, even with what has already taken place in immigration. When we consider that by the first census taken in 1665, there were only 3,251 persons in Canada, which was increased by 1763 to 70,000, and at Confederation in 1867 there were only three and a half millions, and as many as that have gone from the Dominion to make homes for themselves in the United States, certainly the outlook was not promising. To-day there are, however, six and a half millions, with a steady growth. Canada began the twentieth century with the same population as the United States began the nineteenth, and it is estimated that with the rapid expansion, there will be by the end of the present century no less than from fifty to eighty millions. The Province of Alberta has a population of only 200,000, but it could hold 50,000,000 without crowding it. Last year there came into the Dominion 144,600 persons, half of these being from Great Britain; 35,331 came from

Europe, 43,652 from the United States, and 200,000 immigrants are expected this year. There are forty countries and nationalities represented in the population, fifty languages are spoken or read, and scriptures in forty-five languages have been asked for in the Bible House in the city of Winnipeg. A vast procession is on the march westward, and the patriot stands and asks what the outcome will be. If Canada were as thickly populated as England, she would have one and a quarter billion people. Eighty-five per cent. of the people are Canadian born, with eight per cent. British born; seventy-three per cent. live in the country districts and twenty-six per cent. in towns and cities. The character of the population, however, is changing through immigration, as in the Edmonton district from June, 1905, to October, 1906, of twenty thousand persons who settled there, the majority were Americans, Scotch, English and Irish in the order named, while during the past nine years, of the total immigration, sixty per cent. was English speaking, and forty per cent. foreign.

The present is Canada's opportunity, owing to the increasing value in western lands, with a corresponding decrease in land values in some parts of the United States and Great Britain. James J. Hill, the railway magnate, is authority for the statement that between 1880 and 1900 the aggregate value of farm lands and improvements, including buildings, declined in every one of the New England and Middle States except Massachusetts, the total decrease in values for these ten States amounting to more than \$3,000,000,000. Even the great and fertile State of Ohio showed a decline of more than \$60,000,000. When we go to Great Britain we learn that there has been serious retrogression during the past thirty years, lands having been sold at little more than one-third of the prices they were bought for in 1870-75. Mr. Palgrave, an able statistician, stated recently before the Royal Statistical Society that in agricultural values, the average annual value of the United Kingdom was then £255,000,000, while in the period from 1898 to 1903 it had

dropped to £174,500,000, a reduction of £80,500,000 yearly. He estimates the total losses of production in twenty-six years from 1877 to 1903 as £1,647,500,000, and £60,000,000 more for 1904. With the increase of population in western Canada there must follow a corresponding increase in the value of the land, which will ensure prosperity.

With the Canadian Pacific railroad crossing the continent, and three trans-continental railroads now in process of construction, rapid development is assured. The story of the growth of the towns and cities in the West reads like a fairy tale. Brandon, St. Boniface, Strathcona and some other towns have more than doubled in population in the last five years. In that period Moose Jaw has gone from 1,558 to 6,250, Saskatoon from 113 to 3,031, Calgary from 4,091 to 11,937, Edmonton from 2,626 to 11,534, and Winnipeg from 42,340 to more than 100,000. More than thirty languages are spoken to-day in the streets of Winnipeg, which has become a cosmopolitan city in character. Its building operations for the present year will go beyond the twelve million dollar mark, placing it sixth in the rank of cities on the American continent. The whole country is passing through an era of unbounded prosperity, the people are full of enthusiasm, and a great future lies ahead.

With so great material resources, and such rapid development, it is to be expected that serious problems will arise, and perils will lurk in unforeseen places. In the making of a new empire there will follow political, commercial, industrial, educational and religious problems, which will tax the common sense and good judgment, as well as the ability, of high-minded citizens. The greatest perils which, however, can befall any nation, are those of an individual and social nature, as the moral character of the people must ever rank as the best asset of the State. The foreign factor has awakened some alarm, because of its probable influence in politics, and as a force in civic life. West of Fort William there are 70,000 Galicians, which means

that every twelfth man is a Galician; then there are 9,000 Doukhobors, 7,000 Mormons, 20,000 Mennonites, 20,000 Hungarians, 20,000 Chinese, with many people of other nationalities, and such a host is sufficient to cause reflection; yet with these in the country, ninety-five per cent. of the population of the Dominion is Canadian born, and that must secure for some years more than a balance of power. Capital is beginning to speak out, only to receive its answer in trades unions and strikes. The lust for power and position finds an echo in the prevailing corruption in politics. The farmers are reaching after luxury in the West, for wealth seeks ease, which is usually followed by rust. The average income of the western farmer in 1902 was \$1,170 over and above living expenses, which is double that of 1892, and when we reckon the number who are incompetent and fail, there are many who are in affluent circumstances. Wealth brings a lust for power, the begetting of an aristocracy, which is not always noted for high thinking and noble living, and with a quest after larger fortunes, the home and family are neglected, and those in high station are ultimately doomed to a degenerate posterity. When wheat becomes of greater value than men, and materialism sways the will, and degrades the passions and the imagination, men will lose sight of their relations to their fellows, and forget the true destiny of empire. The greatest peril which Canada has to fear at the present time is the baneful spirit of materialism.

The country is in need of sound training in citizenship, through the public school, the press and the pulpit. Her greatest need is men of character, men of high ideals and sterling principles, who cannot be bought at any price, but ever hold themselves true to the best interests of their fellows, their nation and God. Canada is full of silent possibilities, her silence is that of unborn energies which will yet break out, and the hope of her loyal sons and daughters is that she may do her share in helping humanity to the best there is in the world.

Jimmy's Gold Mine

By C. LINTERN SIBLEY

Being an account of a practical joke played on desperate men, with an unexpected outcome.



T IRED of his companions' stories, and equally tired of euchre, Jimmy Dinwiddle rose and without saying a word to anyone, walked out of the hut.

The cool air, laden with the aroma of pine and cedar, was a welcome change after the smoky atmosphere which he had been breathing for the last hour and a half, so he thrust his hands into his trouser's pockets, took a deep breath, and threw out his chest.

All around him lay that wilderness of gray rocks and trees so characteristic of Northern Ontario. The hut was in a kind of natural clearing on the side of a hill, and he could look out over the tree-tops and see, like a great silver snake down in the valley, the creek where they sometimes caught brook trout to help out the eternal pork and beans.

Jimmy was impatient because his companions preferred to spend their Sundays in idleness. He was longing for action—for something to take him away from the listless lounging round the hut.

All at once a bright smile chased away the discontent on his face. He had an inspiration. A nugget of gold, weighing about an ounce, that he had in his possession, was partly responsible for his actions. His irrepressible love of mischief did the rest.

"I'll wake 'em up," he said to himself, and seizing a pick and shovel, he started off down to the creek. He followed the course of the stream for about a mile, and at length selected what he told himself with a grin was a likely-looking place for a gold mine.

Chuckling softly, he commenced to sink a shaft into the side of the hill, at a place where the rocks rose abruptly from the water's edge. At the end of half an hour

he deemed the hole of sufficient depth for his purpose. Taking the nugget from his pocket, he rubbed some clay on it to dull its appearance, and rammed it into a small hole in a piece of rock. Then, leaving his tools beside the hole, he hurried back to the hut. He started shouting long before he came to it:

"Hello, there, Sandy! Hello, there, Harry!"

The three men came lazily out of the hut to see what was the matter.

At sight of them Jimmy held up the piece of rock, and waved it around his head. The men looked with the supercilious amusement of old hands at the young city-bred man.

"What's the matter, pard?" asked Sandy, the big, bearded Scotchman, as Jimmy approached.

"Oh I don't suppose it's anything, but I've found something rather curious in the rock, that's all." Holding out the piece of rock with the precious nugget in it, he said, in innocent but excited tones:

"I wonder if that's gold?"

Now, Jimmy was a greenhorn in the mining business, but his companions had been at it all their lives. The four of them had come to that place—which was about a hundred miles from Cobalt—to start preliminary work on a very speculative copper and nickel ore prospect that had a rather highly-capitalised company behind it. Personally none of them believed in the prospect, but that was none of their business. They were doing what they were paid for, and asked no questions.

As soon as the Scotchman saw the specimen that Harry held out, he seized it with the greatest avidity, and after working the nugget out of the hole with his knife, exclaimed excitedly:

"Holy Moses! Where did you get this?"

"Down there," replied Jimmy, pointing to the creek from which he had just come. "Got smacking at the rocks with a pick, and found it."

The other two, old-timers from the Yukon, who had been smoking their pipes and looking on nonchalantly, pressed eagerly forward to inspect the find.

They knew gold when they saw it, and from that time on excitement reigned.

Jack, a little, wiry, dark-haired Welshman, stared around the camp with instinctive caution, his eyes ablaze with passionate greed. He was fearful lest any other human being had seen the gold, and urged the boys in a hoarse whisper not to make so much noise.

"Ssh! boys. You never know who is about, and we want this for ourselves, mind—for ourselves!" he said. "Gosh! Our pile is made, boys! In six months' time, we'll be rolling in money."

Harry, a silent, sun-dried, lanky Californian, permitted himself one exclamation:

"Gee!"

Then he wheeled about, and rushed into the shed, to reappear a moment later with an axe.

"What are you going to do with that?" Jimmy asked.

"Don't we want some pegs to peg off the claims?"

"Holy Moses, yes!" exclaimed Sandy. "Come on, boys, get your axes!"

Only those who have been witnesses of a gold rush can have any idea of the eagerness with which the three, axes in hand, hurried Jimmy back down over the hill to his gold mine. They gave but a cursory glance at the hole Jimmy had dug, and then, their excitement at fever heat, began to chop pegs, and stake off the claims.

To save his face, Jimmy began to help them, but he did so with serious misgivings, for the excitement that they showed was far beyond what he had anticipated.

At length they had the whole four claims staked out, and then they gathered round Jimmy's little shaft, and began to inspect his handiwork.

"Now for it!" thought Jimmy, and he was wondering whether the men would take it with a laugh, or, as he began to fear, with an outburst of rage.

To his surprise, Sandy declared that there were signs of gold-bearing quartz, and began at once to plan the sinking of a shaft on a systematic basis. The others walked around making a minute inspection of the locality, and talking about the geological formation. A moment later, Sandy was swinging the pick, and enlarging Jimmy's mine.

Jimmy had a suspicion for a moment that they had turned the joke on him, but the idea fled as quickly as it came. There could be no mistaking their intense earnestness. The greed of gold possessed them like a fever. Their eyes glittered. Their faces twitched with excitement. The little Welshman talked incessantly. The lean, muscular hands of the Scotchman shook perceptibly as he untied the scarf that was about his neck.

Jimmy was frightened at the passions he had aroused, and he stood a little apart, watching the busy movements of his companions with a troubled face. All at once he called out:

"Hey, mates! Half a minute!"

The men stopped and looked round at him interrogatively, Sandy wiping the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand.

"Well?" said the excitable little Welshman, coming towards him with a piece of rock in his hand. "What is it? What are you looking so moonstruck about?"

Jimmy hardly knew how to break the news.

"The truth is, mates," he blurted out, after considerable hesitation. "The truth is——"

He stopped, at a loss for the right word; at a loss for the phrase that would discover to his hearers the humour of the situation.

The men stared at his blanched face wonderingly. There was a strained silence, broken only by the creek, as it rippled over its rocky bed.

"What is it?" demanded Sandy, throwing down the pick, and advancing towards Jimmy. His salient lower jaw was pro-

jecting more than ever, and there was an ugly look on his face.

"If you've got anything to say, spit it out!"

Jimmy found himself up against a situation that was too big for him. He knew by instinct that the cynical wit that served him so well in fighting the world when he was in the city was no use here amid primeval surroundings, and face to face with primitive passions. He looked into the cold, gray eye of the Scotchman, and wondered how long he could stand up against its owner.

The drawling voice of the Californian relieved the tension.

"Cal'clate," he broke in, "that what our young friend wants to say is that he diskivered the gold, and don't see why we should butt in on his prospect."

"Is that what you mean? Is that what you mean?" asked the Welshman excitedly.

"No, no, boys, it ain't that! If I'd found it, I'd say share and share alike. But I didn't find it! It's all a 'have'!"

"What!" roared Sandy. "What's that you say?"

"I say the whole affair is a 'have.' I put the nugget in the rock myself. I—I"—

"Go on! Finish the yarn," said Sandy, sternly.

"I—I—dug the hole just for a bit of fun. I didn't think you'd take it seriously."

How funny it seemed at the time! How pitiful it sounded now!

The Scotchman's sandy moustache twisted up to one side, and showed his teeth in an ugly sneer.

"And you took the nugget out of your pocket, where you've been carrying it for a long time and put it into the piece of rock yourself? Is that what you mean to say?"

Sandy spoke with bitter sarcasm.

"Yes."

The long right arm of Sandy swung backwards. With his huge fist clenched he advanced a couple of steps and looked down into Jimmy's scared eyes.

"You—damned—liar!" he hissed.

With that he turned on his heel.

"Come on, boys," he remarked in a quieter tone to the others. "The durned skunk ain't going to get us out of it like

that. Let's have another smack at the hole."

He took up the pick, and the others took up the conversation. They directed their remarks at Jimmy, and said many biting things. Also from time to time they threw contemptuous glances at him.

Jimmy paused irresolute for a time. Then he muttered the word "fools" under his breath, and turned away, intending to go back to camp.

The Californian, who had been sitting on a slab of rock, minutely examining specimens that Sandy threw out of the hole, called out in his soft, drawling tones:

"Jimmy!"

"Well?" replied Jimmy, looking round sullenly.

The Californian rolled his quid in his cheek, and squirted out some tobacco juice.

"Cal'clate it wud be kinder more healthy ef you wus to stay right here."

"What's the good?" asked Jimmy.

"I've said all I've got to say."

"Pardners," remarked the Californian.

"Cal'clate we ain't durned fools enough to let him get the lead on us?"

"No! By gum, no!" thundered Sandy.

"Jimmy, you stay right here. There's going to be no dirty business over this. We share alike, and you're not going to Toronto and rush this claim for yourself. You'll get your share—no more, no less."

"Oh, all right!" Jimmy replied, impatiently. And he sat down on a rock, the picture of misery.

The three men worked at the hole all afternoon, but found no more gold, though the Welshman, who, in his rough, untutored way, was a storehouse of general knowledge, pointed out that at that particular spot there was a junction of two different geological formations—always a likely place for the gold hunter.

That night, while Jimmy smoked sullenly in a corner of the hut, the three men talked over the matter, and formed their plan of action. They decided that Sandy should leave in the morning, and make his way to Toronto, there to take out patents for the claim.

The other two were to remain behind, and watch over the claim to see that

nobody else jumped it. Also, they were to keep an eye on Jimmy.

Sandy made his preparations overnight, and all four got up before daylight, and had breakfast. As soon as it was light enough to see, Sandy strapped his pack on his back, and started off on the trail that led through the woods to Phantom Lake, where he could take the canoe that belonged to them, and soon make his way down through the chain of lakes that led to the railway.

Just as he was starting out, Jimmy went up to him.

"Sandy!" he said.

"Well?" said Sandy, turning on him with a snarl.

"As true's I'm standing here," said Jimmy earnestly, "I did that for fun. I've made fools of you all. I'd stake my digging oath....."

"Pshaw! Shut up, for God's sake!" sneered Sandy. "You make me absolutely sick, you mean cuss! Keep your eyes peeled, mates!" he called to the others.

And he was gone.

The next few days Jimmy spent in misery. He attempted no more explanations. His companions did not speak to him more than was necessary, but they never let him out of their sight. They took away his revolver, and wore their own on their belts aggressively. They let him know that he was not to attempt to get away, and they dropped a hint that they would stand no durned nonsense. Each day they spent down at the new diggings, compelling Jimmy to go with them, and taking it in turns to watch him, and to develop the shaft.

Jimmy spent most of his time sitting about on the rocks down by the new diggings, watching the others at their fruitless task of tunnelling. These two took the greatest interest in their work. They talked together in low tones, and spent a long time examining various specimens of rock, with their heads close together.

One day they talked together long and excitedly, looking every now and again across at Jimmy. Jimmy strove in vain to hear what they were saying. Presently the Welshman started crushing a specimen of rock with the back of his axe, and

gathering up the powder in a spoon, the two went off down to the creek.

As Jimmy watched them, taking his silly joke with such deadly seriousness, the thought struck him that the angels, if they were looking down on these two men, must be screaming with laughter at such a pair of idiots.

Merely out of idle curiosity, he took advantage of their abstraction to steal up to the diggings and into the shaft, to see what sort of a working they were making of it. The rock, as far as he could see, was absolutely the same as when he started to pick a hole for fun.

He tossed his head in derision, and turned away—to meet the cold, crafty eye of the Californian fixed on him.

"Whatcher think o' the prospect now?" asked the latter.

"Same as I did at the start."

"We ain't discouraged none, either," was the reply.

Jimmy went back to his seat on the rock near by, and resumed his smoking. He had been wondering from the start how this thing was to end, and, from the revelation he had had of the character of the men, he feared their rage when they came to find out—as find out they must in the end—that they had really been fooled.

That night Jimmy lay awake in his bunk, staring at the lantern which they had kept burning at night in the sleeping-room ever since he had been looked on as a prisoner. He was revolving in his mind plans of escape before Sandy got back. He feared the return of Sandy.

A night or two previously, when he had got out of his bunk, he had heard the drawling voice of the Californian, and had turned to see the latter's revolver trained on him from the bunk where he lay.

"Cal'clate 'twould be more healthy ef you was to get back into bed," drawled the Californian.

Jimmy got back.

Now, with no intention of trying to escape, he got out of his bunk to get the pipe he had left on the table, intending to while away the weary hours by smoking.

He looked at the two other bunks where his companions were sleeping.

They were breathing regularly, and made no movement.

Jimmy stepped lightly back to his bunk, gently gathered his clothes under his arm, and giving one fearful glance at the sleeping forms of the others, caught his breath and tip-toed towards the door.

Softly, and with infinite care, he raised the latch, and inch by inch opened the door.

Before he had got it wide enough open to get through, the hinges creaked, and he gave a start.

The others did not stir. Slowly he edged the door open, and, clad only in his shirt, stepped out into the night.

A big, horned owl that was flying round the hut, followed his white figure on noiseless wings as he hurried across the clearing. A moment later both he and the owl disappeared into the woods.

The miners slept on.



Three months later, Jimmy was a hired hand on a farm in Manitoba. One evening, after a hard day's work, he sat in the living room smoking, and the farmer's daughter said to him:

"Would you like to read the paper, Mr. Dinwiddle?"

"Thank you," said Jimmy. He lit his pipe, drew up to the table on which a coal oil lamp was burning, and opened the big Winnipeg weekly. He began on the

first page, and looked through column after column with little interest. Suddenly his grip tightened on the paper, and his eyes devoured the following announcement:

"A big discovery of gold has been made about five miles north of Phantom Lake in Ontario, in the same geological formation as that which passes through the famous Cobalt region. The discovery was made by three prospectors named Donald McGarth, Jack Llewellyn, and Harry Duggan. They brought into Toronto samples of ore literally covered with free gold, in nuggets ranging from the size of a pin's head to that of peas. Their claims were bought out for two million dollars by a powerful syndicate, who have already started working on the site, with most satisfactory results. The find promises to cause one of the biggest rushes...."

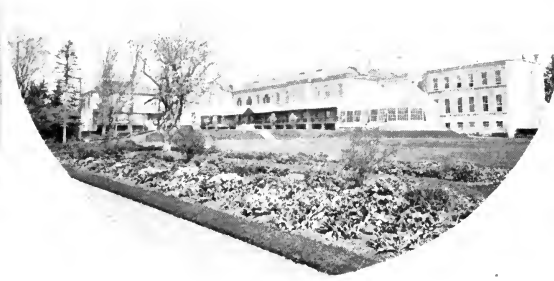
A red mist swam before Jimmy's eyes. A blind fury surged up within him. He sprang to his feet, and hurled the paper across the room, knocking two plates off the sideboard and smashing them. Then he stamped out of the house, muttering blasphemously.

"My!" said the farmer's daughter, looking after him in amazement, "I wonder if the man's gone crazy!"





LADY MONCK
1867



LADY GREY
1907

RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA, RESIDENCE OF THE REPRESENTATIVE
OF THE CROWN IN CANADA

Vicereines of Canada

By H. V. ROSS

Being sketches of the nine ladies who have led Canadian social life at Ottawa since Confederation.



NINE ladies of the British nobility, one of them a royal princess, have during the forty years of Confederation spent terms of varying length as mistresses of Rideau Hall, Ottawa, the residence of the representative of the Crown in Canada. In choosing colonial governors the wise old British Government has exercised great care that able statesmen should be sent to the important Canadian post; but, inasmuch as empires have been won and lost through a woman's smile, equal care has been taken to see that the men selected had clever, tactful and winsome wives. With, at most, one exception the wives of Canadian Governors-General have presided at Rideau Hall with unbounded success, and have left behind them memories fragrant with the breath of graciousness and good deeds. And more than one of them, by her charming personality and influence, has been a potent, though non-political, factor in the success of her husband's administration.

The pre-eminence attached to the position of the wife of a Canadian Governor-General is social rather than offi-

cial. Her husband alone represents the Sovereign. This circumstance is by no means calculated to diminish her happiness in the Dominion, nor does it detract in the slightest from her social leadership and activity in charitable and benevolent works. As a matter of fact, few Canadians ever think of it. If Her Excellency is a lady of democratic sympathies and ample hospitality, interested in good works and personally fitted to shine as the first lady of the land, she can find in Canada a wide and responsive field for the exercise of all her graces and activities. Since Lord Dufferin's day, so many high traditions have clustered around Government House at Ottawa that it now requires a woman of more than ordinary endowments to live up to them.

The official residence of Canada, around which cling romantic memories of lovely and gentle women, is far from regal in appearance. A lumber king many years ago built it as his country mansion. From him it was acquired by the Dominion Government. As occasion has called for it the edifice, a two-story one, has been repeatedly enlarged by the addition of wings until it is now architectur-



LADY LISGAR
No. 2



LADY DUFFERIN
No. 3

ally a nondescript. Other features compensate for its lack of an imposing exterior. It stands in a pleasant park of about ninety acres, two miles from Ottawa on the Montreal road. The grounds are well laid out, well wooded and beautified with gardens; and from the windows of the mansion glimpses may be had of the distant Gothic towers on Parliament Hill, and of the picturesque scenery that abounds in the vicinity of the city.

But what is of far more importance than fine views, the old house interiorly is cosy, comfortable and homelike, from its handsomely furnished ballroom and dining-room to the many bedrooms that are yearly occupied by house parties who experience the delightful hospitality of the Dominion's chief executive and his lady.

To Rideau Hall, very different in appearance then to what it is now, and adjacent to a little lumbering town quite unlike the handsome, modern city of Ottawa, came Lady Monck in 1867, when her husband, an Irish peer, was made first Governor-General of the Dominion. But she preferred to live at "Spencerwood," in the ancient city of Quebec,

and spent little of her time in the crude, new-fledged capital on the banks of the Ottawa. Her entertainments at Quebec were such as comported with her high position, yet they were far from being popular. Lady Monck, besides lacking the warmth and magnetism to make friends, was rather too much of a stickler in matters of formality to suit a democratic colony, and accordingly she was perhaps not so popular as the ladies who were to follow have been.

In the wife of a Governor-General popularity means success, and this was achieved in large measure by the next mistress of Rideau Hall—Lady Young, who became the Baroness Lisgar, on her husband being created a peer during his term as Governor-General. Many years have come and gone, and marvellous changes have taken place in Canada since the *régime* of Lord Lisgar, but there are many who still retain vivid and pleasant memories of his warm-hearted, handsome and hospitable wife. Lady Lisgar perhaps owed much of her success to the fact that she was Irish and affable, and a commoner—being the daughter of a County Meath gentleman named Edward Tuite Dalton,



PRINCESS LOUISE
No. 4



LADY LANSDOWNE
No. 5

but she also owed some of it to her previous experience, which developed in her those charming qualities as hostess that made her name known in many parts of the British Empire. Socially her *régime* at Rideau Hall was made remarkable by the visits of two distinguished personages—Prince Arthur, afterwards Duke of Connaught, and the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. The visit of the Prince was celebrated by a grand State ball, the magnificence of which fairly made the simple-minded Canadians of that day gasp with delight. Lady Lisgar's activity did not stop with her social duties. She was a generous donor to worthy objects that claimed her aid, and she travelled much through the provinces, always with an eye to its beauty spots, many of which were sketched by her skillful pencil. Accomplished, bright, suave, generous, Lady Lisgar returned to England followed by the esteem and hearty goodwill of all who had come within the circle of her influence. She died at Paris in 1895, aged 74, having outlived two husbands, and was at the time of her death the wife of Henry Trueman Mills.

The next, the Marchioness of Dufferin

and Ava, also of Irish birth, spent six years in Canada during the incumbency of her brilliant husband; and although she afterwards shared with him his life as Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Rome and Paris, and as Viceroy of India, she always looked back upon these years in Canada as the fullest and happiest of her life. Radiant with youth, proud of her husband and pleased with the domain in which he ruled in the sovereign's stead, she gave to life at the Capital a brilliancy and dash that eclipsed all traditions, and has perhaps never since been quite equalled. Her entertainments were lavish and superb. Glittering State balls, receptions, private theatricals, skating and tobogganing parties in quick succession were crowded into each festive year, and Rideau Hall glowed with social fellowship and good cheer. The climax was reached in the memorable fancy dress ball given at Government House in March, 1876, which cost, it is said, a cool hundred thousand dollars, and equalled the finest things of the kind produced by the gay court of the French Empire.

This gayety and magnificence pleased the people, who at bottom relished page-



LADY STANLEY
No. 6



LADY ABERDEEN
No. 7

antry and pomp, but nothing won them over more completely than the sweetness and urbanity of the Marchioness, whose cordial manner broke down all barriers between herself and those who were privileged to meet her. And many had this privilege, for with her husband she journeyed far and wide in the Dominion, her eyes observant of its life and her pen always ready to describe it for the benefit of friends across the sea. Her "My Canadian Journal," was written in this way to her mother, and it is still widely read for its clever and humorous portrayal of persons and places. In every way Lady Dufferin was a fitting help-mate to her great husband, and with the possible exception of the Princess Louise, is the most kindly remembered mistress of all who have graced Rideau Hall. In her declining years she treasured, in her Clandeboye home, many mementos of her six years' sojourn in Canada.

Lady Dufferin's successor was the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of the late Queen Victoria, and she accompanied her husband to Canada when, as Marquis of Lorne, he became Governor-General in October, 1878. The sagac-

ity of the good Queen in sending her own flesh and blood to dwell over-seas was justified in the result. The compliment was deeply appreciated and helped to link her Canadian subjects closer to the Empire. The Princess possessed many of the qualities of her good and noble mother and, in spite of the handicap of her birth, exerted herself to benefit her fellow-beings in all ways possible to her. An unassuming and gentle manner, an intelligent and active sympathy marked her bearing. Joaquin Miller, once invited to a dinner by the Princess, declared afterwards he had never met a sweeter woman. "No wonder," he said, "that Canadians are proud of their Vicereine."

If the Princess entertained less munificently than her predecessor, she was, if anything, more active in those solid works that make for the lasting betterment of a country. Herself an artist of no mean ability in both oils and water colours, she instituted the Royal Canadian Academy of Art. Many of her own paintings of Canadian scenes were hung in its exhibitions.

The Princess was once highly amused (although the joke was on her) at a

criticism passed upon one of her paintings by the son of the late President Arthur. The work was a superb painting of old Quebec, and it hung in the drawing-room at Rideau Hall. The young man, who was the Princess' guest, seemed charmed with the picture and expressed himself to her in terms of high praise. "The conceit was soon taken out of me, however," said the Princess, "when directly afterward Mr. Arthur observed, 'But, you know, I am no judge of such things.'"

As in painting so in sculpture this gifted woman excelled. One product of her chisel, a statue of the late Queen Victoria, stands to-day in front of the Royal Victoria College, Montreal. But apart from things social and artistic, no movement for the general welfare looked in vain to her for encouragement, as well as aid. During her stay in Canada she was patroness both in word and deed of various societies for the betterment of women, and when she left Canada to become in course of time the Duchess of Argyll, it was not to forget or be forgotten.

The Lady Maud Evelyn Hamilton, seventh daughter of James, first Duke of Abercorn, and wife of the distinguished administrator and statesman, the Marquis of Lansdowne, was the next queen of Rideau Hall; and queen it she did with the grace and domesticity of true womanhood, as well as with the dignity befitting a high position. But more did graciousness than dignity prevail. Her own excellent qualities, coupled with a valuable experience at Dublin Castle, saved her social *régime* in Canada from seeming bare and meagre in comparison

with the brilliant terms of Lady Dufferin and the Princess Louise. Lady Lansdowne, as a girl, was the flower of the flock in a family of beauties who all became shining marks; and it was fortunate for Canadian life that her goodness equalled her beauty. Her good taste and tact were unexcelled, and to her valuable assistance her husband, at the expiration of his term as Governor-General, attributed much of the success that crowned his administration. The weight of the tribute can be appreciated when it is remembered that Sir John A.

Macdonald pronounced Lord Lansdowne the ablest Governor-General Canada had had.

With her husband Lady Lansdowne lived by times in the chief cities of the Dominion, and came in contact with many people who universally learned to regard her highly. In promoting outdoor pleasures and winter sports at the Capital she was especially popular with the young, and some of her happiest moments were spent in their midst. A unique occasion of the kind was the tea

and entertainment at Rideau Hall at which she made 400 Sunday School children happy. Among her other characteristics it is remembered that Lady Lansdowne dressed simply and danced well.

If the Lady Lansdowne showed her womanliness by being fond of children, her successor at Rideau Hall possessed the highest possible title to be regarded in the same light. Lady Stanley, as she was known on coming to Canada, was the mother of eight sons and two daughters. Before her marriage in May, 1864, to Frederick, first Lord Stanley



LADY MINTO
No. 8

of Preston, second son of the fourteenth Earl of Derby, she was Lady Constance Villiers, eldest daughter of the fourth Earl of Clarendon, and a most beautiful young woman. For five years, from 1888, she lived in Canada with her husband who, on the demise of his elder brother, became Earl of Derby, towards the close of this period.

Lady Stanley lacked nothing of being an ideal hostess, a generous, large-hearted woman, whose very presence created the atmosphere of home. Better than the State balls and formal dinners over which she presided, she liked a quiet little party of friends who danced and drank tea and forgot about vice-royalty in the warmth of her womanly hospitality.

In her fondness for home life Lady Stanley did not shirk the larger responsibility and opportunity that come to a Governor's wife. Through her efforts were founded at Ottawa a Maternity Hospital, and an Institute for Trained Nurses, which perpetuates her name. In 1890 Lady Stanley had the pleasure of entertaining at Rideau Hall Prince George, now the Prince of Wales; and on the occasion of the Prince's marriage, she co-operated with the women of Canada in presenting to the royal couple an elaborate gift characteristic of the country from which it came. Unquestionably Lady Stanley was an efficient factor in the success of her husband's *régime*; and if that *régime* was not brilliant, it ended in mutual respect and goodwill.

Within the limits of this article one could hardly do justice to the many and varied activities which marked the five years' career of Lady Aberdeen, as Canada's next Vicereine. This masterful and intellectual, and withal womanly and handsome woman, may be said to have lived a three-fold life. She presided over Canadian society with infinite tact, grace and dignity; she applied herself with unusual diligence to movements of a reformatory and benevolent nature; and she cultivated the home life which, to her mind, is the sphere in which God and Nature intended woman most to shine. As wife

and mother, as hostess, as leader of her sex, as platform orator and as writer, Lady Aberdeen made an impression on Canadian life that penetrated from its centres to its remotest corners. She went to and fro in the land, aiming to do good—and doing it. Her influence was felt by the lonely Yukon miner, by the isolated settler on the Northwest plains, by the shantyman in the backwoods of Quebec, and by the fisherman on the shores of Nova Scotia. It was her nature to be sowing seeds of kindness. The list of her beneficent deeds in the Dominion bears witness. Conspicuous among these deeds was her founding of the National Council of Women of Canada, whose purpose was to federate all the Women's Associations in their work of social amelioration. With the stimulus of her presence and voice this movement gathered way, and was enthusiastically carried forward by the women in all the leading cities of Canada, but somehow interest flagged with the departure of its inspiring spirit to the old land. But a greater and more lasting undertaking set on foot by Lady Aberdeen—the Victorian Order of Nurses—flourishes to-day, keeping perpetually green the memory of the noble founder in the hearts of thousands of the needy sick. Founded in commemoration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, this splendidly humane organisation was designed to be co-extensive with the Dominion itself, and its original plan comprehended the establishment of cottage hospitals throughout the west and north. Much has been accomplished, and the ministering angels of the Order, equipped as trained nurses, have gone with help and healing to countless homes in the cities, and to rude shanties in the woods where sick or injured toilers wrestled for life remote from the advantages of civilisation. Than this beautiful work Lady Aberdeen could have left no better memento of herself in Canada.

But her thoughtfulness was not confined to the sick. The isolated settlers of the vast Northwest land appeared before her mind's eye as yearning for that closer touch with their fellows which, to them, might come only through the

printed page. To meet this need, Lady Aberdeen, in conjunction with her husband, founded the Aberdeen Association for the distribution of all sorts of reading matter among the western settlers.

Although many Canadians manifested a shade of indifference to some of Lady Aberdeen's benevolent projects—a condition which arose largely through the comparative opulence and independence of the country—yet as a whole her kindly efforts moved the hearts of the people from one end of the Dominion to the other. For executive ability, active sympathy and zeal for good works, her name stands high on the roll of our Vicereines. In private life she and her husband were unpretentious and domestic folk; they were, moreover, so thoroughly democratic as to incur the criticism of a snobbish few. In recognition of her intellectual gifts and character, Lady Aberdeen was capped and gowned a Doctor of Laws by a leading Canadian University. Socially she gave distinction to her most successful *régime* at Rideau Hall by an elaborate Historical Fancy Dress Ball held in the winter of 1896. No more brilliant spectacle nor one better calculated to arouse the ardour and patriotism of Canadians was ever seen at the Capital.

When the charming Lady Minto became the *châtelaine* of Government House she returned to it as to an old home, having spent several years there in the time of Lord Lansdowne, to whom her husband was Military Secretary. All in all, Lady Minto was one of the most popular mistresses of Rideau Hall, and she succeeded in endearing herself to the Canadian people. Like her predecessor, she was a woman of complex activities, and she built enduring monuments to her name. Many societies and movements received her aid.

She encouraged the Capital's intellectual young ladies by attending the lectures and social meetings of their May Court Club. In connection with the Aberdeen Association, she instituted the Lady Minto Circulating Library and, assisted by her two lovely daughters, the Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliott, packed many boxes of literature for dis-

tribution in the Northwest. But of greater import than this, by personal canvass in the large cities, she succeeded in raising an endowment of more than \$100,000 for the work of the Victorian Order of Nurses and the Lady Minto Cottage Hospitals. For these hospitals, which are situated in remote parts of the country and have already done great good, Canadians owe a debt of gratitude to the Countess. Ottawans also owe her something for the beautifying of the capital, since it is to her unique idea that many of them trace their aroused interest in "the city beautiful." Lady Minto's idea took shape in a window flower and cottage garden competition. Any one might enter and prizes were awarded after judges had secretly examined the lawns and windows of the competitors. This competition was characteristic of Lady Minto, who loved all that pertained to the outdoor life. In fact, among Canadian Vicereines she might be described as the sportswoman. Canadian sports were her delight, especially skating, and during the winter seasons the Rideau Hall rinks witnessed many a gay party of enthusiasts on Saturday afternoons.

Socially the Minto *régime* was a marked success. Besides the regulation State functions, Lady Minto delighted in little informal gatherings, and during her stay Ottawans did not lack in bonfire nights, garden parties, fancy dress balls and other delightful functions that are associated with the presence of Vicereine at the Capital. The entertainments were marked by originality, and the exquisite taste of Lady Minto, whose own beauty, tact, broad-minded sympathies and gift of remembering names and faces, made her an ideal hostess. Generous and thorough in all she undertook, Lady Minto won for herself a large place in Canadian regard, and none look forward with more confidence to her success as Vicereine of India than her hosts of warm friends in the Dominion. During the Minto *régime* Government House had the honour of entertaining the Prince and the Princess of Wales in 1901, and Lady Minto accompanied them on their tour of the continent. Twice she visited the United States, and had the pleasure of

meeting Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt. Among her graceful deeds is the work she did in connection with locating and marking the graves of Canadian soldiers who gave their lives fighting for the Empire in South Africa.

The present mistress of Rideau Hall is the Countess Grey, Lady Minto's sister-in-law. Before her marriage to Earl Grey in 1877 she was Alice, third daughter of Robert Stayner Holford, Esq., M.P., of Westonbirt, Gloucestershire, whose palace of Dorchester House in Park Lane is one of the show places of London. The Greys have one son and two daughters living, and two of the daughters reside with their parents in Canada.

From the first moment of their landing in Halifax, Earl Grey and his family have won golden opinions. All who come in contact with them are charmed with their democratic bearing, their kindly

sincerity, and frank, cordial speech. The Countess and her charming daughters dress quietly, and are simple and unaffected in manner. The Countess herself is a very handsome woman, with the characteristic English pink and white complexion and large, regular features. She is considered an intellectual woman, although she never parades her cleverness, and is in all respects an admirable helpmate to her distinguished husband, who has more than once profited greatly by her wise counsels. Since taking up her residence at Ottawa, the Countess Grey has gained steadily in the favour of the people, and her *régime* cannot fail to be a success. Socially it has so far been quiet rather than ambitious; but none the less Lady Grey's hospitality is generous, her charity large, and her support of all good works equal to the high standard set by her noble predecessors.

The Tide

By OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY

THE tide sweeps in with sullen lunge and surge—
 The primal leap of a leviathan—
 Some sluggish thing that time till now outran;
 That now wakes up with mindless, sudden urge,
 To act the beast, the earth to lash and scourge
 With its broad flukes, to smite with death-chill ban,
 To overwhelm the place and life of man,
 And all once more in chaos to submerge.

But mark the sequel of its brutish chase:
 The shore is reached, earth 'neath its lust-grip sighs;
 Yet see it shrink from its self-sought embrace!
 Earth thrills it so with sense of human ties,
 Of grief, joy, wisdom, won from time and space,
 That, baffled, thought-dazed, at her feet it lies.

Browning as a Religious Teacher

By W. T. ALLISON

An exception to Benn's estimate of Browning as an unbeliever, with a strong case against it.



BROWNING Clubs have lately been thrown into a flutter of excitement by the assertion of Alfred William Benn, in his "History of English Rationalism in the 19th Century," a work published a few months ago. Benn has numbered Robert Browning among the unbelievers. In the beginning Browning was preoccupied with immortality. He believed in God. He not only believed in God, but in the divinity of Christ, taking his views of the Gospel entirely from the Johannine writings, especially from the 4th Gospel, which he regarded as an impregnable fortress of Christianity. Mr. Benn admits that Browning was an orthodox Christian until 1861, the year of the death of his wife. In 1864, however, his poem "A Death in the Desert" shows the first indications of sensible views, as Mr. Benn would say. In the above poem Browning began making concessions to criticism, rejecting miracles as poor evidence. By the year 1877, that is in the thirteen years preceding his last volume, the simple, joyous faith that once was his had been lost in the cold mists of modern doubt. Mr. Benn finds that the poem "La Saisiaz" rejects immortality, for a belief in future rewards and punishments would have a demoralising influence. Good is just good, and evil is evil, and all is according to reason. "He who could so write," says Mr. Benn, very exultingly, "had ceased to be a Christian." But Mr. Benn has misinterpreted "La Saisiaz." It is a very cryptic poem, a metaphysical creation, and even a rationalist might well go astray in digging out the real meaning, but as far as I can discover, there is no negation of immortality; in fact, the argument is really in favour of life after

death. Browning believes in the existence of God and the Soul, and faintly trusts the larger hope. But Mr. Benn was too fast in shutting his Browning just here. I imagine that all the Browning Clubs will be busy very soon in advising Mr. Benn to read the last poems in Browning's last volume, a volume, by the way, which appeared on the day of his death, Dec. 12th, 1889. The poem "Reverie" is saturated with the hope of an immortal life:

Then life is—to wake, not sleep,
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level where blindly creep
Things perfected, more or less,
To the heaven's height, far and steep,

Where, amid what strifes and storms
May wait the adventurous quest,
Power is Love—transports, transforms
Who aspired from worst to best,
Sought the soul's world, spurned the worms.

And here are his last words to the world, his own epitaph, the conclusion of the whole matter:

One who never turned his back but marched
breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-
time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either
should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on,
fare ever
There as here!"

This is Browning's last word, and it is the word of faith. The mere fact, however, that Mr. Benn or any of his ilk could lay claim to Browning, not as a convert, but as a pervert to stark, hope-

less radicalism, to the sunless belief that this life ends all, shows that there is at least room for disputation respecting the religious teaching of Browning. In attempting to touch this subject (I say touch advisedly), I can hope to pick up only a few pebbles along the shore of this vast, heaving thought-ocean of the most verbose poet of all the ages.

In arranging these pebbles I shall follow the example of the theologians. For the sake of clearness, in the hope of reducing order out of chaos, allow me to use those great divisions of dogmatic theology, such topics as God, Christ, Man, Sin, and Things to Come.

I. GOD

What is Browning's teaching about God? As we have already seen, even the extreme Mr. Benn admits that Browning believes that God is and the soul is. The thought of God is ever present with Browning. He came of Puritan stock, and the Puritan, as we all know, had his mind ever centred on the Sovereignty of God. No poet, ancient or modern, has devoted more thought to "the Ineffable Name" than Browning. He is essentially a religious poet, because in nearly every page he makes mention of God. In his first published poem, "Pauline," he searches after God if haply he may find Him, and this is the cry of his soul hungering and thirsting after the divine,—

And what is that I hunger for but God?
My God, my God, let me for once look on
Thee
As though naught else existed, we alone!
And as creation crumbles, my soul's spark
Expands till I can say,—even from myself
I need Thee and I feel Thee and I love Thee.
I do not plead my rapture in Thy works
For love of Thee, nor that I feel as one
Who cannot die: but there is that in me
Which turns to Thee, which loves or which
should love.

Through all his moods, through all the years of an intense intellectual life, passed in an age of fierce questioning, when the very foundations of religious faith seemed to be tottering to their fall, from 1833 to the very close of the 19th century, the warp and woof of Browning's poetry retains this greatest

of all themes, the adoration of God as Power and as Love. "I need Thee and I feel Thee and I love Thee,"—this is the religious note of Browning's whole life, of all the immense body of his poetry. As he began so he ended; after fifty-six years of pondering on the ways of God to man he has faith in his last poem to greet the unseen with a cheer, because God is good and infinite power is infinite love. What are probably the most familiar lines of Browning are a statement of his happy trust that the Power who sits at the helm of this world is beneficent, "God's in his heaven, all's well with the world." Many are the epithets which Browning applies to God. He is the "Right and Good and Infinite," "The Ineffable Name, Builder and Maker of Houses not made with hands." In Rabbi Ben Ezra, one of Browning's finest poems of adoration, God is called the Potter, who fixes men "mid this dance of plastic circumstance," who binds them to the wheel of Time and moulds them to His heart's desire. Innumerable references might be cited regarding God's work as the Creator of this beautiful, habitable world:

O world, as God has made it! All is beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.

However, you're my man, you've seen the
world—
The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colours, lights
and shades,
Changes, surprises—and God made it all!

This God who made the beautiful world of Nature, in Browning's opinion, must be not only a great designer but infinite in his love:

For the loving worm within its clod
Were diviner than a loveless God
Amid his worlds."

With the single exception of Milton, no poet has mused more sublimely on the thought of God's power and creative energy and completeness, and in one of the most searching and striking of all his poems, "Instans Tyrannus," Browning has shown with vivid and massive force that this Infinite Power, whose arm stretches across heaven, is also a sheltering Father, who hears the despairing

cry of the weakest of His children, and makes the wicked oppressor's heart to quake for fear. Says the awful tyrant about to crush the poor saint, the meanest, the weakest of his subjects, caught like a rat or toad in his creep-hole:

Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and
prayed!
So, I was afraid.

We may say, therefore, that Browning has an intense longing for God; he adores him as Creator and Preserver, as Moulder and Fashioner of human lives; he lauds Him as infinite in Power and Wisdom and Righteousness and Love, and teaches men, even the humblest of us, to pray to Him as to one who "owns the soul", and loves and cares for the meanest of His creatures.

II. CHRIST

In "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day" we find not only much discussion of the attributes of God, as Eternal First and Last, but a frank statement of Browning's belief in the divinity of Christ. He confesses "How very hard it is to be a Christian!" But these poems are a trampling upon doubt, an able onslaught on the rationalism which denies the divinity of Christ, altogether a splendid acknowledgment of the claims of Jesus to be the Son of God and the loving Saviour of Men. The poem is inspired by a visit on a rainy evening to a non-conformist chapel where the poet takes shelter from the storm. Browning satirises the narrowness, ignorance and rudeness of the simple sectaries, but as he comes forth into the night he has a vision of Christ, "He himself with his human air on the narrow pathway just before." Jesus had been at the chapel fulfilling his promise that

Where two or three should meet and pray,
He would be in the midst, their friend;
Certainly He was there with them!

The poet felt a sense of shame that he had been despising Christ's friends, and learned his lesson, that it does not matter so much whether Christ is worshipped

in a place of beauty, so long as he is worshipped in a spirit of love, for God

Disdains not His own thirst to slake
At the poorest love was ever offered

Carried to St. Peter's at Rome he sees the gorgeous worship of the devotees at mass, and although he is not blind to Rome's errors, above the error Browning sees the love. Christ also accepts this worship in the great Basilica because the worshippers there also offer the sacrifice of love, and in the inspiration of this thought Browning gives the world these immortal lines in token of his belief in the divinity of Christ:

Earth breaks up, time drops away,
In flows heaven, with its new day
Of endless life, when He who trod,
Very man and very God,
This earth in weakness, shame and pain,
Dying the death whose signs remain
Up yonder on the accursed tree,—
Shall come again, no more to be
Of captivity the thrall,
But the one God, All in all,
Kings of kings, Lord of lords,
As His servant John received the words,
"I died and live for evermore.

If anything more explicit were needed to define his position, Browning takes care to add that in this journey to different fanes of worship the only place which Christ refused to enter was the German lecture hall where the hawk-nosed, high-cheek-boned, pale professor in his sweet, though hoarse Christmas discourse, resolves Christ into a myth, a fable, a personification. No great poet has made so valiant, so reasonable a declaration of the faith that is in him as Browning in these long, involved but powerful poems, "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day."

Browning returns to the charge on the critics who would resolve Christ into a fable or delusion in his wonderful poem "A Death in the Desert," where he puts modern arguments into the mouth of the dying St. John. I can scarcely begin to discuss the argument of this poem. Browning makes a concession to the critics in admitting that while miracles were needful in the first century, we are dependent upon them no longer. But he says that even if we

waive them altogether we can still accept Christ as very man and very God. I can commend to all believers in Christ who, like Browning, find it hard to be a Christian and have to battle for their faith against modern doubt, Browning's five poems, "Saul," "Christmas Eve," "Easter Day," "The Epistle of Kharshish, the Arab Physician," and "A Death in the Desert," for serious and prayerful reading. Both of these latter poems ought to help any struggling soul to a sure acceptance of Christ as the Son of God and Saviour of the World. No matter how few may be Browning's references to Christ, or how silent he may be regarding Christ in subsequent poems, or how evident his drift to theism, we cannot believe that he rejected Christianity after writing these great passages, these triumphant and immortally beautiful tributes to God in Christ. I quote first the conclusion of the weird and fascinating poem, "The Epistle of Kharshish":

The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder, comes a human voice

Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of mine,

But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!"

And from "A Death in the Desert," these words supposed to issue from the lips of John the Beloved, are really the heart-creed of Browning the Believer:

I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it,
And has so far advanced thee to be wise.

III. MAN

In "Sordello" Browning enunciates one of the leading articles of his poetic faith:

Would you have your songs endure?
Build on the human heart!

From his earliest to his latest work God and Man were Browning's kindred themes of inspiration. He knew the human heart and all its hidden secrets good and bad, and with the skill of the

modern surgeon he understood the heart's trepidations and dilatations; he heard the regular, happy, healthy heart-beat or the sobbing of the blood through the diseased valves. Browning was interested in all kinds of men and in every aspect of human life; nothing human was alien to him, and this universal interest is shown in his innumerable character-sketches and dramatic monologues. He knew humanity from Dan to Beersheba, from the river unto the ends of the earth. He ransacked the history and literature of Greece, Palestine, Italy, Germany and England for types of the evil and the good. He drew forth strangest characters with weirdest names from obscure corners: Caliban, Sludge, Paracelsus, The Old Grammarian, James Lee, Rabbi Ben Ezra, The Pied Piper, Saul, St. John, Mandeville, Bubb Doddington, The Duchess, Pippa, Mary Wollstonecraft, Evelyn Hope—they are all here, and they smile at us or frown upon us in their immortality of youth.

Browning was equally at home with Aristophanes, Ned Bratts or Pacchiarotto. He was reckless in his use of queer-sounding names. A lady who conned over the little "Pacchiarotto and How He Worked in Distemper," thought Pacchiarotto was the name of a dog, an Italian dog, whom no attacks of canine disease could keep from the fulfilment of his duty. But Browning considered names to be mere accidents; he found human nature to be pretty much the same beneath the Grecian, Jewish, Italian, or English skin. He has devoted a great deal of attention to the relations of the human soul to God; has puzzled over the problem of evil; finds that good and evil are fairly well mixed in humanity, that men are going to school here in this life and are on trial; weighed down by the desires of the flesh, still they are gifted with fugitive gleams of the spirit, and it is theirs to reach after the heavenly.

And so I live, you see,
Go through the world, try, prove, reject,
Prefer, still struggling to effect
My warfare.

Human life is figured by the poet not only as a noble warfare, but also as a

course of evolution. It would be interesting to trace Browning's complete teaching regarding man's development, physical and spiritual. It is one of his strongest and best-loved themes. Browning

Finds progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's, and not the beast's: God is, they
are,
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be.

If a man could reach perfection in any art he would find himself unhappy; Andrea del Sarto attained and although he had acquired the faultless touch, he was unhappy and cried:

A man's reach must exceed his grasp
Else what's a heaven for.

Unsuccessful in his quest for Beauty, Knowledge, Love and Power, still man in his nothing-perfect is led up to God, who is all-complete and all-good and all-loving. It is this view of man's struggles and failings that enables Browning to trace even beneath the hate of men their love. He sees the beginnings of divine wisdom even in the vices and follies of the flesh. With his splendid optimism our great fighter

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

His philosophy of life and the sum and substance of his teaching regarding man in his relation to God, who fixes us on the wheel of Time and moulds us as He wills, is to be found in the noble expression

Then welcome each rebuff
That makes earth's smoothness rough.

Even in the Paris morgue, as he looks upon human wrecks who took their lives in despair, he can still believe in man and trust in the mercy of God—

It's wiser being good than bad;

It's safer being meek than fierce:

It's fitter being sane than mad.

My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;

That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;

That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

After all, it is because Browning can say through Andrea del Sarto:

Love, we are in God's hand.
How strange, now, looks the life He makes
us lead;
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I feel he laid the fetter: let it lie!

and because in all his keen analysis of human hearts of all races and climes he still believes in the love of God, that he can look upon the brotherhood and trace everywhere yearnings after the divine, a modicum of good, a touch of nobleness. Perhaps the grandest lesson we can learn from Browning is a wider humanity, more tolerance, more love, more charity for the weaker brethren:

To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill-success; to sympathise, be proud
Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim
Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
Their prejudices, and fears and cares and
doubts,
All with a touch of nobleness, despite
Their error, upward tending all though weak.

IV. SIN

Humanity is weak and sinful, but there is hope for man in his hunger after God. Browning believes not only in sin and the awfulness of sin, but also in salvation. In a brief treatment of these topics let me point out that scarcely in any poet since Dante has there been such an exposure and pillory of sin. Only in the depths of the *Inferno* will you find such representations of selfishness, cruelty, hate, craft, envy, avarice and sensuality as in the pages of Browning. If a minister wishes to learn the most fitting phrases in which to reveal the sinner to himself let him study diligently the faces and hearts in Browning's rogues' gallery. His dramatic monologues, such a masterpiece as "The Last Duchess," for instance, are microscopic studies of the awful depths of sin. Although Browning has a certain frank admiration for a thorough villain, and prefers a forceful bad man to a colourless weak man, who is good because he lacks the courage to be bad, he is a firm believer in original sin. In "Gold Hair" he says:

Evil or good may be better or worse
In the human heart, but the mixture of each
Is a marvel and a curse.

He concludes the poem by declaring that he holds Christianity to be true because

'Tis the faith that launched point-blank
her dart

At the head of a lie—taught Original Sin,
The corruption of Man's Heart.

In "Pauline," there is an account of how Sin gains possession of the Soul who, "girt about with hell's dress," made "sin's familiar friend," appeals to Christ to save from sin. Although Browning has much to say in a plain, hearty way about the devil, whom he describes as "the laughing fiend and prince of snakes," who has entrance to the human heart, he has little to predict regarding future punishment. He firmly believes, however, in the death of the soul, and in the "Death in the Desert" shows that when a man shuts his eyes to God's truth, when he gathers darkness from light, ignorance from knowledge, and lack of love from love made manifest, that man has turned round on himself, and the soul dies. He concludes the poem by declaring that unless a man accepts God's truth in Christ and calls Christ, then, the illimitable God, he is lost. Browning's clearest teaching of the meaning of salvation is to be found in the conclusion to "Saul":

Ay, to save and redeem and restore him,
maintain at the height
This perfection—succeed with life's day-
spring, death's minute of night,
Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch
Saul the mistake,
Saul the failure, the ruin he seems now—
and bid him awake
From the dream, the probation, the pre-
lude, to find himself set
Clear and safe in new light and new life—
a new harmony yet
To be run and continued and ended—who
knows?—or endure!
The man taught enough, by life's dream,
of the rest to make sure;
By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning
intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose
by the struggles in this.

V. THINGS TO COME

The theologian turns his attention last of all to Future Things, Death and the Hereafter. So in our review of Browning we ask of what religious sig-

nificance are his views on these great subjects? What is his attitude toward Death? Does he believe in the immortality of the soul? Mr. Benn would have us believe that Browning came to the final conclusion that death ends all and that for the soul there is no bright forever. We dare to assert that Mr. Benn has deluded himself by an examination of one poem, "La Saisaiz," in which Browning is in a dubious mood. Our poet is a creature of moods, and it would be unfair to hold to the conclusions of his dark hour and ignore the brave and sunny hopefulness of nearly every poem that he wrote. Browning is the poet of hope, of good cheer. Dark as is the face of Death, and grim though the fight in the dark with the giant may be, he fares forward brave as his peers, the heroes of old, eager for the last fight with the Arch Fear, for he believes that the conflict with Death will last only for a minute.

For sudden the worst turns the best to
the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements, rage, the fiend-voices
that rave
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out
of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee
again,
And with God be the rest.

In the marvellous poem "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," we travel through the land of the shadow of death with his spectral shapes and sights and sounds, and at long last the castle of death, lonely, terrible, grim, confronts the pilgrim. He must not doze like a dotard after a life spent training for the sight; the supreme moment has come; the pilgrim must enter in though hell itself gape from the frowning heights, so, with a last effort, with well-nigh superhuman fortitude

Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set
And blew, "Childe Roland to the Dark
Tower Came."

Darkness and clouds are round about Death; his aspect is majestic and terrible, but hope on, be unafraid, for Death, though dark his form, is the light-bringer,

And then as, 'mid the dark, a gleam
Of yet another morning breaks,
And like the hand which ends a dream,
Death with the might of his sunbeam,
Touches the flesh and the soul awakes.

First there will be darkness, then light,
then "the solemn and strange surprise
of the change," finally the mystic union
of soul with soul in deathless love:

Think when our one soul understands
The great Word that makes all things new,
When earth breaks up and heaven expands,
How will the change strike me and you
In the house not made with hands?

Browning's mention of heaven and of eternal life is not confined to the above reference to "the house not made with hands." His references to heaven are well-nigh countless. The hope of heaven inspires him in countless songs of good cheer; heaven is the logical outcome of man's welcoming each rebuff and fighting the good fight here and now; eternal life is the objective-point of evolution, that which places us on a higher plane than the animal world, and encourages us to strive to learn how to use our tools:

Earn the means first—God surely will
Contrive use for our earning.
Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes,
Live now or never!"
He said, "What's time? Leave Now for
dogs and apes!
Man has forever."

Browning's loftiest teaching of immortality is expressed in his poem entitled "A Grammarian's Funeral" (from which I have just quoted), his sweetest and simplest in "Easter Day":

Be all the earth a wilderness!
Only let me go on, go on,
Still hoping ever and anon
To reach one eve the better land!

His most Christian statement of the faith that is in him is embodied in one of the grandest of his religious poems, "Saul," wherein he teaches that Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and that through the merits of Christ we are to enter the gate of the New Jerusalem:

O, Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a
Man like to me,

Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever:
a hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to
thee! See the Christ stand!

But you will be tempted to say these passages all indicate that Browning fought a good fight, but did he keep the faith? You will say that you admire his last poem with its cheery note, the poet's bidding to greet the unseen with a cheer, his cry to "Speed, fight on, fare ever there as here," but you will wish to be assured that Browning still retained his faith in Christianity and in the Immortality of the Soul. To banish the dark doubts which the short-sighted Mr. Benn may have raised, allow me to quote part of a letter which Browning wrote down near the close of life, two years before he died. He and his sister went to live at a little hotel in Llangollen, and spent hours together drinking tea on the lawn. He writes: "Another term of delightful weeks, each tipped with a sweet starry Sunday at the little church." Evidently Browning still delighted to worship in a Christian church. In another letter written at this time he asserts vigorously his belief in immortality: "Death, death, it is this harping on death that I despise so much. In fiction, in poetry, French as well as English, and I am told in American also, in art and literature, the shadow of death, call it what you will, despair, negation, indifference is upon us. But what fools who talk thus! Why, *amico mio*, you know as well as I, that death is life, just as our daily, momentarily dying body is none the less alive, and ever recruiting new forces of existence. Without death, which is our church-yardy, crepe-like word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that which we call life. Never say of me that I am dead." It is interesting to observe that this was the farewell message of two of the greatest apostles of God's truth in the nineteenth century. Like Browning, almost in the same words, Dwight L. Moody said: "Some day they will tell you that Moody is dead. Don't you believe a word of it."

The Greatest Writer's Story

By HELEN E. WILLIAMS

*In which the simplicity of a child reveals a tragedy
in a great man's life.*



HE laid down the letter the postman had left a few minutes before, and took up one of the clippings which had come in it. As he read, his eyebrows drew together in a quick frown.

"As usual, the weak places extolled," he muttered, dropping it to take up another. He ran through that quickly, and after a cursory perusal of one or two others, swept the little heap with disgusted energy into the waste-paper basket, and lit a cigar.

"It would have pleased me better as a hope, than as an actual grace it can at all," he murmured reflectively.

Then abruptly he leaned over and rummaged in the basket, and finally smoothed out one of the clippings on the table before him, and read beneath a review of his latest book:

"Hayward has succeeded because he is wedded to his Art; because he has formed himself upon life, saturated himself with life; because he possessed a divining-rod of his own, and was not content to scratch at the same hole, whose treasure has been exhausted by the great minds of ages ago; because he was resolved to describe what he observed and knew, not what one of our modern writers, in satirical trope, calls 'the ideal grasshopper, the heroic, the impassioned grasshopper, the conventional, self-devoted, adventurous, good old romantic, card-board grasshopper.' In this, struggling writers would do well to—"

He dropped the paper. Someone was climbing the stairs outside his den with slow haste, one step at a time. He listened, speculating as to the identity of his visitor; then pushed back his chair,

as the first timid rap continued with increasing volume till he flung open the door.

The hand still extended in the act of knocking dropped, as a small voice interrogated, "The Greatest Writer?"

"The what?" he stammered.

"There, now you have spoiled it!" reproachfully. "You *should* have said, 'At your service. And will you do me the honour to enlighten my ignorance.' Then I could say, 'Her Highness,' you see, and we would be in'duced. But now—" struggling with evident chagrin.

"I am very sorry."

In the ensuing pause the blue eyes under the clustering brown curls looked at The Greatest Writer so hard that he suddenly recollected himself, and said hastily, "Won't you come in?"

There was the faintest flicker of relief in the blue eyes.

"Oh, yes," said the small voice graciously, "for a little while." Then dimpling, "I came to come in, you know."

"Oh! Won't you sit down? That is a very comfortable chair there by the window."

"Yes," pursued the small voice as its owner climbed into the chair and looked approvingly round the room, "yes, I might have gone to lots of other places, but I came here."

"I feel deeply gratified."

"I came to help you with your first story," Her Highness further explained.

"My first story?" echoed The Greatest Writer blankly.

"Yes, the one that was never published, you know—do you write all your books out of that ink-bottle over there?"

The Greatest Writer followed the pointing finger.

"Yes," he said; "yes, most of them."

Her Highness slipped down and examined it, first with evident awe, then deepening disappointment.

"It's just like papa's," she announced accusingly, "and he only writes business letters out of his."

She sighed, and climbed into her chair again.

"P'raps we had better begin on that story now," brightening.

"I am afraid I don't quite understand. The story?"

"Yes, I told you about that before. You see, first I heard them all talking about you at home. Mamma said you had reached the highest pinnacle of fame."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated The Greatest Writer softly.

"And papa said he had heard you sent your first story to everyone, but they all sent it back again. And everyone told you you could never write, and scolded you for trying, and told you it would be much better to do some common thing. Did they?"

"Something like that," murmured The Greatest Writer.

"So I thought I would come over and tell you the mistakes in your story, and you could send it after all."

"It is very good of you."

"Yes, I s'pose it is. You see my nu—, 'panion was going to ta—, had asked if she could go for a walk with me. And sometimes she gets me ice cream, or cute little pink mice I can jump up and down by a rubber, and eat afterwards."

"It's too bad to miss that," suggested The Greatest Writer.

"I'll go to-morrow. My 'panion is funny; she wants me to take her walking most every day."

"Won't your mother be anxious about you?"

"Oh, she is at Uncle Charlie's! There's no one at home 'cept my 'panion, and I s'pose," in a studiously indifferent tone, "she is hunting for me now. Do you know," with a sudden burst of confidence, "I sometimes get tired of my 'panion. She likes me so much she always wants to stay with me."

The Greatest Writer glanced uneasily at the clock. He was expected

to fill the leonine rôle at a social function that afternoon, and the hour for his departure was near. The absurdly small figure in the big chair was arranging her blue frills carefully.

"I s'pose we had better begin that story now," she said.

The Greatest Writer rang the bell, and gave a few instructions to the man who answered it.

"Now I am quite at your disposal," said he, with a most delightful bow.

Her Highness bobbed her curls gravely, then gave a sudden little wriggle in her chair, and laughed.

"You *are* nice," she said.

"Nice?"

"You act as if I were a real—what did you call your story?"

The Greatest Writer looked disconcerted.

"Let me see—treacherous thing, memory—well, well—"

He looked apologetically at Her Highness, who waited, politely expectant.

"The," he floundered, "no, one—One of Nature's Freaks," he brought out triumphantly.

"That sounds good."

"So I thought. But how shall we write our story? You see I have always written alone before."

"It's much better to have two, isn't it?"

"Much!"

"Well, you tell me what you wrote, and I'll tell you how to change it, and you can write it down."

"I understand."

"Well, why don't you begin?"

"Oh, yes! Let me see. Dear me! It was so long ago I almost—there! I have it. A boy comes home from college to visit his family in the country. He has not written nor been home for a long time, and they think him much changed, and it makes them very sorry."

"What changed him?" interrupted Her Highness.

"Well, they think it is living in the city among fine people. They think he is ashamed of them and their simple ways."

"And is he?"

"Wait and you will see. He doesn't

play all the old tunes he used to, on the piano, and he has forgotten the horse's name, and he talks flippantly—"

"How did you write their talk down? Did you have some lines narrow, with just an 'oh!' or 'indeed!' on them?"

"No, I wrote the talk all in with the rest, and filled every line full, so it wouldn't use up so many pages. Pages weigh so much, you know, and I didn't have many stamps then."

"Oh, you shouldn't have done that! You ought to have had the lines all raggly, so people could read them easier. No one likes the other kind."

"So I found. Well, I wrote a lot about how dreadfully the mother and father felt. And how they sat up after he had gone to bed, and told each other just how he had looked and talked when he was a little boy, and how sure they had been he would help them when he grew up. And the fire went out—I wrote two or three pages, telling how cold and dreary the ashes looked, and how they thought their future life would be just like those dead ashes. And they couldn't go to sleep—"

"Were they poor?" whispered Her Highness.

"No, but they thought they might be."

"I s'pose we all *might* be."

"That's so. Well, his sister Elizabeth, who was a couple of years younger, didn't feel like her father and mother, for she liked him lots better. She laughed at all his college jokes. I won't tell them now, they were very long, and only scolded him a little, when he said she was much prettier than Dorothy Norton—the girl he was engaged to. But when night came, he seemed nicer. He took his littlest sister, Pauline, on his knee, and told her stories—you wouldn't care to sit on my knee, would you?"

The blue frills slipped from the chair.

"I sometimes sit on my 'panion's lap," said Her Highness, with an engaging smile, as he lifted her up. "Now go on. Let's not write out the story?"

"All right. There isn't much more. Arlington, that's what I called him, Arlington West, went away the next day, and Elizabeth was very lonely. He

didn't write for two weeks, and then what do you suppose he said?"

"I don't know. What?" And Her Highness sat up very straight.

"He wrote that he had not come home at all. He had been sent to British Columbia on a very dangerous, scientific survey, and being afraid they might worry about him, he had sent out his friend, Arthur Wentworth, who looked just like him."

Her Highness clapped her hands.

"How did you ever think of that?"

"It *was* rather a novel plot, wasn't it?" and The Greatest Writer smiled oddly.

"Weren't they all very glad?"

"Yes, except Elizabeth; for he wrote that he was safe, and had made a lot of money, besides gaining immense honour."

"Why wasn't Elizabeth glad?"

"Well, you see it made her angry, for she thought Arthur Wentworth had only come to have a good time, and would laugh at them and their ways behind their backs."

"And he didn't, did he?"

"Not a bit of it. Besides, he was—er—in love with Elizabeth."

"Mamma was in love with someone before she knew papa," volunteered Her Highness with cheerful loquacity, "for once papa said, 'You don't regret him, Madge?' and mamma laughed her ripply laugh and said, 'You silly Ted. You know he never really cared for me—only for his work, his fame.'"

The Greatest Writer started. For a moment a long-forgotten scene swam between him and the room. Another, a low, pained voice, was saying: "*No. You believe that; but you have never really cared for me—only for your work, your fame.*"

"Go on, 'in love with Elizabeth.'"

"He tried to make it up, but she said, 'Never, never, never,' to some question he asked," went on The Greatest Writer dully. "And now we skip two years."

Her Highness gave a little snuggle.

"You *do* tell it beautifully," she whispered.

"Oh, they always skip in real books, you know."

Papa says you have a real genius for leaving stupid parts in the ink-bottle."

"Oh!"

"Yes, and *mamma* says she always feels when she reads your books as if a wonderful world of new people was just opening, and she was living in all of them—the people, I mean."

"Dear me!" dubiously. "But as I was saying, a ship is leaving for England, and who do you think is on the deck?"

"Elizabeth," cried Her Highness excitedly.

"Yes, Elizabeth, and who else?"

"Pauline," suggested Her Highness, a trifle doubtfully.

"No, not Pauline, Arthur Wentworth. They were married at last, and the music from within came to them, I quoted from some book, 'in such a soft, floating, witchery of sound as twilight elfins make, when they at eve voyage on gentle gales from fairyland.' Then I wrote *Finis* at the bottom, and that was all. How do you like it, Highness?"

She slipped from his knee.

"I think it is beautiful," she said, but there was a tiny horseshoe on her forehead.

"What is the matter?"

She drew herself up proudly.

"I would send it back to those people, and make them sorry that they did not keep such a *beautiful* story. I *would*—if I were you."

"Oh, no," soothingly, "not if you were me."

The sound of a bell came faintly from below, followed by a few words with a questioning inflection. Her Highness' attitude instantly changed.

"It's Nancy," she faltered, "my, my 'panion, you know?"

The Greatest Writer nodded. She gave him a suspicious look.

"Your companion," he echoed, gravely.

"Did they take your second story?"

"My sec—oh, I didn't write any more for a long time."

"But when you did," insistently, "did they take it?"

"It was not a story exactly, only a story about a story, only a criticism, you know? But, yes, they took it."

"Oh," disappointedly, "good-bye."

"But you will come again?"

"I don't know. I am very busy. Are you ever busy?"

"Sometimes," said The Greatest Writer with an apologetic glance towards his desk.

"I do twenty things a day—sometimes."

"That's a great many."

"Yes. Good-bye."

Steps were heard outside, approaching.

"You may kiss me if you like."

The Greatest Writer instantly stooped. As two short arms encircled his neck, there came a rush of whispered words.

"I guess I'll have time to come again, an' I'm not a really, truly, Highness, an—" the small voice choked with the mortification of it—"an' Nancy is my—nurse."

He watched, while with one hand on the banister, the other tightly clasping her "'panion's" hand, the little figure went down the stairs, one step at a time. When the last vestige of blue, and the bobbing brown curls had disappeared, he went back and sat for a long time in the silent, book-lined den. Once he looked about him, and laughed aloud. "Fame." And once he cried "Margaret!" softly, below his breath. The sunlight dappling the book shelves faded. Long shadows crept stealthily into the room, then, gaining courage, took possession of the place. Someone came to the door, and after knocking, went away again.

Night fell.



Among Relics of the Past

By W. S. WALLACE

Showing the charm that attaches to things which link the present with the long ago.



IN the museums and libraries of England and Scotland, and in the British Museum especially, the mountains of vellum and old paper which constitute the MSS. wealth of the country are accessible not to the general public, but only to a few privileged scholars, who go in and pore over documents that perhaps no one has read for a century. But in most of the museums it is generally the case that all letters and papers of general interest are exhibited to the public in show-cases, and in the British Museum, for instance, anyone—

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, or thief—may go in and gaze on the faded ink that flowed from the pen of Oliver Cromwell or Walter Scott.

It is the British Museum, that repository of a nation's antiquarian wealth, that has the richest collection in nearly every line of MSS.—royal autographs, historical autographs, charters, literary autographs, autograph literary works, Greek and Latin MSS., Anglo-Saxon chronicles, illuminated MSS., deeds, seals, bindings. There are show-cases after show-cases of almost priceless documents, on which one may regale one's eyes unmolested from eight a.m. till evening.

Apart from the art of reading character from handwriting, or any such nonsense, it is interesting, and at the same time genuinely instructive, to examine these collections with a view to comparing the ways in which different writers transfer their thoughts to paper. Take some of the literary documents. In one show-case is a bit of the MS. of Carlyle's "French Revolution," so hacked up and revised with blue pencil, black ink, and black lead pencil as to be almost undecipherable. The manuscript of Pope's

translation of the Odyssey shows endless polishing, pruning, and correcting. On the other hand, Gibbon's "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire" is written in a neat flowing hand, without any erasures or carets; and all corrections are made in the margin, as if the copy were printed proof. Elsewhere again is shown the first and final draft of Scott's "Kenilworth," written straight ahead in a blank manuscript book with hardly a correction or erasure to spoil the beautiful appearance of the page.

"Though wild as cloud, as wind, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrained, my tale,"

Scott once sang; and his novels, as well as his verse, are a monument to the sentiment. Ruskin, who himself owned the original copies of several of Scott's novels, has somewhere remarked that "it is a pleasure to look on his pages."

There are so many manuscripts that one can only touch on some of the most striking. The handwriting of Frederick the Great is tiny—almost infinitesimal. So also is that of Charlotte Brontë, though hers is really hand-printing. The letters of Oliver Cromwell look as if written with the slow haste of a man not at home with the pen. On the other hand, Robert Burns's autobiography is written in an easy, straightforward hand not unlike that of a lady, almost as regular as copperplate. The writing of Bonnie Prince Charlie is unformed and scrawling, like a child's; while the poems of Thomas Chatterton, "the boy poet," are written in a firm, vigorous hand, and are correctly and carefully numbered for the glossary at the foot of each page. The letters of John Knox are in a spidery, monk-like script intelligible only to the expert.

In the National Portrait Gallery in London there are also some interesting

MSS. There are two pages from the original of Lord Macaulay's "History of England," two big sheets of blue account paper (on which it seems Macaulay always wrote when composing), mercilessly scored and scratched up. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" are also exhibited. They are in a beautiful, original hand, and are of course a final draft. Tennyson usually composed his poems in fragments, and wrote them down on whatever was nearest. He did his revising in his mind before he committed his lines to paper.

Many of the MSS. are interesting for their subject-matter. Almost all of them are in print somewhere, but not all of them are in books generally accessible. In the

The "Autobiographical Memoirs" of Gibbon are open at the page which narrates how Gibbon first conceived the idea of writing his "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire": "It was at Rome, on the fifteenth of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefoot friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that I conceived the first thought of my history." Nearby are Harvey's notes for his lectures on Universal Anatomy, in which for the first time the circulation of blood was demonstrated.

There is a melancholy letter from Lady Jane Grey to a noble of the realm, commanding him to render allegiance to "Jane the Quene" and dated "the first

*With great esteem & respect
I have the honor to be
Your Lordships Most
Obedt. & affec. servant
G. Washington*

THE HANDWRITING OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

British Museum, for instance, there is exhibited the original MS. of the "Autobiography" of Robert Burns, open at the page beginning the theme, "Thus with me began Love and Poesy." The narrative tells how Burns fell in love with one

of the farm girls, who sang very sweetly and whom he had heard sing a love song written by a farmer lad of the district; and how in emulation he began to write songs too, set to popular tunes, without any idea of "competing with men who knew Latin and Greek." Another interesting MS. is the diary of Chinese Gordon, at Khartoum, open at the last page, and ending with, "I have done my best for the honour of our country. Good-bye. C. G. Gordon." In another case is the last letter of Charles Dickens, written the day before his death, in the same sprightly vein as ever. Side by side are the *Commonplace Book* of John Milton and his Bible, the latter open at the fly-leaf, showing the names and birthdays of the Milton family.

yere of our reign." Beside it is a letter in French from Mary Queen of Scots to Elizabeth, complaining of the rigour of her imprisonment. There are a couple of letters from Oliver Cromwell, one to the speaker of the House announcing the victory of Naseby, and another to his wife ending "Pray for mee, truly I doo daily for thee." There is a letter of George Washington's laying down the foreign policy of the United States, viz.: "To be little heard of in the great world of Politics," and "to have nothing to do with the political intrigues or the squabbles of European nations; but on the contrary, to exchange commodities and live in peace and amity with all the inhabitants of the earth." And there is the last letter of Nelson, written two days before

June 14th 1645.
Haverbrook.

your most humble servant
John Knox

SIGNATURE OF A GREAT WARRIOR

the battle of "Trafalgar" (as he writes it), and ending "May God Almighty give us success over these fellows and enable us to get a peace."

In another department of the manuscript room, there is a fragment of Homer's *Odyssey*, written in a graceful uncial hand of the early part of the first century, probably the earliest extant MS. of any portion of the poem. Near it is part of Plato's *Phaedo*, written in the third century B.C., the oldest classical Greek MS. in existence. And in the same case there is also the will of Aphrodisius of Heraclea, an unknown man who died in Egypt in the year 225 B.C. Both of these last MSS. were found in the cartonage of a mummy-case.

In the museums of Edinburgh and Glasgow, which are excellent, the majority of the MSS. relate to Scottish history. Some of them make good reading, such as the Covenanted Declaration exhibited in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh, and entitled:

The Declaration of a poore, wasted, misrepresented Remnant of this suffering, anti-Popish, anti-Prelatick, anti-Erastian, anti-Sectarian, true Presbyterian Church of Christ in Scotland, united together in general correspondence.

Or such as the quaint charm for toothache shown in the same museum:

Petter was Laying and his head upon a marrable ston weping and Christ came by and said what else (ails) thou Petter. Petter answered and sad Lord god my twoth Raise thou Petter and be healed and who-soever shall carry these lines in my name shall never feel the twothick.

Sir Walter Scott once said that the Scots tongue was nearer the "well of English undefiled" than modern English was, and in some of the old MSS. of Scotland is to be found fine, nervous English,

with more than a touch of style about it. John Knox, in a letter, inveighs against "wily Winchester, dreaming Durham, and bloody Bonnar." And in another letter, written to the French Ambassador after St. Bartholomew's Eve, he delivers himself thus:

Go tell your master that sentence is pronounced against him, that the Divine vengeance shall never depart from him or from his house, except they repent; but his name shall remain an execration to posterity, and none proceeding from his loins shall enjoy his Kingdom in peace.

This is not only a superb piece of invective, but a prophecy which literally came true.

These are just a few notes taken at random and almost *ad aperturam* from a travelling note-book; but they may suffice to show something of the fascination of spending "hourless days" among the ancient MSS. of the English museums. There before one are the lines that were traced in far other times by those dead

JOHN KNOX'S HANDWRITING

men we read of in the histories. The handwriting is there, though the writers are "all silent, like the echoes of the old nightingales that sang that season, like the blossoms of the old roses." In a peculiar way, in a way not possible with the printed book, these old MSS. seem to touch one from out of the past.

An Instance of Industrial Arbitration

By J. F. MACKAY
Business Manager, The Globe

*Showing that it is possible to settle labour disputes
without the possibility of a strike.*



O the daily publishers of the United States and Canada and their employees belongs the credit of having shown the way to the world in the matter of the voluntary arbitration of labour disputes.

During the past five years a strike or a lockout has been practically impossible in about three hundred of the leading newspaper offices of this continent, employing almost fifty thousand men, nor will one be possible in any of these offices for the next five years. This happy state of affairs is creditable alike to the liberal-mindedness of the publishers and to the intelligence of the employees engaged in the various mechanical branches of newspaper production. It shows at once that while the newspapers have been diligently urging a more conciliatory spirit between the rival camps of capital and labour, they themselves have not been idle in finding means for the peaceful solution of the differences that must inevitably arise under our present industrial system. In the interests of both humanity and economy the press of Canada and the United States, almost without exception, has persistently advocated conciliation or arbitration rather than more warlike means in the settlement of industrial disputes. The renewal for another term of five years of what is probably the most sweeping arbitration agreement in the industrial world proves that the publishers are not proclaiming a doctrine which they themselves fail to put into practice.

It is almost needless to say here that the happy condition just referred to is based upon a fundamental and complete acknowledgment by each party of the right of the other to organise. Without

this mutual concession an agreement could not have been brought into existence. At first thought it might seem that such a concession meant the final wiping out of that long cherished doctrine of the personal relationship between employer and employee. A little more reflection will prove that the reverse is the case. Under the "individual" as opposed to the "organised" condition, it is the thought that at some time, probably in the very near future, the relationships of the parties may be strained, which breeds separation and distrust. The workman fearing that he may shortly be locked in deadly combat with his employer is not likely to cultivate feelings of friendship or co-operation. Under an arbitration contract, the fulfilment of which to the letter is guaranteed by powerful organisations, the knowledge is always present that, come what may, peace is bound to prevail. Thus, no excuse exists for entertaining and cultivating other than feelings of the utmost harmony and good-will.

To Mr. A. A. McCormick, Editor of the Indianapolis *Star*, is due the conception and to a large extent also the development of the idea of this arbitration agreement. Like many important matters, it had a small beginning, simply a decision on the part of both the American Newspaper Publishers' Association and the International Typographical Union that for one year they would settle any differences over existing contracts by arbitration. Notwithstanding many difficulties and much dissatisfaction during these first twelve months, the result was that at the end of the year an agreement was ratified by both bodies to the effect that for a period of five years all disputes arising as to "wages and hours" should be settled first by conciliation if

possible, failing this by a local board of arbitration, consisting of two men representing each of the disputants and a fifth appointed by these four. If the decision of this board was not satisfactory to either party, an appeal might be had to a national board, which consisted of three, the odd man being appointed as in the case of the local board. The term covered by this agreement expired on May 1st of the present year, and on the same day a new and greatly extended agreement came into force for another term of five years, the same having previously been ratified by the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, as well as by the International Unions representing the printers, the stereotypers, the pressmen, the mailers, and the photo-engravers.

The main feature of the agreement now in force is that it provides for arbitration not only on matters affecting wages and hours, but on "working conditions" also. The compact, it will thus be seen, has nothing of the mushroom character about it, but on the contrary has been a matter of growth and development, so that in the words of Mr. James M. Lynch, the respected President of the International Typographical Union, "the settlement of industrial disputes has been brought to an ideal plane." Not the least interesting feature of the new contract is the omission of the odd man, both on the local and the national boards. Experience has shown that the odd man was frequently selected by the parties more because of his neutral qualities than for any special fitness for the work, and this being the case, his judgment was very often swayed by trivialities and side issues; his judgments were generally of the "hit and miss" variety, without any guiding principles. Just how satisfactorily this will work out remains to be seen, but it is another step in the development of confidence between the publisher and mechanic. *The Inland Printer*, the organ of the employed printers, says of this innovation: "And

now, the new agreement eliminates entirely the arbiter. This is a great step forward. It means that hatred, fear and mistrust and arrogance and haughtiness are being put in the background. It indicates the birth of a new *régime* in which there is a good understanding of the major essentials, and a feeling that if the reasons and desires of one can be made plain to the other—if both can be given understanding—there will surely be found some common ground of agreement."

As far as one can judge, both sides are pleased with the experiences of the past few years and with the prospects of the future. The employees have received higher wages and uninterrupted employment, while the publishers have not been harassed by costly and wasteful strikes, for it must not be forgotten that there is probably no industrial institution so little able to fight a strike as a daily paper. An evidence of the perfect working of the system was afforded a few weeks ago in the office of the *New York World*, when the pressmen employed there determined to quit work without the formalities provided by the agreement. The President of the I.T.U. was communicated with by long distance telephone, and he promptly assured the publishers that if the men went out he would have their places filled in five minutes, and that not one of the men deserting his post would be allowed to again carry a union card. It must be said to the credit of both parties that in six years there has not been a single disagreement which has not been amicably adjusted. The full importance of this is only realised when it is remembered that four-fifths of all newspaper labour in Canada and the United States is at present employed in offices covered by these agreements.

Both publisher and printer have learned by adversity. It would appear to-day, however, that the agreement briefly outlined above will mark a new era in the march towards industrial peace.



CLIMBING THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT VICE-PRESIDENT IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

The Alpine Club of Canada

By FRANK VEIGH

An account of the Club's inaugural camp on the roof of the Rockies.



OWHERE is there so rare a spot for a tented home as a mountain summit.

So one thought as the first glimpse was had through the forest aisle of the inaugural camp of the Alpine Club of Canada. A group of fifty canvas cottages, arranged in avenues and crescents, stood out in all their startling clearness of white against the green of mother earth and protecting trees; against the gray of the higher peaks; against the indescribable medley of colours that marked the surface of Summit Lake with every passing breeze, or the sailing overhead of every vagrant cloud.

The haunts of men, with their artificialities of civilisation, had been exchanged

for the haunts of the mountain goat and bear—the Alpine realm of bird and beast. The farthest-reaching echo of the locomotive whistle had been lost, and only the sounds—and silences—of nature were left.

Here it was, in the heart of the Rockies, an enchanted area of crags and canyons, and on the saddle-back between Emerald Lake and the Yoho valley, eleven miles north of Field, that the company of Alpinists met, in July of 1906, and constituted the first camp gathering of the Alpine Club of Canada. It proved to be the largest and most successful camp ever held, so far as known, under the auspices of a mountaineering organisation.

The Alpine Club, which was formed in

Winnipeg in March of 1906, does not exist merely to give its members an annual mountain outing, though in doing that it is rendering a valued service. Its aims are lofty, like the hills it seeks to make known; its objects are patriotic.

It is felt by many that as Canadians we have not begun to realise the value of our mountain asset—not from a commercial point of view alone, based on the timber wealth of their slopes or the hidden mineral wealth of their veins, but rather from the scenic standpoint. In Rockies and Selkirks, in Gold and Coast Ranges, we have a glorious heritage of hills, as vast in area as they are sublime in height, but has the Canadian grasped the fact?

It is also true that not a little of the scientific and pioneer climbing work in Canada's mountains has been done by United States, British and foreign Alpinists, and it is just to acknowledge the service they have thus rendered. In this connection, however, the excellent work of the Canadian Topographical Survey should be recognised. Mr. Arthur O. Wheeler, F.R.G.S., the head of the Survey, has a notable list of first ascents to his credit, as have Messrs. J. D. McArthur, H. G. Wheeler, M. P. Bridgland and other officials. Professor A. P. Coleman, of the University of Toronto, also deserves mention for his geological contributions to the study of our great Cordillerean range.

But the fact remains that, outside of this commendable Government activity, and the work of a few individuals, Canadians have as yet paid comparatively little attention to their sea of mountains.

The newly-formed Alpine Club is therefore not only patriotically national in its intent, but its very existence has in it a touch of Empire. For we would have our fellow-Britishers know that they need not leave the bounds of the Empire to find mountain peaks to conquer as alluring in their altitude and as inspiring in their grandeur as the Ossas and Pelions, the Matterhorns and Jungfraus of lands foreign and farther afield.

While this is one of the unconcealed objects of the Club, its membership is open to the world. A welcome awaits the mountain lover wherever he may hail

from, for the mountains of the Dominion are no close preserve. Among the active members already enrolled are not a few honoured names of Alpinists who have long since qualified for active membership by their achievements among the British Columbian peaks.

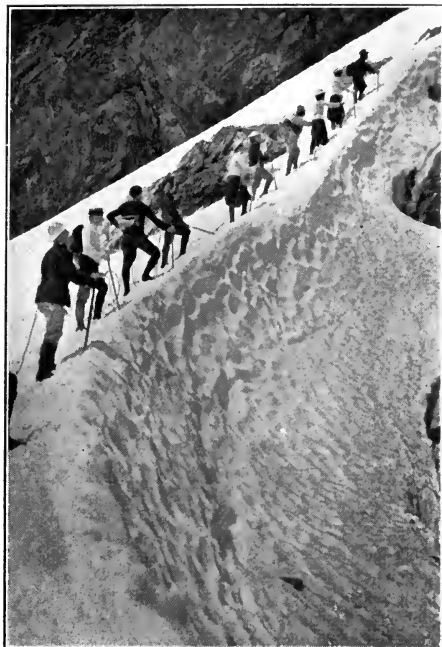
The objects of the Club are manifold, including the study of glacial action. Among the first steps taken in this department was the marking of the walls enclosing the Wapta glacier, at the northern end of the Yoho valley. Accurate measurements of the flow of this vast ice river may thus be made in succeeding years, rendering a scientific service similar to that given by the markings at the Illecillewaet glacier, which has receded seven hundred feet since 1887, or an average of thirty-six feet per year. Glacial recession ranges according to the summer season. In the cold summer of 1898, the Illecillewaet glacier fell back sixteen feet, followed by a recession of sixty-four feet in 1899.

The scientific section of the Alpine Club will, moreover, be able to specialise more than is possible under the Topographical Survey. The geology of the mountains, as well as the flora and fauna and botany, will also receive attention. Both Rockies and Selkirks are specially rich in these respects, and much remains to be done to supplement the creditable work of Prof. Macoun, Mrs. Henshaw, Mrs. Schaffer and others. Prizes will in all probability be awarded by the Club in these branches of study, as well as in painting and photography.

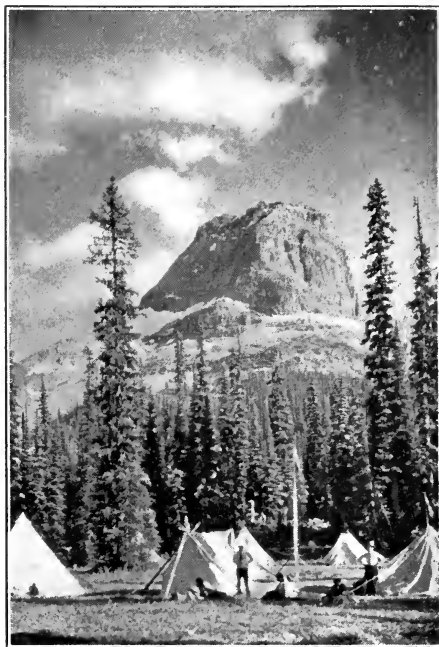
The new organisation will, in addition, seek to assist the Canadian Government in its laudable efforts to make the mountains more accessible by the building of trails and bridges and the bringing into effect of other improvements in the great areas comprising the two national mountain parks. Protection from forest fires is a further vital necessity, if the scenic beauty of the mountains is to be preserved.

In addition to all these objects, the Club will seek to advertise the Rockies to the world—and to Canadians, to make more widely known one of the greatest and grandest mountain regions yet discovered.

The camp lasted for a week. Each



CLIMBING ALONG THE EDGE OF A
PRECIPICE OF SNOW



PART OF THE ENCAMPMENT—MOUNT
WAPTA IN THE DISTANCE

day, and each evening, too, yielded delights and experiences that will not soon be forgotten by the lucky participants. For there was the joy of life—the free, untrammelled, full-breathed life of God's out-of-doors, amid His everlasting hills. There was the "fellowship of kindred minds." The magnet that attracted was the Mountains. There followed, too, the deepening acquaintance with the sublime heights as they were lived among, and gazed upon, and surmounted.

There was the revelation of the many-sided life of a snow-sheathed peak; now its nearness, then its farness, as the atmosphere played tricks with the sense of sight. Now its peaceful quiet under the caressing clouds of a summer day, or under the watchful stars of the night; then the change as the mighty bulk becomes a storm centre, the echoing thunders bombarding its palisades, and the vivid lightning illumining its towering pinnacles. For the storm seems to challenge the supremacy of the hills. "I am higher than thou art," the Storm cries. "I play upon thy summit from the loftier habitation of

the clouds." But the Mountain makes no reply. It remains, when the storm is only a memory. Even the rainbow aftermath, transcendently beautiful in its colour arch silhouetted against a black sky, the bow that rested far beneath us in the vale of the Yoho, soon melted away as mysteriously as it had been born, and the Mountain remained.

It is truly remarkable what can be accomplished on porridge. The forty "tenderfeet" who essayed the climb of Mount Vice-President, and thus qualified for active membership in the Club, did so largely on a physical basis of oatmeal, and because of the virile diet, not one failed! It was good, old-fashioned mush that was served up at the 4.30 a.m. breakfast.

The Vice-President is a fine, four-peaked mountain, over ten thousand feet high, dominating Emerald Lake, the Yoho valley and the neighbouring Van Horne Range. Its ascent involved all kinds of climbing, and provided genuine tests of nerve and strength and self-control. That such a large proportion of the camp enrolment—forty out of eighty—should

overcome all the difficulties in the way, without any mishap or failure, is a tribute to Canadian stamina, and be it remembered that fifteen ladies were among those who thus pluckily qualified.

A four-o'clock call was the preliminary to the twelve-hour tramp. An hour later the climbing party for the day, ten in number, lined up in military order, garbed according to the regulations, in full climbing canonicals, and provided with ice-axes and alpenstocks. Edward Fuez, the young Swiss guide, with a frugal lunch and a coil of rope slung over his broad shoulders, led the single file procession that, after the roll-call, at once "hit the trail" and disappeared in the spruce and balsam forest environing the camp.

For the first hour or more, the path led through moss-carpeted woods and past meadow stretches of purple and white heather.

This initial up-hill stretch soon put a strain on the amateur Alpinists, but over against fatigue and breathlessness, nature provided a compensating air, wonderfully exhilarating and bracing. Above the tree line, a long and wearisome way led at steep inclines over boulders and rocks and rotten shale, alternating with cliffs and ledges that were an earnest of what lay ahead. At last, the ascending path became so steep as to require the first roping together, with an occasional bit of level rock floor serving most acceptably as resting places. Peering over the edge of one, a sheer drop of a thousand feet or more to the Emerald glacier tested head-steadiness and cool nerves—a cliff "whose high and bending head looks fearfully in the confined deep." A group of campers climbing the glacier looked like little black specks amid the white sea.

In a northwesterly direction Fuez guided his party across gravel moraines and over snow-fields toother and narrower ledges. Pinnacle after pinnacle was successfully negotiated, each one loftier than the other, until the highest point of the mountain was reached and the Vice-President stood conquered, the event being celebrated by adding some stones to the cairn and by singing the National Anthem.

There on the roof of the Rockies a

beatific vision was unfolded of two hundred miles of mountain peaks. For fifty miles in every direction, the eye took in the mighty sweep of the hills. Northward, the upper Yoho River raced to its destiny. Beyond, and beyond, range upon range sloped to the sky, where the continental watershed feeds the sources of the Columbia, the Athabasca, the Saskatchewan, and many another life-giving stream.

Eastward stretched the Yoho valley, with its tumbling Niagaras and its canyon depths; southward, the overshadowing Cathedral Peaks formed a boundary of granite, while westward, the kingly crown of Sir Donald, in the Selkirks, proclaimed its majesty by its supreme height. Under the spell of the sight, the mind recalled the lines of Goldsmith:

Even now where Alpine's solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms
appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherds' humble
pride.

The homeward journey was made in half the time taken in the ascent. Glissading down steep snow slopes followed, till the glacial sheet was reached, with its dangerous crevasses and treacherous snow bridges. It was the time and place to recall the President's directions to implicitly obey the guide, and this every one was ready to do, as Edward carefully cut a series of ladder-like steps in the ice face and as carefully showed his followers how to creep down hill gracefully. Rivers of water flow over the river of ice, as well as under, while trickling green-blue streams make their musical way through green grottoes and deep ice caves into deeper wells.

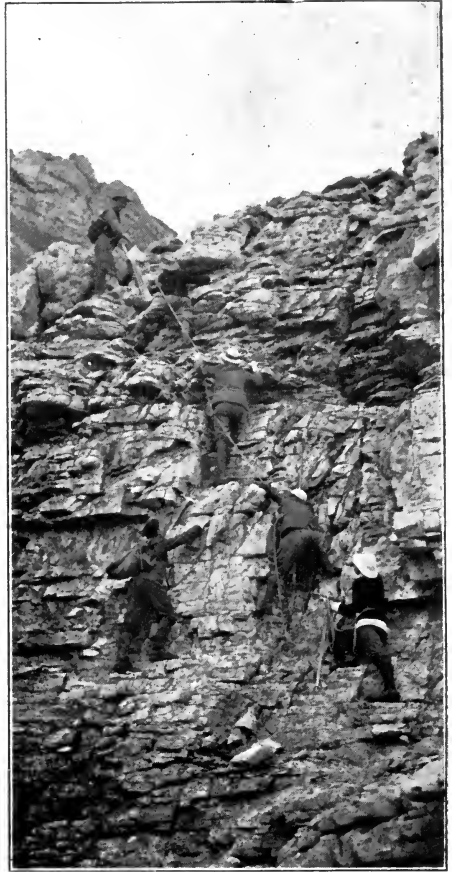
At long last, the tree line is again reached, and it is just supper time when the proud mountain conquerors halloo their return to camp, where the welcome accorded them by the stay-at-homes is no less appreciated than the joy of a safe return and the happy consciousness of having attained.

A two-days' trail trip up the Yoho valley was one of the attractive pro-

gramme features of the camp. Our party comprised ten club members, with guides, cooks, ponies and food supplies. The path from camp led by the shore of Summit Lake, the eye detecting the bubbles from the spring that feeds the little body of water. A corkscrew descent of nearly two thousand feet ensued, charming glimpses of the valley being revealed at many a turn of the road. At one of the open spaces, the first thrilling sight was had of the famous Takkakaw Falls, though echoes from its tumbling waters had already been heard. The sight of this king of Canadian Niagaras, with its series of white flood leaps, is a never-to-be-forgotten one. Emerging from the caverns of the Daly ice-field, the Takkakaw makes an initial plunge of two hundred feet, to try itself, as it were, and after a moment's breath, gathers its waters for the great plunge of nearly a thousand feet to another platform of rock, whence it hastens on in an ever-broadening mass over the shelving rocks to the river of the valley bed, itself hastening through cleft and canyon on its journey to the sea.

Unforgettable, too, were the glimpses of the other gigantic cascades in this wondrous temple of nature. The Laughing Falls leap in seeming joyous abandon from a narrow-walled gorge into a wild freedom of space that ends in a wilder cauldron, e'er it speeds like a race-horse to the same river that swallows up all its sister streams. Further north, the Twin Falls tumble from their rocky clefts over a precipice five hundred feet high, to a rock-encased flume. The bridge we crossed over this flood is often under water, and from it a trail pony had recently been swept by the irresistible tide. The body of the poor beast was found hundreds of feet below, and the saddle that went with it on its wild journey of death hangs in the little shelter shack by the upper trail.

The night's camp on the Yoho trip was more primitive than at headquarters. We were closer to nature than ever before, even to the invasion of tents by prying porcupines, who seemingly have a well-developed taste for boots and hats. At the bottom of a vast well we seemed to be, when the opalescent twilight had given



SCALING THE FACE OF THE ROCK

place to the stars. The Yoho walls towered hundreds of feet above us, the nearby forest giants growing infinitesimally small when measured by the dizzy heights, and dwarfing the invading campers into even smaller units. But when the night crept down the valley, and the visible world shrunk to the little area illumined by the crackling camp-fire, we foregathered as by instinct, as did the pack-horses too. Fire worshippers we became; fire is the magnet now in lieu of mountains, and human intercourse seems to count for most.

More wood, boys! More of those balsam boughs that emit such a merry crackle as they die in the fire; higher leap the red forks of flame; farther spread the red reflections as our little world in the woods is lit up by its own torches.

Huddled close to the blazing pile, and

to each other, are the wayfarers. The cook has washed the last tin plate and hidden the remaining provender from four-footed thieves; the tents have all been bedded by resinous boughs—and everything is ready for the camp-fire symposium. But all the tenderfeet tales count for little, when Jack Otto—our guide, our handsome, whole-hearted, honest-eyed guide—starts on a yarn route. It was not so easy to bring to pass, for the mountaineer is not given to much speech, less to self-boasting. It taxed the diplomacy of more than one charmer-in-knickerbockers, but finally Jack got under way; at last the stories came, genuine tales of the big hills, of escapes narrow and otherwise, of struggles with grizzlies and silver-tips, of precarious climbs for mountain goats and big-horned sheep, of thrilling experiences in storm and flood, in landslide and avalanche. We knew Jack spoke truth, for did we not look into his deep black eyes, and did we not later see the skin of the very grizzly at Field, of which he told us, with nearly a baker's dozen of bullet holes ventilating his hide? There was, however, a drawback to Jack's entertainment, for dreams ensued, dreams marked by more terrific encounters than ever mortal knew—but happily far less dangerous!

As late rising is counted a crime in a mountain camp, an early start was made for the second day's travel. No sooner had the cavalcade moved than a halt was called, for the Yoho had reached a flood volume that carried away the log bridges, overflowing banks and spreading between the tree trunks up to and beyond the trail. But a cayuse is equal to any such emergency as that. Wiser little animals never used four legs, and if the less wise animals on two legs will only give them free rein and not try to control the situation, the pony will do the rest. The rest in this case involved their transformation into portable bridges, as they carried us over, one by one, dry shod, so long as feet were well tucked up beside the saddle pommel. Cautiously the little beasts picked their way through and over submerged brush and logs, carefully they stepped into the raging torrent, wading diagonally down and across stream to lessen the force of

the current, until, in returning in zigzag fashion, the opposite bank was climbed, another delta waded through and a dry bench land reached. All went well until the lead horse espied a pair of boots by the trail side, placed there by a barefooted camper who wished to make sure of dry footwear, but catching sight of the unwanted object, an exhibition of broncho-busting followed that threatened to undo the owner of the unoffending boots.

Northward was the trend of the winding trail, through cathedral aisles of stately trees, up foothills that would have qualified as mountains elsewhere, and amid a riotous wealth of wild flowers, heather and ferns. Nature does nothing by halves in her mountain gardens.

As many a mile was covered, discussion became keen as to the real length of a mile in the mountains, the unanimous conclusion being that it has no relation to one on the level. We all thought guide Jack the essence of honesty thus far, but the negotiation of the final three miles to the Wapta glacier—three, according to Jack—compelled us reluctantly to have our doubts.

When the northern end of the fifteen mile valley was traversed, there came with it one of those dramatic revelations of nature that often reward the mountain visitor. Emerging from the dense forest, with its path alive with fat porcupines, the eye caught in a flash the entire front of the Wapta glacier, glittering in all its icy glory, thrusting its nose deep into the valley, and sending forth its frosted breath. Thousands of feet in depth, miles in width at its ridge, and sloping thirty miles northward, the Wapta is one of the great remnants of the ice age. What an inconceivable marvel it is that such a frozen mass should yet move—move with the leisurely slowness of eternity, for a thousand years in the sight of a glacier is as a day in the sight of brief-spanned man! And as it slowly slips valleyward to its death, it is shrinking to its death as well. The Wapta has receded seventy-six feet in the last five years alone.

Spellbound we gazed upon the frozen monster, majestic, silent, overpowering in size, when measured by the venturesome kodaker who dared to peer under the

deep blue beams of its frontal arches and into the measureless depths of its green-walled fissures. Would that our restricted language were adequate to the true word-painting of such a scene, producing the real colours of the gleaming façade and of its supporting columns, beside which the pillars of Karnak or Thebes would be as toys. Some scenes were better left to the silent imagination, and there let us leave the wondrous Wapta, guarding the portals of the equally wondrous canyon.

And now for the return journey. Hasten we must if Summit Camp is to be reached before nightfall, for it is up and up, and still up, on the homebound trail—up above the track of the valley floor, up above the Yoho canyon, up above forested benches and mountain tarns, up ladder-like paths cut in the black cliffs, up to heights where, in the language of Stevenson, the open air drunkenness grows upon one. According to another writer, there are people to whom intercourse with the world of nature becomes sacramental. It ministers to the soul's need of height in life, and mountain and trail climbing begets within one the passion for height on its physical side, the *Excelsior* spirit is kindled, and will not be satisfied till the loftiest rock is made a platform to stand upon.

This upper trail of the Yoho had as many surprises as it had charms. Mountain meadows were hidden between forest stretches; these were in turn succeeded by extensive boulder beds and glacial moraines where rock slides could easily have been started, and where countless torrents of melted snow from the overhanging Emerald glacier gave no little trouble in their crossings. Angry they were in their untrammelled sweep, too wide and deep to be trifled with. This new difficulty only served to reveal Jack

in a new rôle, that of a bridge and dam builder, dexterously placing great stones in mid-stream, so as to provide safe passageways for man and beast, where a mis-step might have led to a down-hill slide of a quarter-mile.

The upper trail is, moreover, marked by many look-out points. From one such spot was revealed the entire sweep of the Yoho valley, as a vast cleft among the hills, with its green carpet of trees and blue roof of sky, with its widespread coatings of ice and its singing cascades, and with yet more distant mountain ranges walling in the scene. It was a replica of the Naerodal of Norway, of the Schlennan Gorge of Switzerland, of the Yosemite of the United States.

Surely the wide world, with all its scenic marvels, has nothing more wonderful to meet the gaze of a mortal than Canada's marvellous Yoho! Such a vast canvas it is on which the Mountain-Maker has spread the scene; such a wonder box of colours has been used in its painting, producing such a picture as only a God can portray.

But even enthusiastic members of Alpine Clubs cannot live for long on scenery. Thus it chanced, on the race into camp at the end of the Yoho trip, that the objective point was Ping-Pong's kitchen, and this cheerful, rubicund Mongolian successfully met the attack! It had been a long spell between meals that Yoho day. True, we chanced upon a lonely mountaineer, in his picturesque eerie, who had not seen a fellow-human for many days, and who was also shortened as to supplies, but bannock was speedily baked as if his larder were full, and a generous pail of tea soon cheered the tired and thirsty pilgrims of the trail.

That night—ah, that is one more night that must long have a memory corner to



PACKING ACROSS A MOUNTAIN STREAM

itself—around the big fire, when the whole camp family was present, and every member thereof cast restraint and dignity to the same winds that blew smoke and cinders in our eyes. Men sang who never sang before, and should never sing again; others made speeches, and were forgiven; yet others gave modest recitals of their Alpine feats, the while the ladies stood it all heroically, and applauded, too, the make-believes!

But the Vice-President and Emerald glacier ascents came to an end, as did the Yoho trail journey and the climbs up Wapta and Burgess and Collie, as did the camp itself. Early on the morning of July 16, the temporary home among the clouds and the hilly crests was reluctantly

deserted, and the members thereof, no longer tenderfeet, descended via the Burgess trail to the Kicking Horse Valley and to the routine life of the world we had left behind for a few blessed days. Thus ended the first camp of the Alpine Club of Canada.

The camp of the Alpine Club for 1907 will have for its location Paradise Valley, near Lake Louise. There is probably no more wonderful mountain arena in all Canada than this, with an array of mighty peaks enclosing the vale and making it a deep well between the hills. From the camp, climbing excursions will be made to some of the highest summits of the central Rockies, amid the sublimest scenery.



PARADISE VALLEY, WHERE THE CANADIAN ALPINE CLUB
WILL CAMP THIS MONTH

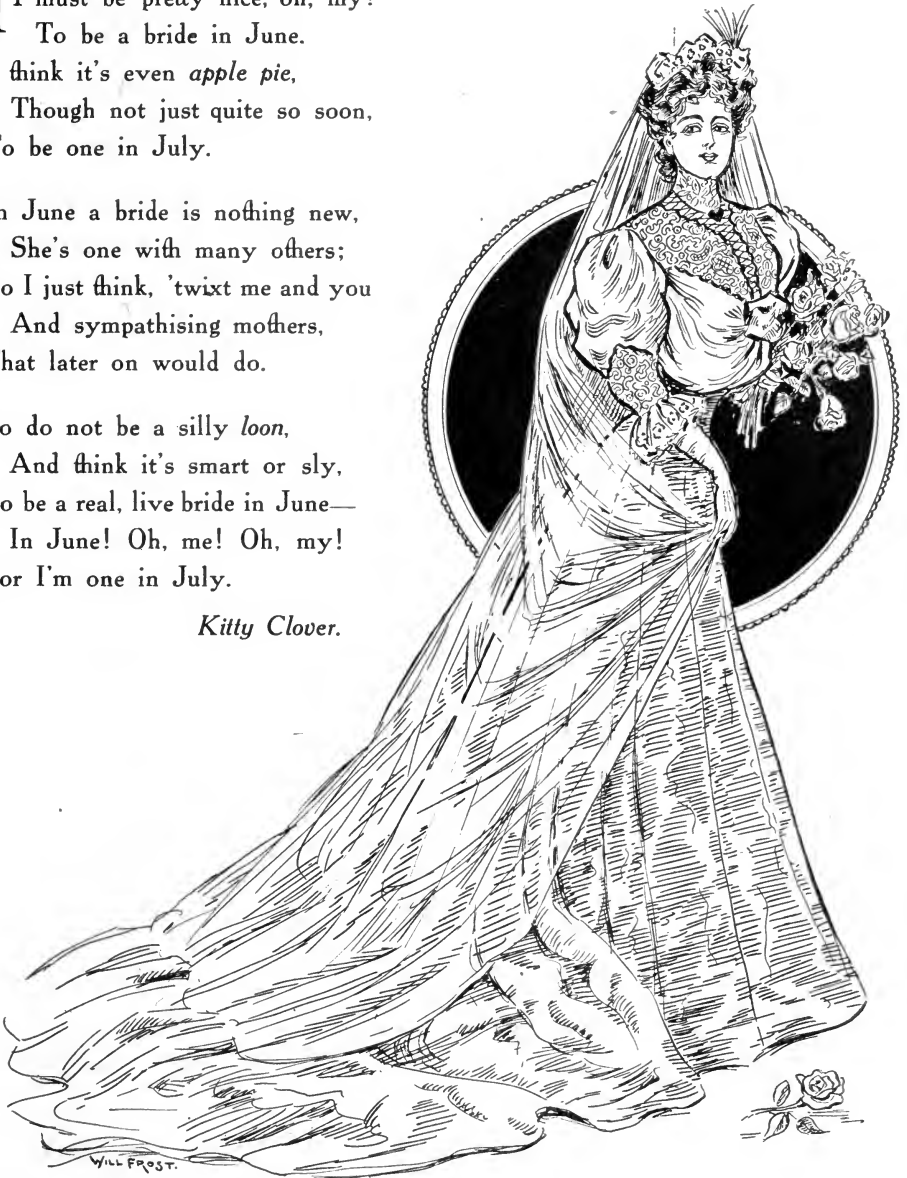
“Better Late Than Never”

IT must be pretty nice, oh, my!
To be a bride in June.
I think it's even *apple pie*,
Though not just quite so soon,
To be one in July.

In June a bride is nothing new,
She's one with many others;
So I just think, 'twixt me and you
And sympathising mothers,
That later on would do.

So do not be a silly *loon*,
And think it's smart or sly,
To be a real, live bride in June—
In June! Oh, me! Oh, my!
For I'm one in July.

Kitty Clover.



She Gambled a Stamp

By HAROLD BEGBIE

Telling of how a lone, discouraged woman flirted with chance, and the result.



RS. TINKLIN, who had a mother-of-pearl complexion with a scarlet tip to her nose, and always wore a little shawl crossed over her breast when she served in the shop and whose strip of black fringe came off and on with the most charming and surprising ease, was supplying a tough-looking customer with five cents' worth of tobacco; she looked in the gas-light of the little shop as if she would rather have been serving him with vinegar, or nitric acid, or with anything which would sting him and hurt him and make him realise the bitterness of existence.

But this was only her manner. Beneath the brown and red shawl strung across her poor flat chest, Mrs. Tinklin hid a heart which was very largely composed of pure gold. The shabby mothers of that corner knew her as a good friend in times of adversity; the boys who came there for novelettes or sweets or cigarettes never ventured to take liberties in the little shop, forbearing even to scuffle on the floor or to kick the counter with their thick boots; and Miss Fraser, who had until quite recently, for more than two years, taken regularly a paper every secular day of the week, and had occasionally even subscribed to some of those colossal works of information issued by philanthropic publishers at five cents, was now, in the hour of her need, enjoying the hospitality of Mrs. Tinklin free of charge and proving that acid-looking lady to be a real friend in distress.

Miss Fraser was standing before the side counter in this little newsagent's shop, turning over the advertisement pages of the newspapers, and running down the long columns of small print with tired eyes and a trembling forefinger.

She was a tall, slight woman, some five-and-thirty years of age, dressed in rather rusty black, with a worn and dusty look about her whole appearance which told of misfortune. She looked faded, and she looked tired. There were many evidences in her carriage, her manner, and the expression of her countenance which told of good breeding, gentle surroundings, and even of personal attraction. But a cloud was over it all; not a black and tragic cloud, but a dusty, foggy, smoky, grimy, smoke-laden cloud—the cloud of city hardship.

Of a sudden there came a light in Miss Fraser's eyes, and her cheeks grew warm with colour. She glanced nervously over her shoulder at Mrs. Tinklin and the rough-looking customer, and then, quickly producing a crumpled old note-book from her pocket, she opened it, and copied out something which had caught her eyes under the heading of "Miscellaneous Advertisements."

"Anything more?" inquired Mrs. Tinklin of the rough-looking customer.

"Five of snuff for the missus," he answered in an extra hoarse voice, taking the twisted packet of tobacco from her hand and stuffing it into the pocket of his corduroy waistcoat.

"How is Mrs. Pawsley just now?" asked Mrs. Tinklin, as she turned to take up the snuff-tin.

"Middling," he answered.

"The weather's so trying; that's what does it," sighed Mrs. Tinklin.

"Yuss. The weather and the wittles. Tinned salmon ain't what it used to was. More'n that, her stomach's that delicate." He paused to take the packet of snuff; the money he had already thrown down on the pile of novelettes in front of

the counter. "Thanks," he said, hitching his tool-basket on his shoulder.

"No literatoor this evening?" inquired Mrs. Tinklin, fumbling at the novelettes, which showed up rather finely under the hissing gas-jets.

He cast a connoisseur's eye over the gaudy covers, depressed his lips, and after a moment shook his head. "Not to-night," he said, and tramped out of the little shop, making a great noise with his heavy boots.

Mrs. Tinklin put back the tin of snuff, and then, crossing her hands over her waist, approached Miss Fraser. "Found anything?" she asked.

The sad-looking woman raised her head.

"Nothing very hopeful," she answered in a soft voice. Her eyes were brighter than usual, and a colour stained her cheeks.

"You mustn't get disheartened," said Mrs. Tinklin, resting one of her arms on a big bottle of acid tablets, and looking sympathetically at Miss Fraser. "It's not so bad as if you was fifty and getting gray. Poor Miss Chapman, she's been in this morning, after tramping half the city, and she says that everywhere people tell her she's too old. I tell her she ought to dye her hair and buy herself a pinch of rouge, and try and look a bit more spry. Lots of others do it, I'm sure; and I believe it's the only way. Yes, I do, reely."

"It's not easy to find a place even when you are not gray," replied Miss Fraser, folding up a paper, and replacing it among the others on the side counter. It seems to get harder every day. Too many people, I suppose. This place is getting so big."

"You'll be all right," said Mrs. Tinklin cheerfully. "You'll get something soon. I'm keeping my eye out for you; don't you forget that, now. We'll find you something presently."

Miss Fraser thanked her, as she had thanked her once every day for the past three months, and saying that she should never be grateful enough to Mrs. Tinklin for permitting her to come and look at the newspapers free of charge, made her way out of the tiny newsagent's shop into the twilight, and hurried away through the poorest streets.

She lodged in a small back room, furnished with only a bed, a chest of drawers, and a washstand. Resting in the fender was a little iron gas-stove which she used for cooking her food. The landlady did nothing for her. Miss Fraser made her own bed, tidied her own room, and bought and cooked her own meals. Of late those meals had been of the poorest. On the top of the chest of drawers was a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, and a packet of tea. The tragedy of a lonely woman lodger out of employment told its own tale in that miserable food exposed on the chest of drawers. In a single word, Miss Fraser was living on the verge of starvation.

She sat on the edge of the bed, and without taking off her worn gloves, produced the crumpled pocket-book, and read what she had just written in it. Once again her eyes brightened nervously, and her cheeks—so faded and thin—flamed with timidity. This was what she read:

To a lonely woman. A lonely man, who finds no pleasure in the happiness of the many, desires the friendship of a lonely woman similarly minded. Apply R. B., Box Office, 1375, etc.

She read it slowly, pondering every word. There was a smile at the corners of her lips and the same look of frightened amusement in her eyes. It seemed to her that she was doing a wicked or at least an indelicate thing in contemplating an answer to this bold advertisement.

Besides, was it possible that her great destitution and terror of the future should be ended by marriage, when she could not even get a place as typist? If ten and twenty women answered advertisements for typists, surely hundreds, and thousands, would reply to this covert offer of marriage.

Yes, it meant marriage. She felt sure it meant marriage. And now, after ten years' cessation from that thought, ten years of loneliness and self-dependence, ten years of struggling to live and keep up appearances, ten years of a loathed and most unwilling egoism, the poor faded woman experienced a sudden overwhelming yearning for the protection and the strong friendship of a man. She had become of late like a child frightened of the

dark; she was afraid of the future, the future that grew darkly with every day of dwindling savings and failure to find work. There was no one to help her. Starvation was creeping towards her out of the dark. Marriage! She thought of it not as she had once contemplated it, with passion and pride, but with humility and a sad, wishful longing for deliverance from penury and ruin.

She did not go to the glass, as a younger woman might have done, and contemplate her image there with trembling and misgiving. She sat on the bed's edge, wondering whether she should venture a precious postage stamp on so forlorn a chance, and perplexing herself as to how she should word her appeal to this lonely man.

And as she sat there, the depression of the little gloomy attic and the dreadful loneliness of her situation overwhelmed her with a panic feeling of desperate desire for escape. Remember that this poor lady was living on the verge of starvation. Yes; she would write. She would write and say:

I am very lonely. I am very unhappy. I want a friend.

She would venture a postage stamp. It should be the reckless stake of a beaten gambler. A penny.

And it was this message of despair that she presently wrote—on poor, cheap gray-coloured paper—and it was this forlorn cry of a despairing heart which she dropped with a guilty hand into the mouth of the scarlet pillar-box at the end of a sullen little street.

The poor famished creature nearly reeled and fell when, two days later, Mrs. Tinklin gave her a letter. It was very brief, but the writing gave her a sense of comfort and hope. It was strong, and clear, and kind: "Will you meet me to-morrow evening," it ran, "at five o'clock by the fountain in Battle Square on the river side?"

That day she looked in the glass and considered her visage. "It will be dusk at five o'clock," she said gratefully, with a little sigh for her faded beauty. Then she went to the chest of drawers and examined her best black dress. It was

dreadfully rusty when considered from this new standpoint. There was a dispirited look about it. It was evidently a garment which had been out into the battle and had been folded up and put away by hands which had been beaten down from victory. He would see that! He might even be ashamed to speak to her, so sorry a figure she would make in the centre of Battle Square.

She opened her purse and considered. Dare she risk a few shillings? A pair of gloves and a little lace tie for her neck; these would make a great difference. But next week's rent and next week's food! Dare she?

It came to her that she had already risked a penny on the die. That first stake had brought her luck. Yes; she would be bold. She would go on with the game; she would risk her all on the chance.

And so just before five o'clock on that evening you might have seen, walking to and fro on the broad pavement opposite the National Gallery, with her gaze frequently wandering to one of the big fountains down below in the Square, a tall and slight woman dressed in black, with a lace tie round her neck, which covered the shabby front of her blouse, and with a small fur boa hanging loosely over her shoulders.

She was afraid to descend into the Square. She would wait until the man appeared. She felt that it would look bold and unwomanlike for her to be first at the place of their strange tryst.

But when Big Ben boomed the slow, measured strokes of the hour, she became anxious and feared that he might be standing somewhere in the crowds by the omnibuses waiting for her to stand by the fountain.

And yet how she hated to go there—poor, famished soul.

How cold were the lights of the town! How vast the spaces about her! How tall and stately all the buildings! The people, too, filled her with a sense of loneliness. She felt that everyone was hurrying past her, hastily seeking certainty of happiness. Lovers laughed as they went by; men's voices came to her gaily; there was not anywhere a note of sym-

pathy and unselfishness; nowhere even a slow and peaceful step.

She stood there by the balustrade for a desperate moment, looking before her over the deserted Square, a pathetic figure in the midst of all that hurry, with the pillars of the National Gallery for a background. The broad vista in front was speckled with the jolting lights of vehicles. The chemist's shop at the corner of the street showed red and green lights in the window. In the gloom of the far distance the light from the tower above Big Ben shone like a yellow star in the violet sky. An advertisement flashed in and out from the roof of a building, and the streets were filled with people—people going back from the city, and people going out to the theatre and the music-hall. Everybody seemed to be in a hurry; these to get home, and those to get into the queue at pit and gallery door. The violet sky above the breathing lights of the streets was filled with a dull roar of haste and business. It seemed to her that the very pavements vibrated with the traffic of the town.

She felt very lonely and friendless.

At last a man appeared from behind the huge dark plinth of the column. He was a tall man, and wore a good thick coat buttoned over his breast, and carried an umbrella under his arm. He looked like a man of commerce—a successful solicitor, perhaps, or a doctor. But whatever he was, he was big and imposing, a man from whom she might expect a stool in his office, but never a place in his home. Surely not. In a moment she was convicted of foolishness, and despair seized upon her breast.

He walked over to the statue, and stood looking at the inscription—the only man in the Square.

The lights fell upon the water in the splashing fountain, and the pavement of the Square shone like ice. He stood there, a statue beside a statue—tall, lonely, dignified and cold.

She could see that he wore a beard and moustache, which were graying. She realised that his eyes were dark and melancholy. She guessed him to be a man of over fifty. She knew him to be unhappy.

It came to her that he was rich, and that he would rescue her soul from the terror of the future.

She descended the flight of steps, stooping her head against the cold wind, and entered the Square. On the balustrade above her, cabmen were leaning with newspapers in their hands, and talking among themselves in loud voices. She heard words about horses. They were gamblers, too.

Down in the wide Square she felt her stature dwindle. The bigness of the place frightened her.

She approached the fountain, and was wondering whether he could see her when she heard a step at her side, and then a voice saying: "You have answered my letter; you are very kind."

It was a strong voice, and she did not feel afraid. But she felt horribly mean, and feared to raise her head.

"Yes," she answered.

"Your reply seemed to be an echo rather than an answer to my cry," he said quietly, standing in front of her. "It seemed to express exactly the loneliness, the failure to make friends, which makes my life very poor and sad."

Her eyes were fixed upon the water in the fountain. She saw the broken lights on that rippled surface, the cold white lights from electric lamps, the yellow lights from gas-lamps and roof advertisements, and the almost purple middle-lights created out of shadows. Above it all, she felt the sense of the stars, and the great shaft of the Column striding up into the misty night from its base, which was as black as iron.

She tried to speak but she could find no words to utter. His voice was soothing and kind, but there was a tone in it which seemed to raise up a barrier between them, something indefinable in it which made her conscious of an intellectual inferiority. She accused herself of imposture.

"May I tell you," he said, resting a hand on the fountain's edge, "why I asked in the newspapers for companionship?"

"If you please," she said.

She had not raised her eyes, and did not know how he looked; but her first and distant view of him was present to

her mind, and she knew that under the hat's brim dark eyes were studying her stooping face with a close and eager curiosity.

"I seek," he said, "a friend. I ask nothing better than friendship. I want nothing better. I wanted to discover by advertisement what I had failed to discover for myself, whether in this big city there is just one woman who will be loyal to a man's friendship. Someone who cares nothing for the conventions of society; who will come and go with her friend, read and think with him, be his intimate and only friend. I have not done violence to your sense of delicacy by asking you to come here to inspect a suitor. I have asked you, because you are lonely to come here and tell a lonely man whether you will honour him with your friendship. If you are lonely as I am lonely, our friendship should be natural, and I think it may make us both happy."

It was as if all the broken lights in the fountains were the eyes of demons and impa laughing and mocking her.

"May I tell you now," he went on, "why it was I answered your letter?"

"If you please," she murmured.

"Because there was in it something which none of the other letters contained—a dignity of simplicity which pleased and answered my own desire. In all the other letters there was the same note which I have found in conversation with women in society: a pretentious pose of sympathy, a garrulity of disinterestedness which failed to obscure self-seeking and a vulgar end. I felt disgust as I threw them to the fire; I felt as if I had contaminated myself by making public my loneliness. But your letter—it was an echo of my own pain, and now that I see you I know that your letter was sincere. All my life I have been longing for sincerity. Never to fear deception! Always to feel perfect trust!" He paused and drew a little nearer to her, as if he would gently edge her away from the fountain, and cause her to look at him.

People passing across the Square glanced at them curiously. Two factory

girls watched them and gossiped about them. They attracted people's eyes—the tall man bending down a little to the tall woman who stood with bowed head between the fountain and the gas-lamps in the midst of the loneliness of the Square.

"One thing more I must tell you," he said, in a difficult and somewhat less gentle voice, as though he was forcing himself to utter distasteful things. "I ask my friend to let me be the purse-bearer of our companionship. I ask her to let the business part of the day—the food, the fares, and the amusement—be my charge and mine alone. In all other things I desire a perfect equality. She shall be free to come and go as she wishes; to write to me and talk to me as often or as seldom as she pleases. I wish her to feel herself mistress of her own days, and merely to admit my friendship into that privacy as something over which she has power of direction and from which she can never suffer either inconvenience or unhappiness."

She raised her face and looked at him with all the pathos of her disheartened hopes showing in her poor, sad eyes. The light of the gas-lamps fell full upon her face. She felt how worn she must look; how he must shrink from the sight of her tired eyes and wasted charms. But she hoped that he would see something else—see that she was hungry.

"I was like the rest," she said, quietly and very sadly; "I came for something else."

He looked at her, his heart stirred with pity at sight of such complete unhappiness.

"I must not claim," she whispered, bowing her head once more, "to have read your cry with finer feeling than those others who wrote to you in a different way. My answer was only sad and real, because I felt it to be a hopeless gamble for what I seek." She raised her face and hurried forward: "I must tell you what I seek. It is work. I want employment. I have been searching for it in vain, and marriage suggested itself to me as a last flicker of all my foolish hopes. Don't let me appear to you to be

modelled on a noble plan. I am made prosaic and selfish by the difficulty of getting, not a husband—but a living."

It seemed to his quick imagination that he could see the whole existence of this lonely woman, trembling on the verge of destitution in the midst of the great, heartless city; it struck like a knife to his heart that this quiet and so graceful woman with the grave, tired eyes should be so friendless and so breadless. And then after this sense of pity there came to him a feeling of relief and of joy. He had found one whose need was greater than his own, one to whom his friendship would surely come with all the force and satisfaction of an answer to prayer.

"I could desire," he said, "no better friend than you. You have suffered. You must be kind. Will you be my friend? Your needs can be satisfied at once. Will you satisfy mine?"

Once more she raised her eyes, and this time there was a sad smile in them. The sweeping white light of a motor-car flashed across her countenance, and she knew that he must see now how faded and lined and tired she was; but she did not stoop her head, did not try to hide from him any more the sad ravage of time and trouble. Let him see her and pity her.

"I will be your friend," she answered, "and a grateful friend, indeed, if you can find me the means for earning my living. But I am afraid that I am scarcely to be your friend. Trouble came rather early into my life. I went into an office ten years ago. I have forgotten almost everything that came before that. Whatever I had of culture—I expect it was little enough—has gone. I am a wage-earner."

She smiled sadly as she spoke, and he thought that a wonderful loveliness shone gradually from her eyes till her whole countenance gleamed and was transfigured with a divine tenderness.

She saw a light that was not pity in his eyes, and felt a strange satisfaction at her heart.

"We do not ask for accomplishments from saints," he said, with a little smile, speaking very sincerely.

She shook her head wearily, and glanced away from him into the seething tide of

traffic. He watched her with growing admiration.

"Well," he said, "we will be friends. Let us begin now. We will go and seek dinner, and after dinner we will talk about the future. All your troubles shall be cleared away."

The thought of sitting by his side in a public restaurant filled her with a sense of dread. He did not realise in the night, she told herself, how shabby were her garments. She even taunted herself with having forgotten in her loneliness how to eat like a civilised mortal. She would be awkward and stupid and self-conscious, and he would be ashamed of her.

The poor, timorous creature flung away his friendship in this sudden and childish sense of unworthiness. The famished condition of her body made her sensitive and excitable.

"No," she said hurriedly. "It is all a mistake. I would rather go. I am not very well to-night. Thank you for offering to help me. You are very kind, and I am very grateful. It will be better for me to seek work in my own way." She held out her hand, conscious even then of the new gloves, and met his gaze. "Good-night," she said, "I have made a mistake. Forgive me."

"At least," he said sadly, holding her hand, "let me drive you back."

"I would rather not," she answered, drawing away her hand. "I shall go back by omnibus. I don't think you quite understand. I ought not to have come here. I ought never to have written to you. I am quite a shabby person."

"I cannot let you go," he answered. "Be my friend. Stand by me. I am very unhappy."

"I can give you no happiness."

"Indeed you can."

"No, no; I cannot really. You do not understand how very down I am in the world. I am frightfully near ruin. Well, I will tell you. Listen, and look at me. *I am starving*. You are offering your friendship to a shabby beggar, a needy mendicant."

"There is no greater depth of need than my own loneliness," he replied

quickly, his heart wrung by this terrible announcement. "I beg you not to leave me to my wretchedness. Think! We are two people, friendless and alone. It is wise that we join forces. It is madness for us to part. And I want your friendship so much." He stopped, and suddenly laid a hand upon her arm. "No; I want something more than that," he said huskily. "I want your love. You have worked a miracle in my heart. I want your love. Give me that."

How wonderful it seemed to her at that moment—the magic word which touched the night with glory and filled the whole city with beauty. Love—he spoke of love. He was asking her for love. And there was entreaty in his voice.

She turned her eyes to him, and felt suddenly worthy of him. He had come to her with the offer of friendship, and she had felt herself not meet to accept his gift. Now he was crying to her for love, and looking on the tragedy in his eyes and feeling in his voice the loneliness of his life, all the pent maternity in her poor heart awoke and answered his sad cry. Lo,

here was one whose need was greater than hers. She asked only for bread. She had no love hunger. But here was one crying for love. He was so unhappy, and she could give him the boon which would make him happy. He was asking for something—something which she alone could give him. He was suing for her love. He was entreating her. She was his equal.

There came suddenly into her excited brain a gentle calm.

"Let us go and talk together," she said, looking into his eyes.

"You will give me your love?" he asked, bending forward to her.

"Let us go and talk together," she said again, her eyes still fixed on his.

"I will win you," he said. "I know I can win you, because I want you."

She looked back at the fountain. A little wind was blowing the water to the shining rim, and all the lights were ruffled on the surface. Then she came forward out of the gloom of the Square, and with the man at her side joined the happy crowd of pleasure-seekers.





HEAD OFFICE BUILDING, THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE, TORONTO

A Distinction in Banking

By RANDOLPH CARLYLE

Affording a comparison of the growth of a large financial institution with the development of the country.



T is a well-known fact that the material welfare of a country is closely connected with its banking facilities. Canada to-day, after forty years of Confederation, is better equipped in this respect than any other country of corresponding conditions in the world. But it was not always so. Men who still live remember the hard, lean years of the decade before Confederation, when there

was a succession of poor crops, when the Bank of Upper Canada and the Commercial Bank were obliged to close their doors, when money was scarce and the return for industry small. The Government of the Union had reached a deadlock. Discontent was rife. Secession and annexation were common topics of discussion, and the whole outlook was one rather of pessimism than of optimism. Confederation became the cry, the last resort of baffled



HON. WILLIAM McMASTER

First President, The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

politicians; and yet it is to those uncertain pre-Confederation days, to those days of unrest and struggle, that we must look for the birth of an institution that has attained a national standing, an institution whose doors were first opened for business almost simultaneously with the birth of the Dominion forty years ago—The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

In the original charter of this banking house, granted in 1858, nine years before the Bank opened to the public, there is a clause of historic significance, in which it is claimed that the establishment of the Bank in the City of Toronto "would be conducive to the general prosperity of the country thereabouts, and greatly facilitate and promote the agriculture and commercial growth of the said locality." Of course, those lines were written about ten years before Confederation, when only a very limited appreciation of the opportunity ahead was possible. Still there is

almost grim humour in the words as we repeat them now, knowing that The Canadian Bank of Commerce, after a modest beginning, has gradually extended its sphere of operation until at the present day its facilities are enjoyed in all parts of the Dominion from Halifax in the East to Vancouver in the West, and to Dawson City in the far-away North. But at the time when this Bank commenced business, at the time of Confederation, the Dominion of Canada was comparatively small. Upper Canada and Lower Canada, now Ontario and Quebec, were really all that could then be counted on, for the Maritime Provinces were not eager to throw in their lot with what were then regarded as the far-western Provinces. But they came in, and later, also, came Manitoba and British Columbia. Then came the acquisition of the vast territories controlled by the Hudson's Bay Company, which was but one more great step in the growth of a great undertaking, the latest in-

stance of which has been the administration of a hitherto unknown and inhospitable tract, so soon to be known the world over as the Yukon Territory. Throughout all this extension of the Dominion, the progress of The Canadian Bank of Commerce can be traced, step by step, until now, were its capital stock to be reduced to one dollar bills placed one in front of the other, the line would stretch across the continent from Halifax to Vancouver three times, with enough left over for a side-line up to Dawson City.

Methods and conditions have greatly changed since The Canadian Bank of Commerce first began to do business. But even then they were far in advance of what the earlier years of the century had seen. Some interesting relics of early practices are still in existence. For instance, at the head offices of The Canadian Bank of Commerce at Toronto, there is a case containing the pouch and keys that

belonged to the head office of the Halifax Banking Company, which was acquired by The Canadian Bank of Commerce in 1903. These keys are very large and clumsy, but in their day, so it seems, they served their purpose very well. One of them is in the shape of an iron bolt, which performed the function of a secret lock on the cash vault. Every night at closing time this bolt was dropped into a hole drilled for the purpose through the floor of an upper vault, and then the cavity in the floor was carefully filled in with a piece of plaster so as to avoid detection. It is recorded that once this bolt prevented burglars from breaking into the vault. After the bank was closed every evening, the keys were placed in the pouch and delivered with some ceremony at the President's residence. Whenever it was necessary for any of the clerks to return to do night work, two of them were obliged to go to the President's house for the keys, which had to be taken back there by 10 o'clock. The difference between the equipment which afforded pro-

tection in those days and the intricate time locks on the great safety vaults in the basement of the head office of The Canadian Bank of Commerce is at once striking and amazing.

But other changes, more significant than improvements in devices for protecting valuables, have taken place.

Here is an instance:

	June 30, 1867.	Dec. 31, 1906.
Total amount of money on deposit in all the banks in Canada	\$28,704,326	\$669,517,537
Paid-up Capital..	29,467,773	95,509,015

More striking comparisons still are available, as, for instance, the following figures which apply individually to The Canadian Bank of Commerce:

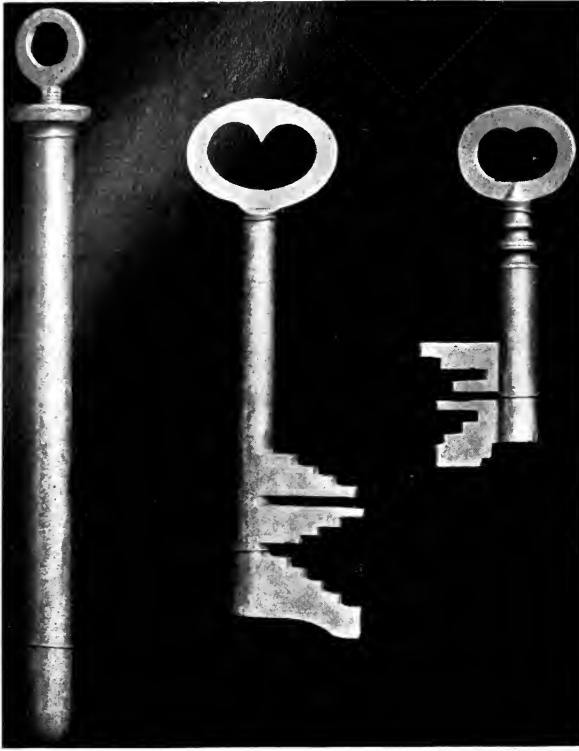
	1868.	1907.
Capital.....	\$ 961,359	\$ 10,000,000
Deposits.....	1,302,480	87,152,536
Circulation.....	702,388	9,199,204
Current Loans....	1,894,294	88,304,623
Assets.....	3,075,650	113,545,960

It may be seen, therefore, that during the forty years of Confederation all the



MR. BYRON E. WALKER

At his desk in the President's Room at the Head Offices, Toronto.



KEYS AND BOLT THAT WERE USED AT THE HEAD
OFFICES OF THE HALIFAX BANKING
COMPANY



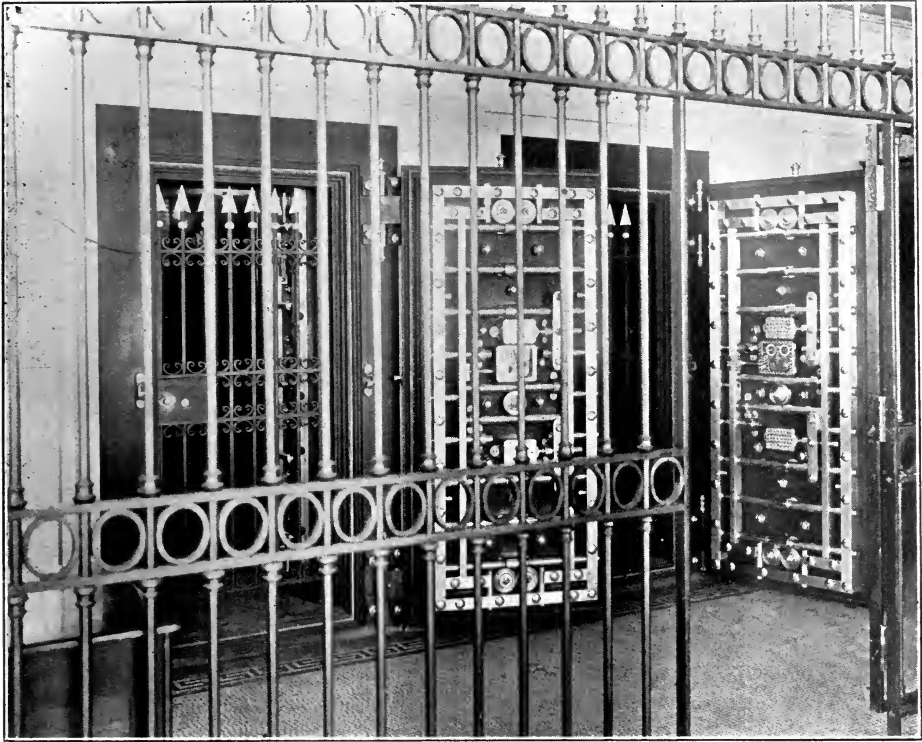
THE POUCH THAT
HELD THE
KEYS

capital invested in banking in Canada has increased a little more than three times, while that of The Canadian Bank of Commerce has increased ten times. The total deposits in all of the banks have increased about twenty-four times, while the deposits in The Canadian Bank of Commerce have increased almost sixty-seven times.

So it is only fair to observe that the business of The Canadian Bank of Commerce, according to the capital required to conduct it, has increased, compared with the average bank, at the ratio of three and one-third to one. The confidence and preference of the public, as indicated by the amount of deposits, has increased, when compared with the average, at the ratio of almost three to one. The Canadian Bank of Commerce has, therefore, during the forty years of its life, kept pace with the progress of banking three times over, until now it takes rank

as one of the very few great banking institutions of the country.

In the number of its branches in Canada The Canadian Bank of Commerce takes first place. That is in itself a distinction, for to a country like ours the practice of branch banking is of much importance, because for the people as a whole it provides the best of banking facilities; in other words, it enables persons in outlying districts, away from the large centres of trade, to avail themselves readily of the services of the strongest financial institutions of the country. Under our banking system, also, the bank notes which form the every-day medium of exchange, pass without discount in all parts of the Dominion, and an admirable monetary balance is maintained, the banks receiving deposits wherever there is an accumulation of money, and making loans wherever financial assistance is required. The branch bank has caused, in



DOORS OF SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULTS, SHOWING TIME LOCKS AND BOLTING MECHANISM

no small degree, an equalisation of interest charges, perhaps the best instance of this result being seen in the Canadian Northwest, where only a few years ago the rates of interest usually charged on loans made on excellent security were extremely high. Even yet in isolated settlements, which the banks are unable to serve, the rates of interest charged on ordinary loans are comparatively high. However, the branch banks are seizing the opportunities offered, and the money that is accumulated in any part of the country is distributed wherever it is needed, with the result that there is a beneficial equalisation of conditions.

The number of branches in Canada of The Canadian Bank of Commerce is 167. When it is considered that these branches are located in all Provinces of the Dominion, going as far east from the head office at Toronto as Halifax, as far west as Vancouver, and as far north as Dawson, a good idea may be formed of the large share a bank like this one must have in

the commercial activities of the whole country.

Conspicuous as has been the place The Canadian Bank of Commerce has filled in the financial history of the Dominion, its inception was nevertheless fraught with the usual difficulties, and it was about ten years after the charter was first granted in 1858, that the bank was able to open its doors for business. At the time the charter was taken out, as it has already been remarked, trade in general was very bad, and so the fact that the promoters undertook the business at all is evidence of much enterprise and courage. The Bank of Upper Canada and the Commercial Bank had failed. Trade was languishing. As a matter of fact, it was no easy matter just then to raise the required sum of \$250,000, the amount of capital stock which had to be paid up before the bank could begin business. Bad harvests aggravated conditions, and a period of depression followed. In 1866 the charter passed into other hands than those of the

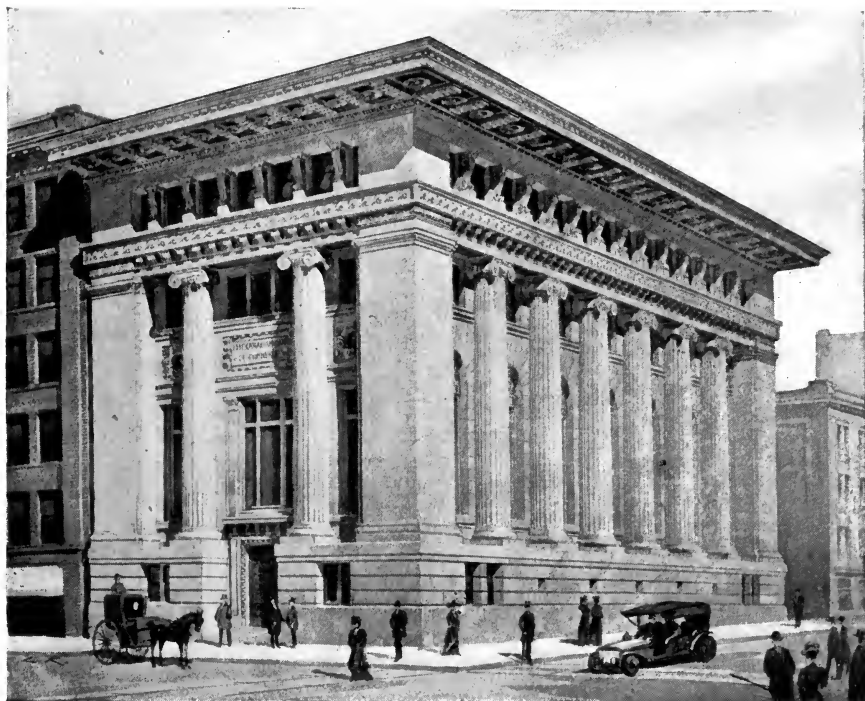


BRANCH OF THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE NOW BEING ERRECTED ON
ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL

original incorporators and the act of incorporation was amended, changing the name from the Bank of Canada to The Canadian Bank of Commerce, reducing the authorised capital from \$3,000,000 to \$1,000,000, and the minimum amount to be paid up before beginning business to \$100,000. This was an important move, for soon thereafter the doors of the bank were opened for business. As soon as

organisation was completed, branches were opened at London, St. Catharines and Barrie, and these were the beginnings of a system that has been built up by degrees until in recent years it has been extended to almost every city of importance in the Dominion.

In 1870 the Gore Bank of Hamilton, one of the oldest in the country, was absorbed into The Canadian Bank of



THE VANCOUVER BRANCH, NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Commerce. It was founded in 1835, and was the last to survive of the banks incorporated by the Province of Upper Canada. The experience of The Canadian Bank of Commerce has not been one of uninterrupted prosperity, for, in common with all business concerns in the country at the time, it suffered during the lean years of the seventies, but more than recovered when the tide of prosperity seemed to turn in the eighties. Yet, notwithstanding this, it is extremely satisfactory to note, and especially so from the shareholders' point of view, that the bank has to its credit from the very day of commencing business an unbroken record of dividend payments. It was before the effects of the depression had entirely passed away that Mr. Byron E. Walker, who is now President, became General Manager. Mr. Walker, shortly after taking charge, instituted an investigation into the assets of the bank, which was followed by a revaluation, with the result that the Rest Account was reduced to \$500,000. From this time on the progress of the

bank has been steady; in fact, so rapidly did its business and requirements increase that it was found necessary to obtain new premises at Toronto for head offices, and the construction of the present building at the corner of King and Jordan Streets was begun. The space occupied by the Bank in this building has been increasing ever since, and it is expected that soon the entire edifice will be required solely for the Bank's purposes.

The year 1893 began an era of great significance in Canadian banking, because it marked the entrance for the first time of The Canadian Bank of Commerce into Western Canada, by the establishment of a branch at Winnipeg. Ever since then this Bank has been establishing branches at various points throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and in that way has been in close touch with the unprecedented development that has been seen in that part of the Dominion. In 1898 a branch was established at Vancouver, which was followed by one at Dawson City and another at Seattle.



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE HALIFAX BRANCH, NOW BEING ERECTED

Washington. As in the case of Winnipeg, each of these branches marked the advent of the Bank into a new field, and considerably increased its range of operation. Several other branches were soon established on the Pacific Coast, and about this time the Bank of British Columbia was absorbed, giving The Canadian Bank of Commerce the advantage of its important connections in that Province, besides its head office in London, England, and branch offices at Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce had now pretty well covered the West, and so

the attention of the management was directed towards the Maritime Provinces. Early in 1903 the first branch opened in Canada east of Montreal was located at Sydney, N.S., and in May of the same year a purchase was made of the business and assets of the Halifax Banking Company. This bank had head offices in Halifax, with fifteen branches in Nova Scotia, and two in New Brunswick, including St. John. For three years this constituted The Canadian Bank of Commerce's representation in the East, but in 1906 the Merchants Bank of Prince Edward Island, which had headquarters at



THE WINNIPEG BRANCH

Charlottetown and five branches, was taken over.

The photographs reproduced in connection with this article are intended to illustrate the class of buildings that are erected by a great banking institution, and also to indicate to the eye the immense progress that has been made in banking, the difference between the keys used by the Halifax Banking Company and the intricate time locks on the safety deposit vaults of The Canadian Bank of Commerce being very significant. It will be noticed that even the branch banks are splendid specimens of architecture, and that they have an appearance of magnificence as well as of solidity. When the branch at Montreal is finished it will undoubtedly be the

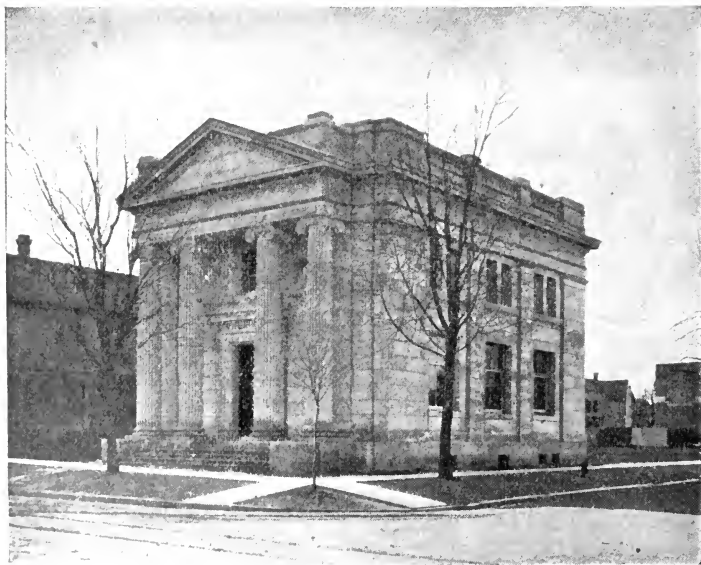
finest branch bank in the Dominion. Genuine interest attaches to the acquisition of the property, which stands next to the Canada Life Building on St. James Street, Montreal, a street that is noted for its fine bank buildings. The building that was recently torn down to make way for the branch of The Canadian Bank of Commerce was erected by the trustees of the St. James Methodist Church, with the result that the Church ran into debt and was forced to appeal through the General Conference for aid from Methodists at large throughout the Dominion. The property on St. James Street was proving to be a veritable "white elephant" on their hands, until Senator Cox, who was then President of The Canadian Bank of

Commerce, purchased it for the Bank, the intention being to erect a branch bank on the site, after tearing down the old building. That is now being done. Although property on St. James Street, Montreal, is very costly, the premises under construction will be used exclusively for the Bank's own purposes. As may be seen by the drawing, it will present a classic appearance, and it is understood that the interior will be unusually attractive. The splendid appearance of the branches at Halifax, Winnipeg, and Vancouver is worthy of note, while the last illustration of all shows the type of building that is erected even in towns of but a few thousands in population.

The photograph of the President was taken in his private office especially for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. Unfortunately, very little of the room and the decorations are shown. However, the objects that decorate the President's room show that Mr. Walker has an eye for things beautiful as well as for things financial.

One of the most recent events of interest in connection with The Canadian

Bank of Commerce was the retirement of Hon. Geo. A. Cox as President early in the present year. Mr. Cox was succeeded by Mr. Byron E. Walker, who for more than twenty years had been the General Manager. Mr. Walker was in turn succeeded as General Manager by Mr. Alexander Laird, who had been assistant General Manager. It is a noteworthy fact that ever since its inception, this Bank has been directed by gentlemen of commanding personality. The first Board of Directors was composed of Hon. William McMaster, M.L.C., and Messrs. William Alexander, Henry S. Howland, John Macdonald, M.P.P.; William Elliott, John Taylor and T. Sutherland Stayner. Mr. McMaster was the first President, and Mr. Howland the first Vice-President. The present Board of Directors is composed of: B. E. Walker, President; Robert Kilgour, Vice-President; Hon. Geo. A. Cox, Matthew Leggat, James Crathern, John Hoskin, K.C., LL.D.; Joseph W. Flavelle, A. Kingman, Hon. L. Melvin Jones, Frederic Nicholls, H. D. Warren, Hon. W. C. Edwards, Z. A. Lash, K.C., and E. R. Wood.



THE WALKERVILLE BRANCH
A typical branch building in an Ontario town.



Current Events



By
F. A. ACLAND

MR. BIRRELL, the Irish Secretary in the Imperial Cabinet, has been particularly unfortunate in his legislation. First, his Education Bill is annihilated by the House of Lords, and now his Home Rule Bill is ruthlessly strangled by the Irish party before it has come fairly before the House of Commons. Certainly, as a measure of home rule, the Birrell Bill was timidity itself, and could not have been expected to satisfy the Irish party. If the present Government of Great Britain and Ireland conceded the principle of home rule, it should have gone further in its legislation. The difficulty is, of course, that it is not a unit on the question of the principle, and the only legislation that would not cause a rupture in the Cabinet was this which the Irish members have treated with such contempt, because of its inadequacy and feebleness. We shall probably hear no more of the bill, for, obviously, it is of no use passing a measure intended to conciliate when that measure is greeted with open derision.



One point that has figured in arguments on the subject of home rule of late, and which is worthy of reference, is the comparison between South Africa and Ireland. England's generosity in her treatment of the Transvaal has astonished the world. Why, ask some onlookers, should not Ireland receive similar treatment? Even in our own press it has been stated confidently that Great Britain, having conceded home rule to the Transvaal, cannot long withhold it from Ireland. Of course the cases are not parallel. Ireland is not a colony at all, much less a colony situated thousands of miles from the Mother Country. It is a sister kingdom with England and Scotland, situate at the doors of both, and the view of the people of the larger and more populous of the two islands containing the three kingdoms is, and has been, that the safety of

the people of the two islands depends on the government of one having control, in all essential respects, of the affairs of both. There is an element of selfishness in the view, of course, but it is the enlightened selfishness of the statesman and the patriot, and it is a view that must prevail as long as England remains more powerful than Ireland.



Ireland's lot as a nation has been, undoubtedly, a sad one, but one may as well look facts in the face. Few of us succeed in getting all we want in this world, and the Irishman must in the end abandon his dream of establishing a second parliament with real powers within the shadow of Westminster, of re-establishing in fact the Irish nation. As to South Africa, it is another story. The Boers have been wise in their leaders. Botha and his colleagues began to preach conciliation the day they stopped fighting. One does not hear such doctrines from Mr. Redmond. But, in addition, the Transvaal is many thousands of miles from Britain, and should the latter become involved in a European war, the attitude of the legislature on the Rand would not be vital to the interests of the Mother Country; on the other hand, a powerful parliament sitting at Dublin, unless in harmony with that at Westminster, would be in a position, practically, to destroy the people of the sister kingdoms.



It may be said that it is not fair to assume such a contingency, the reply to which is that it rests with the Irish people themselves to convince their fellows in England and Scotland that such a contingency is an impossible one. It is a vexed and interminable question, in which one's sympathies are being turned continually from the side of prosaic common-sense to that of sentiment and poetry, and some day with a swinging of the pendulum a little far in the direction of the poetry and

sentiment, Ireland may find herself endowed with a parliament, as she came near being in the time of Gladstone; but common-sense will return and the parliament will disappear, and on the whole it seems not unreasonable to urge that the Irishman should try to content himself now, as he will have to content himself ultimately, with the enjoyment of equal rights and privileges with the Englishman and the Scotchman.



One of the strongest illustrations that used to be cited by Mr. Gladstone of the ease with which two kingdoms might exist with separate parliaments and a common crown, was that of Norway and Sweden. The two kingdoms did not really enjoy ideal relations, even at that time, but, being to a large extent isolated from the rest of the world, without distant possessions, and practically without voice or share in the councils of Europe, the friction passed almost unobserved. Now, for a year or two, the two nations have been absolutely separated, each with its own king. At the moment they appear to be on friendly terms, but who would undertake to say this condition will continue? The dual empire of Austria-Hungary was also cited a score of years ago as a precedent for an English-Irish kingdom. The Austria-Hungary empire continues yet, but by general consent it hinges on the life of the aged Emperor Francis Joseph. Permanence and solidity will be found in unity rather than in duality.



The mutterings from India grow more ominous and one wonders whether the half-century since the great mutiny is to be marked by an outbreak that may even distantly resemble that of 1857. Probably not; the railway and the telegraph have incalculably strengthened the position of the British since those days. There may be many scattered risings, but those who know India well insist that there can never be again a concentrated, organised rebellion—that is, of course, while the two races occupy their present positions with respect to each other. There is, however, the possibility that,

following the lead of Japan, the eastern races may emerge from the lethargy of ages and rise to a level in mental activity with their rulers, and in that case it is difficult to believe that the fragment of a white race could control the many nations of Orientals who dwell in what we call India. But this will be a work of years, if not of generations. There is a certain peril threatening now, under the rule of Mr. John Morley and Lord Minto, and though it may not be one that will seriously endanger British supremacy, it would be remarkable and deplorable if any calamity occurred while the destinies of India are controlled by a statesman like Mr. Morley, who is inclined to go far beyond most of his predecessors in recognising the aspirations and hopes of the people of the eastern Empire.



There is some talk of secret machinations between the people of Japan and the leaders of the new movement in India, but it is safe to disbelieve that official aid has been given by Japan to any such intrigues in a dependency of her ally, Britain. Whether Japan's conversion to Europeanism is thorough and genuine or not, it is premature to say, but it is probable she will live fully up to her bargain and to any bargain she may make for the present. Opportunism is the key-note of the modern Japanese policy, and it is expedient for the islanders of the eastern world to-day to keep faith with those of the west. How far the influence of the Japanese awakening may have affected or may yet affect the people of India and China is another matter, and one to which the people of Japan have no doubt given the fullest consideration.



An Indian writer named Prithiofal Singh, probably the same who recently visited Canada and made many speeches and gave many interviews setting forth his view as to the impermanence of British rule in India and minimising the good results of that rule in the past, has been once more dealing with the problem in the *Hindustan Review*, and has dwelt particularly upon the "frowning gulf of social intercourse that lies between the two

communities." What he means, no doubt, is the "frowning gulf that prevents social intercourse between the two races." On this he enlarges greatly and with much feeling, and pictures a situation as between the English and the Indian, which resembles that of the southerner, the negro on this continent. That such a situation is a painful one to an Indian of culture and refinement is natural. The Indian of culture and refinement, of reading and travel, is out of place in a country ruled paternally by a foreign race, no matter how beneficial may be the results. As to the gulf in social intercourse, that is not new. The moment the Englishman admits that the Indian is his equal, English rule is ended. His rule must be absolute and unqualified, or it must cease. A sort of kindly brutality, if such a phrase may be permitted, will alone enable the Englishman to remain in India. The condition to-day is but little changed from that of seventy years ago, when Macaulay wrote home to his sisters: "They are, in truth, a race so accustomed to be trampled on by the strong that they always consider humanity as a sign of weakness." British methods in India simply make the best, or almost the best, of a bad situation, and if time in due course evolves better methods, we should not regret the disappearance of the former; but we should be sure the newer ones are better ones before we bid them welcome.



The Campbell-Bannerman Government is being condemned in many quarters for the lack of sympathy it has displayed with the cause of Imperialism, and it is quite likely that the present British Premier would gladly have avoided the recent Imperial Conference had it been possible to do so. But one must give credit where it is due, and one excellent illustration of practical Imperialism has been furnished by this "unimperial" Government in the Imperial guarantee of a loan of £5,000,000 to the Transvaal Government for development purposes. On the whole, General Botha will have profited well by his visit to England. It is not the first time a self-governing colony has ever received assistance of

this kind, and that stout Unionist journal, *The Outlook*, which in season and out of season advocates the institution of the preferential tariff for the colonies, is under some misapprehension when it asks what answer the Imperial Government will make "if, say, the Commonwealth of Australia asks for similar assistance when at any future time it needs money?" Canada itself has been a beneficiary of the Imperial Government in this manner on several occasions in the past; but precedent or not, there is something very practical about this bit of Imperialism, which tends directly to the promotion of unity and good feeling within the Empire.



The British Government has taken a step of the greatest importance to the journalists of all countries, for all countries must be directly or indirectly affected by a decision to muzzle the press in war time. This is the meaning, put plainly, of how Tweedmouth's declaration, recently, that the Government proposed drafting a bill for the better regulation of the press in time of war and when war is imminent, and that the bill, when drafted, will be submitted to a representative committee of journalists. That some such regulation would be desirable in the event of a war with a European power, cannot well be doubted, after the experience of the South African and the Russo-Japanese wars. It mattered little to Great Britain what its press published concerning the first war, so distant was the region affected, and so entirely lacking so far as concerned the actual campaign was the direct influence of sea-power; had England, however, been engaged with Russia and Japan it would have been a hopeless campaign for her unless her newspapers had refrained from chronicling every detail of the movements of ships and troops that could be procured by the most lavish expenditure and the most eager enterprise. English newspapers themselves have usually a full sense of the dignity and responsibility of journalism, and few of them would seek to score a profit on advantage at the expense of their country. Ignorance of what is best to publish at a period of crisis may well work as great harm as deliberate in-

tent to injure. The Newspaper Society of Great Britain, therefore, appointed a committee a year ago to discuss the whole question with the Imperial Defence Committee. As a first result of the conference that followed, it was decided to place an embargo on all military and naval news whenever the government of the day decided that a crisis of sufficient gravity had arisen, unless the same had been supplied or censored by the government. This was reformation with a vengeance, and the newspaper proprietors of Great Britain decided that something less stringent would do. In consequence of representations made, the Government has drafted a bill which will be submitted to Parliament after it has been approved by representative journalists. To make the benefit of such a measure more certain, there should be international action. It would be of little use suppressing news in London if it were published in New York or Paris, and an international agreement as to the publication of news in war-time would not seem unreasonable. Possibly the Hague Conference might put the subject on its agenda!



President Roosevelt, who is always showing a new side to the public, has started a topic of decided interest by his interview in *Everybody's Magazine* to Edward B. Clark, on the modern school of nature writers. We know the President generally as a man who is fond of the fields and the streams, a keen sportsman and a gallant rider. He shows himself also to have been a close student of the habits of the denizens of the wild. As to whether he is wholly right in his condemnation of the writings of Dr. W. J. Long, whom he singles out among others whom he criticises as being the worst offender against the truth, is a matter we may well leave to the experts. Many of us have read the story of the fight between the great wolf-dog White Fang and the bull-dog, as told by Jack London, and perhaps most of us wondered that the wolf-dog had not torn the bull-dog to pieces. That the battle should really have gone as Jack London made it go, in favour of the bull-dog, is, the President

assures us, "the very sublimity of absurdity. In such a fight the chance for the dog would be only one in a thousand, its victory being possible only through getting a throat-grip the instant that the fight started. This kind of realism is a closet product." Evidently there are few things and few men the President is afraid to tackle.



Meanwhile Dr. Long is not taking the President's criticism quietly. He challenges the President to disprove the statements criticised and otherwise to withdraw his criticisms and apologise. Decidedly President Roosevelt has raised a hornet's nest about his ears, but as a lover of nature, he will hardly object to this.



The German Navy League takes small account of the armament reduction talk of the more pacific of European statesmen. While Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman proposes that Britain and Germany shall each build fewer ships—though, to be sure, that would leave Germany far in the rear, the German Navy League, true to its mission, declares the present rate of naval construction to be much too slow, and further that it is "the urgent desire of the entire Navy League to place in the hands of the Emperor as soon as possible a squadron of 18,000-ton ships." This aspect of German militarism was voiced by a German prince lately, and is doubtless acceptable to the ardent soul of the Kaiser. The only difficulty, of course, is getting the money, but the recent defeat of the Socialists puts the Kaiser in better shape in this respect than he has yet been, and we may see the provision for the squadron of Dreadnoughts made to mark the year of the Hague Peace Conference. But we must not forget that Britain can build twice as fast as Germany; she can afford to give Germany a long start, therefore, in the building of these leviathans, and still overtake her, should it become necessary, and that is what the British Navy League is urging that Britain should do. It is a plan that has some elements of canniness about it, and has the special merit that it costs nothing.



EXILED

GREEN banners just unfurled,
 Summer comes apace;
 There will be a new world
 At the old home place;
 Scarlet wing will flash by,
 Meadow-lark will soar high—
 O, and that is where I
 Turn my longing face.

Never days like those days,
 Never joy like mine;
 All the world a soft haze—
 All the world a shrine!
 Overhead, the blue sheen;
 Underneath the new green;
 I with beating heart between
 Finding life divine.

Ah! and how the birds sang
 Every sunny day,
 All the fields and woods rang
 With their ecstasy;
 How my wanton pulse thrills,
 How my homesick heart fills,
 Thinking of those green hills
 Dear and far away!

—Helena Coleman.



AN HISTORIC OCCASION

IN the year 1901, some broad-minded English women formed the organisation known as the Victoria League, with the object of drawing closer the bonds between the Motherland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas. The society is thoroughly non-political and is now a flourishing club of progressive and loyal women. One of the most interesting features in the recent entertainment offered visiting colonials was the Victoria League luncheon to the ladies of the colonial party. The president, the Countess of Jersey, presided, and the vice-president, the youthful and charming Countess of Crewe, seconded the speech

of Lady Jersey, proposing the toast of "Our Colonial Guests."

The account of the luncheon given by *Lally Bernard*, the English correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*, is highly entertaining, but there is one paragraph which makes us realise how inferior most Canadian women are to either Englishwomen or Australians, when it comes to a matter of intelligible and polished speech. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, was present and the duty of proposing her health would naturally fall to a Canadian. But it was Mrs. Pember Reeves, the wife of the Agent-General for New Zealand, who made a few happy remarks in a speech, complimentary to the Princess, who was hostess at Rideau Hall nearly thirty years ago.

The correspondent makes this suggestive comment: "Possibly a pang was experienced by some Canadians present that this pleasing duty did not fall to the lot of one of their countrywomen, but it was whispered that some of the representative ladies of the Dominion had been approached on the subject, and that as the women of Canada are not accustomed to the ordeal of proposing toasts . . . their distrust of their own powers forbade their accepting the honour."

It is mortifying, to say the least, that on such an occasion, where no imputation of "public" speaking could be made, inasmuch as a ladies' luncheon is a private and feminine affair, no Canadian woman present was capable of saying a few graceful and self-possessed words in praise of a daughter of Queen Victoria. Mrs. Pember Reeves, Mrs. Deakin, wife of the Premier of Australia, and Mrs. Humphry Ward, who is among the opponents of woman suffrage, spoke with

admirable clearness and vigour. But the premier colony was not represented, because no Canadian woman, of the score among the guests, was equal to the occasion. It is about time that the women of Canada should cease to be petty and provincial, and should learn something of the self-control and ease that characterise the most influential women of England and the United States. It is to be hoped that by the time the next colonial conference arrives there will be some representative Canadian women to be placed with the President of the Victoria League and the fair Australians in this matter of effective address. Speaking on the public platform may not be desirable; but to fail to represent the leading British colony at a "loyalists' luncheon," is to play an ineffectual part.



A NEW CURE

A LONDON (England) paper announces that seaside mud is an elixir of life. Those who are enjoying a holiday on the coast are advised to find the muddiest spot near the shore and walk along this charming stretch of dampness for hours every day, as nothing is equal to the ozonic exhalations of sea-deposited mud as a health-restorer. This does not sound very cheerful, but no doubt many seekers of health and youth will hasten to try the mud-and-brine mixture in the hope of its accomplishing marvellous results for the liver and the complexion. Currants have enjoyed a great vogue, carrots have also been a popular cure, but the mud promenade is the latest fashionable youth-restorer.



THE TROUBLESOME SLEEVE

WHILE Canadian women are wearing short sleeves and long gloves, those who are really in the fashion declare that Parisians are wearing sleeves that fairly scrape the knuckles. It seems as if there were no happy medium in the matter of sleeves. But most of us will be ready to agree that the short sleeve is not for the office or the street. Nothing is prettier than a short-sleeved gown for the afternoon or evening at home. But for the street it is a nuisance, since the long gloves

look untidily wrinkled and frequently fail to make satisfactory connection with the retiring and ascending sleeve. In the office, a short-sleeved waist looks like an attempt to unite pink teas with business life. After all, the only sensible, satisfactory sleeve for everyday use is that which reaches the wrist in comfort. But if one wishes to be truly up-to-date, the sleeve hanging languidly over the fingers is the only kind to wear.



AN APPRECIATED ACTRESS

THERE is no more highly-esteemed artist on the stage to-day than Miss Julia Marlowe, who, with Mr. E. H. Sothern, has recently been delighting English audiences at the Waldorf Theatre in London. The Shakespearean plays, especially, have won popular favour, *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* being received with an approach to enthusiasm. Mr. Percy Mackaye's play, *Jeanne d'Arc*, has also been well received. But not even Miss Marlowe or Mr. Sothern can render endurable *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, a Tudor farce based upon a trashy novel, written by a United States fiction-purveyor. One critic writes thus of the last-mentioned production: "This play is stupefying. It is a nightmare. If an imaginative man supped heavily off lobster *a la Neuberg* and took Gilbert a Beckett's *Comic History of England* to read in bed, he might dream a wilder story than *When Knighthood Was in Flower*."

But with the exception of this impossible play, the course of Miss Marlowe's English visit has been all that her American admirers might wish. Mr. Louis V. De Foe, a New York critic, has recently contributed to a Chicago magazine an interesting article on this prominent actress, in the course of which he declares that the American stage in tragedy has not known her equal since the days of Mary Anderson, and that in England to-day there is no one to approach her. One is not surprised to learn that Julia Marlowe is merely a stage name and that the actress was known in early life as Sarah Frances Frost. She is English by birth, having

been born in Coldbeck, Cumberland, in 1865. For more than twenty years she has been devoted to her art and has come triumphantly out of her fight with those managers who consider that Shakespeare is not in public demand. Her earliest appearance in Canada was about 1889, when she created great enthusiasm by her playing of *Rosalind* in *As You Like It*. She and Mr. Sothorn paid Canada a visit last year, when her maturer genius made again a deep impression on a public which sees too little of such artists.



A CANADIAN VIOLINIST

THAT Canada is prospering greatly, may be seen by the number of new publications which are being issued. Among these, *Musical Canada*, edited by Mr. E. R. Parkhurst, a monthly journal of musical news, comment and gossip, for professionals and amateurs, is of unusual interest and calls for best wishes for its success. "Yorkshire Chorus Singing," by W. H. Breare, is the most interesting article in the May issue, which, in addition to describing the work and methods of the famous Sheffield Chorus, aims to give the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto some indication of the basis on which it will be judged in England.

There is also a brief article on Miss Clench, the well-known Canadian violinist who has for some years made her home in London, England. The writer of this sketch says: "Miss Nora Clench has founded a quartette of lady players, of which she is the leader, and of which the other members are Miss Lucy Stone, Miss Cecilia Gates and Miss May Mukle. The quartette has now for some time given a series of interesting concerts in London and the provinces, and its performances have been the subject of most eulogistic notices in the London papers. Miss Clench, in arranging her programme, has always paid great attention to novelties and to the works of little known composers, and hardly a concert given by her quartette goes by without some such composition being included. For instance, at their last concert, Max Reger's quartette



MISS NORA CLENCH

A Canadian violinist who has won distinction abroad.

in D minor was played for the first time in England.

"The Nora Clench quartette has concluded a successful tour in the North of England, visiting such important places as Birmingham, Sheffield, Bradford and Glasgow, and next year there is a possibility of a concert tour in America being arranged. Miss Clench is now playing on a fine violin by Joseph Guarnerius del Jesu, a recent acquisition."



WIGS OF GLASS

THERE have been innumerable songs and sonnets about a woman's hair. Mr. Alexander Pope, of Queen Anne memory, wrote a perfect epic on the subject and he, or some equally polished writer, is responsible for the statement that "Beauty draws us with a single hair." A much older writer, also a bachelor, says a few kind words about a woman's hair being a crown of glory. The short-haired woman is not popular, but the long-haired man always has a large following of would-be artistic women. Why the football hero, the minor poet and the musical genius should cultivate a chrysanthemum style of coiffure cannot be explained. Both economy and art seem to demand it, however.

But no poet, however daring, has said a word in favour of false locks. There is

something deadly prosaic about the removable "rat" and the manufactured curl. An English authority sends the alarming information that the enormous feminine demand for artificial coils and puffs is leading to a famine in human hair. Formerly, Swiss, German and Hungarian girls supplied the world of fashionable women with luxuriant locks. But it seems that the Government of the country (Governments are worse than grandmothers) has in some cases made it illegal for a girl to sell her hair, or for an agent to buy it. The supply in consequence is running short, and the price of real hair is becoming shamefully high. But there is always a way out of an extravagant emergency. A series of successful experiments shows that spun glass is a most effective substitute for human hair. Wigs made from glass are wonderfully light and fine and the texture soft and beautiful.

Think of the revolution this fashion will work! A novelist will have a whole set of new expressions. He may talk of the heroine's prismatic locks. The eyes were once called the windows of the soul, but now the heroine's abundant tresses may become the stained-glass windows of the brain. A careless movement may precipitate a favourite switch to the floor and break the radiant mass into several thousand fragments. Already the spun glass manufacturers have won favour and America will soon follow the fashion, introducing the *toupeé* with a high mirror finish.



THE COMIC SUPPLEMENT

THE kindergarten teachers have made public their unfavourable opinion of the comic supplement, as seen in our Saturday newspapers. This is a matter which concerns most women throughout the country, and their views on the subject should be expressed in such a form and with such frequency as to influence editorial policy. Most of this comic "stuff" is bought from United States syndicates and is yellow journalism for

juveniles. Ridicule of the aged, the infirm and of those in positions of authority is expressed in the coarsest and most pernicious form. Slang and vulgarity are the unvarying qualities of the comic supplement. Clean fun and decent sport are not to be found on the pages on which "Buster Brown" and kindred barbarians disport themselves. Of course, those who dislike these vulgarities will be accused of a lack of humour. Heaven help the citizens who find the Saturday supplement a fount of amusement! If a man is known by what he laughs at and what he encourages his boy to laugh at, then Canadian wit is in danger of serious deterioration, judging by the circulation of the comic supplement. The best Canadian journals have not yet adopted these sordid features, but there are so many lesser publications which have made Saturday night hideous with them, that the action of the kindergarten teachers is highly necessary. Fun must be provided for the small person, but it need not be associated with bad art and worse morals.



THE SPANISH PRINCE

THE small heir to the Spanish throne has been burdened with a whole paragraph of names, but he will probably be referred to by the public as Prince Alfonso. It really seems hardly fair to inflict such high-sounding titles on a tiny mortal, but the infant is said to be a sturdy little chap, in spite of his honours, and to be a Saxon rather than a Spaniard. The grand-daughters of Queen Victoria have a *penchant* for thrones, and most of them appear to lead fairly peaceable lives, except, perhaps, the Czarina, who cannot enjoy the doubtful splendours of her rigidly-guarded palaces. It was generally understood that King Alfonso and his bride were fond of each other in a good, old-fashioned way, while Madrid and the world outside sunny Spain have taken unusual interest in the princelet who gives that long-disturbed kingdom assurance of a royal succession.

Jean Graham.



SUGGESTIVE STORIES

OUR mothers and grandmothers often say that the young people of to-day are much more immodest than the young people were of fifty or even twenty-five years ago. Perhaps what they say is true. At any rate, there is no general mock modesty in this age. But the desire not to make a mockery of modesty can be very easily carried too far, and as a result we frequently see young girls and young women submitting to conditions that would have been regarded as indignities a generation ago. To some persons who have passed through the rigid school of propriety and decency the perfect *sang froid* with which young people listen to suggestive dialogue on the stage and read even worse off the stage is amazing. Of course, it must be admitted that it cannot be said with absolute certainty that openness in these things is wrong. An ingenious person has said that a suggestive remark cannot harm one who is too young or too unsophisticated to understand it, while, on the other hand, the one who does understand its significance is proof against its sting. But whether the general effect is for good or for evil, there are some places where one might reasonably feel free from encountering anything that one would not care to see or repeat in "mixed" company. Among these places might be mentioned the church, the high-class newspapers and periodicals, and the magazines that pretend to be fit for the home. If a man goes to a theatre, no matter with whom he goes, he may expect to hear subjects discussed that he would not care to discuss at home, unless he has attended the same perform-

ance before and knows that nothing objectionable will be heard. But the theatre has a reputation for that kind of thing. So have some magazines and some newspapers. But when a man buys a magazine like *The Ladies' Home Journal*, he expects it to contain nothing that any member of his family need fear to read aloud. But even in this outstanding instance of where decency might reasonably be expected to prevail the brand of immodesty can be found. In that journal there is a department called "That Reminds Me." It contains stories, jokes and anecdotes that have "gone the rounds," and is a first-rate idea. But when its columns contain stories or alleged jokes that should *not* remind one, particularly in the family circle, it is no wonder that some of the subscribers complain. We should not concern ourselves in this way if *The Ladies' Home Journal* did not make exalted pretensions, or if it did not have a good circulation in Canada. Perhaps suggestive stories and anecdotes are in good form in the best families in the United States, but they have not yet reached that distinction in Canada.

It is not a pleasant duty to accuse in this way so generally excellent a publication as *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and some persons might regard this as a good free advertisement, but all who read the department referred to know that it frequently contains the kind of joke that is relished in the clubroom but that is not tolerated in the home. It is almost unfair to merely generalise and to not give a sample of the objectionable joke, but to give a sample would be a repetition of the offence. However, in the June number, for instance,

there is a story of a woman who left her sleeping apartment in a railway car, and who was to locate it again by the guidance of her husband's foot sticking out beneath the curtain. The rest of the story is well known in the clubs and hotel corridors. It might be said that it is absurd to cut hairs in this way, that the story is all right. If the story is suggestive, it should not be given to unsuspecting readers. If it is not suggestive, then, it has no point, and therefore no excuse for publication.

If in high-class publications we cannot escape the weaknesses of the day, where can we escape them?



STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

AS the season for strawberry shortcake is about to open, it might not be out of place to make a few observations on the prospect. It must be admitted that every one is interested in strawberry shortcake, especially the June brides, for to them it will be the first real test of their domestic capabilities. It must be admitted also, and everybody knows it, that strawberry shortcake is an extremely fickle quantity. It can be very approachable and responsive one day and very crusty and stony-hearted the next. In most cases it is a misnomer. It really should be called cake shortstrawberry. That, at least, would be a good name for it on the bills of fare in the restaurants. To the June bride that name is recommended for contemplation. If the June bride wishes to make a good impression at the outset, immediately on the return from the honeymoon, she should go long on the strawberries and short on the cake. She should actually steep the cake part in the strawberry part. She should do even more than that; she should smother it, literally obliterate it. Then she could sit back and admire the smile on the indulgent husband's countenance. But if she thinks she could balance the thing, make it even a half-and-half concoction, she is walking on the edge of a precipice. Because there is no neutral ground in the strawberry shortcake. There is no sitting on the fence, like there is in a political contest.

It must be for or against. In other words, it must be strawberry shortcake or cake shortstrawberry. The safer to try is the former, of course in its original meaning, because any man, single or married, can buy the latter at a restaurant. Any man can sit down and smack his lips over the bill of fare, and then see the thing brought in. We confess that we do not expect to notice much change in it this year from what it was last year, unless the June brides should take our advice. But it matters little to us, after all, whether they do or not, because we are outclassed anyway, not being in the June bride class. So we shall have to resort once again to the restaurant and regard with accustomed lassitude the deep layers of indifferent cake, with sticky icing on top to keep the row of half-cooked strawberries from falling off—in short, to pay the price in the hope of getting something different from cake shortstrawberry.



TWO CASES IN COURT

WE have seen of late before the courts in Ontario at least two cases that have made possible the publication in the daily press details of revolting practices and lamentable procedure. The one was at Cayuga, where a woman was dismissed on a charge of having poisoned her husband by giving him strychnine when he was ill in bed. The other was at Orangeville, where a man was allowed to go on suspended sentence after he had pleaded guilty to criminal responsibility for the death of a woman whose shame he and she both wished to hide. There was a tendency to criticise the first case because of a feeling that the Crown servants had been too eager to convict, while the second case aroused a great deal of comment because it was alleged that the servants of the Crown had been too ready to let go.

The evidence in the first case certainly does show that some of those who worked for the Crown were not sufficiently conscious of the fact that a woman's life was at stake, and that extreme measures were being taken to convict her on circumstantial evidence of a very uncertain

character. It is admitted by the medical profession that the symptoms of strychnine poisoning might vary greatly, that there might be similar symptoms from various causes, and that had not the woman been able to engage what is regarded as the cleverest counsel in the Province, she very likely would have been found guilty, although she is now regarded as innocent. In this case, therefore, we see that owing to professional zeal an innocent woman was subjected to a most trying ordeal and that she barely escaped a terrible fate.

The other case is exactly opposite: A man who admitted guilt was allowed to go because of some pre-arrangement with the officers of the Crown, or because of some influence that had been brought to bear on them. There is also another point in this case: A druggist who was accused of complicity in the crime escaped trial because of a technicality. His own evidence showed that he had had some connection with the affair, but because he had given his evidence before the grand jury in the case of the first man charged with the crime, it was decided that he could not be brought to trial himself on the same charge. This is serious business, and it tends to shake public confidence in what we have been proud to refer to as the majesty of the law. It merely helps to convince that wherever there is an influential purpose, guilty persons can escape penalty. Money is regarded as the most potent factor in cases before the law. But there seems to be other influences besides money. Money can in most cases bring up a technicality, a thing that is in law either a great curse or a great blessing. Poor men, or those who have no influential friends, have no resort to this legal refuge, because they cannot employ lawyers astute enough to locate it and influential enough to cling to it. At any rate, if, according to law, a guilty man can escape because he happens to give evidence before the grand jury on a parallel case, the law should be changed, and without delay. The thing is absurd, while its possibilities are monstrous. There is also the other point in this case, the pre-arrange-

ment with the officers of the Crown. We see a good deal of that kind of business. How often a case is dropped because what is called the prosecutor does not want to prosecute, when, as a matter of fact, the Crown is the real prosecutor, and must be so held and regarded by the people. If a man commits a theft he is responsible to the Crown, and not to the person from whom he steals. Whether the person from whom he steals has personal feelings in the case or not, there has been an offence against society, and society must look to the officers of the Crown to do their duty.



NEXT DOOR TO A CRANK

IT is unfortunate for anyone in a city or town to live next door to a crank, especially if it happens to be a rainy season. Grass will grow faster during a rainy season than ordinarily, but no matter how fast it grows the crank will always keep his lawn, back and front, cropped down close, without even the skeleton of a dandelion in sight. That places a terrible responsibility on the unfortunate neighbours. It is necessary in order to "keep up appearances," to rise of a morning just as early as the crank, to do just as much cutting and just as much digging and just as much sweating. It would not be so bad if the crank did not go to undue pains in trimming the whiskers around the edges of the lawn and sidewalks. The trimming takes almost as much time as the main cutting. Anyway, it would look fairly well just as it is if the crank would only let his go too. But the crank is continually and incessantly thinking out some new way to improve his front and "fix up" his back. He is never satisfied to let well enough alone. He paints his steps, and of course we have to paint ours. Then he goes at the window frames and the eaves. In fact, it is a very dry day when the "wet paint" sign cannot be seen somewhere about his premises. Paint and close-cut grass are all right in their way, but when it comes to fancy receptacles for garbage and to wild cucumber vines on the back fence, we begin to feel that he is carrying the lead a little

tôo far. We admire his wish to keep his place looking spick and span, but he really should have some consideration for his neighbours. A sugar barrel has always been good enough for our garbage. Then why not let it be a sugar barrel? But, no, the crank must get a fancy receptacle, perhaps a patented affair. Any person could see the position that places us in. We are quite satisfied as it is, but we are not going to be put in the shade like that just for a dollar or two—it is not just the place yet to draw the line. We have kept up with him so far, but now we do draw the line: we refuse to compete with him in the raising of fancy chickens in the cellar. If we all had a shed each, the possibilities of the fancy chicken competition would be very attractive. As time went on we could enliven the neighbourhood by introducing some pheasants and guinea fowl. Of course, the lack of a shed precludes further consideration of that, except perhaps to observe that only a crank would be willing to turn his cellar into a hen coup.



A NEW MUSICAL JOURNAL

MR. E. R. PARKHURST, the well-known musical critic of Toronto, has widened the scope of his publication heretofore known as *The Violin*, and a new number has appeared under the name of *Musical Canada*. The change has effected a decided improvement, and it is expected that the new publication will soon be regarded as an authority on musical subjects in Canada. Mr. Parkhurst has exceptional qualifications for conducting a journal of that kind. *Musical Canada* will appear monthly.



THE CONFEDERATION NUMBER

IN this number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is seen the result of an effort to mark the passing of the fortieth anniversary of Confederation. Several of the articles bear directly on the event. Mr. John Lewis, who contributes an appreciation of the Fathers of Confederation, has been for many years a leading writer in Canadian journalism,

and therefore his observations are interesting as well as informing and timely. Mr. H. V. Ross, who sketches the nine ladies who have presided over the gubernatorial residence at Ottawa since Confederation, is a Ph.D. of Harvard, and a journalist of excellent standing in Saskatchewan. Mr. J. E. B. McCready, who writes on Journalism at Confederation, is well known to those who read THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. He is one of Prince Edward Island's oldest and ablest writers. The article on banking deals with the growth of a leading financial institution which was founded contemporaneously with Confederation.



THE PENALTY OF RELATIONSHIP

THE case that has been before the courts at Boise, Idaho, for some time comes home rather pertinently to Canadians when it is learned that the self-confessed murderer, the inestimable villain of the whole outrage, hailed from an Ontario town. But it is no disgrace to the people of Canada, it is no reflection on them. It gives opportunity, however, for the hounding out of relatives of that man and the making known of their names and the places where they live. That is one of the lamentable abuses of relationship, and it is seldom counterbalanced by the merits of the same connection. If some man commits murder, why should his brother, or his son, or his father be singled out as marked men? But they are more likely to be singled out than they would be if the relative had saved a man's life or performed some other heroic act. Is it a weakness of some newspapers? Or is it an inherent weakness of the people who like to read such things? Whichever it is, no pride should be taken in it. The person whose relative has gone astray usually finds it hard enough to carry his sorrow secretly or before his friends, but when the newspapers proclaim his kinship to the criminal the burden is increased ten-fold. It is gratifying to know that some newspapers do not stoop to so low a level in order to pander to a vulgar taste, and it is to be hoped that others will join with them.



THREE books of more than passing interest by Canadian writers have come to the reviewers during the month. One is a novel by Mr. Wilfred Campbell, entitled "Ian of the Arcades." Mr. Basil King contributes "The Giant's Strength" to current fiction, while Mr. Peter McArthur presents a book of poetry entitled "The Prodigal and Other Poems." These volumes are well worthy of attention.



MR. CAMPBELL'S NOVEL

MR. WILFRED CAMPBELL, who has a national reputation in Canada as a poet and descriptive writer, is now bidding for place as a popular novelist, having recently published a romantic Scottish tale entitled "Ian of the Arcades" (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company, Cloth, \$1.25 net). Perhaps, unfortunately for one of his temperament, he has selected the romantic, chivalrous style of novel, taking the North Sea coast of Scotland in the time of Robert the Third as his scene of action, but nevertheless the result ranks him, if not with the first novelists of the day, at least with distinction among the increasing group who make of the picturesqueness of hand-to-hand combat, a fair maid, gallantry, honour and the sword, opportunity for the transposition of common property and for the entertainment of those who enjoy the excitement of daring and danger, spiced with mystery. "Ian of the Arcades" is told in the first person, and is, therefore, the self-told experiences of one who, although of noble birth, lives during the most formative years in obscurity and simplicity, but who suddenly comes face to face with humiliation of the most trying kind, with rebuffs and stinging reflections, the result of which, instead of firing him to revenge, kindles within his breast a spirit of ad-

mirable toleration and stupendous self-sacrifice. The account is made simply, as by one who has no wish to arouse interest by fine words and glowing pictures, and it is in that respect that it will likely have distinction in its class, the distinction of restrained diction and conception rather than of great popularity. In many ways, however, it is a story that will appeal to popular favour. "Ian of the Arcades" is the name that goes with the earldom of Girnigoe. When the story begins the castle is held by a man who, on an unwarrantable excuse, prompted by an intriguing priest, set aside his lawful wife and married another, letting the first go away to rear in obscurity the son who should be, and who in turn is proved to be, the rightful heir to the large estate at Girnigoe. This outcast scion of a great race tells the story, starting it at about the time of his mother's death, when he, but a mere lad, accidentally meets in with his own half-brother, Lord Hugh of Girnigoe, and is by him escorted to the castle, where he is tolerated to remain with a standing that allows him to sit at table barely "above the salt," or a step higher than the hired retainers. Hereafter the recital affords an intimate acquaintance with life at the stronghold of a feudal lord in those days, and reveals the sufferings and humiliations of a sensitive nature in the midst of cruelty, intrigue and deadly combat. Between the intruder and Lord Hugh develops an almost brotherly affection, and the romance appears when it is seen that both are in love with a charming maiden of the nobility, Lady Margaret Seton, who had been carried off to Girnigoe Castle from a neighbouring castle that had been stormed and sacked by the older Ian of the Arcades. Shortly after the storming of this castle the Earl of Girnigoe dies, and Lord Hugh succeeds him. Soon it is announced that the

new earl is betrothed to Lady Margaret, and young Ian has to nurse his love in secret. Before the marriage takes place Girnigoe Castle is captured in the King's name, and the new earl is taken prisoner and condemned to death. Ian, out of love for Lady Margaret, secretly takes his half-brother's place in prison, and barely escapes the death penalty. But in the end he returns to Girnigoe Castle as the recognised Ian of the Arcades. The estate is restored to him, and he wins also the love of Lady Margaret. While this story, as told by Mr. Campbell, has many excellent points, one cannot help regretting the loss of so good an opportunity to produce an extraordinary novel.



"THE GIANT'S STRENGTH"

MR. BASIL KING, who is a Prince Edward Islander, has had his third novel published under the title "The Giant's Strength" (New York: Harper & Brothers. Cloth, \$1.50 net). The giant proves to be none other than a great American coal baron, the richest man in the world. The scene of the story shifts back and forth between Paris and Monte Carlo, the giant, Paul Trafford by name, and his family, having found it more pleasant to live abroad than to stay at home and be at the mercy of those whom the giant has ruined financially. One of Trafford's commercial victims was Roger Winship, whose son goes to Paris to pursue his art as a portrait painter, and there he makes a good reputation. The daughter, Paula, of the multi-millionaire Paul Trafford is introduced by her betrothed husband, the Duke of Wiltshire, to the artist, and when she learns of his history and of the part her father had to play in his father's ruination, she attempts to make some reparation by having young Winship paint her portrait for eight thousand francs. As a result of the sittings for the portrait the artist and his patron fall in love, and as the engagement with the duke had already been agreeably broken off, Paula promises to marry the son of her father's one-time greatest enemy. A series of intensely dramatic situations follow; first, when the giant hears of his daughter's choice, and again

when the struggling artist refuses to marry the girl unless she will go to him penniless, because he regards as blood-money the dower that her father would bestow. The rigidity with which the young couple cling to what they believe to be honourable conduct in the circumstances, and the final subjection of the giant, afford opportunity for good work. Although the work is scarcely brilliant, it is of absorbing interest, and sanely conceived and carried out.



A VOLUME OF GOOD POETRY

"THE Prodigal and Other Poems" (New York: Mitchell Kennerley. Cloth, \$1) is the title of a collection of verse by Mr. Peter McArthur, a Canadian who has been living "across the line" but who has been kept in mind by his occasional contributions to the magazines. His book was looked forward to with a good deal of interest by reviewers on "this side," and it proves to be a noteworthy collection of fine, limpid poetry. But poetry is something that cannot very well be described; it is in that respect like a pudding. Therefore it is worth while making a quotation from Mr. McArthur's work:

THE PRODIGAL

Last night the boy came back to me again,
The laughing boy, all-credulous of good—
Long lost, far wandered in the ways of men,
He came and roused me with an olden mood.
He came the lover and enthusiast,
Shook off my years and with enlightened
eyes
Smiled at the shadow that the world had cast,
And looked at life with all the old surprise;
And I, the slave of patience, took him in,
Gave him my heart and bade him welcome
home,
Thrilled with his dreams of all I yet may win—
Allured again in golden paths to roam,
And now I know life has no greater joy
Than, having lived, to be once more a boy.



ANOTHER BOOK ON LABRADOR

ALL who have read "The Lure of the Labrador Wild," by Dillon Wallace, will be interested in knowing that the author recently completed a second volume dealing with the work that the indomitable explorer, Leonidas Hubbard, was unable to complete owing to his death by starva-

tion in that inhospitable land. The title of the new book is "The Long Labrador Trail" (Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Company. Cloth, \$1.50 net). It will be remembered that Mr. Wallace accompanied Mr. Hubbard on the first expedition, and it may therefore be seen how exceptionally well equipped he was to write about Labrador, particularly as after the first expedition failed, he returned and completed the work that he and Mr. Hubbard had undertaken. That work was to penetrate the Labrador Peninsula from Groswater Bay, following the old northern trail of the Mountaineer Indians from Northwest River Post of the Hudson's Bay Company, one hundred and forty miles inland from the east coast, to Lake Michikamau, thence through the lake and northward over the divide, where he hoped to locate the head waters of the George River. It was his intention to pass down this river until he reached the hunting camps of the Nenenot or Nascapsee Indians, there witness the annual migration of the caribou to the eastern sea coast, to be present at the "killing," when the Indians, it had been reported, secured their winter's supply of provisions by spearing the caribou while the herds were swimming the river. The caribou hunt over, he was to return to the St. Lawrence or retrace his steps to Northwest River Post, whichever might seem advisable. Should the season, however, be too far advanced to admit of a safe return, he was to proceed down the river to its mouth at Ungava Bay, and return to civilisation in winter with dogs. The foregoing is the plan that Mr. Wallace adopted, and the pages of his extremely interesting book are intended to show the success that attended his efforts. The book contains more than three hundred pages and it contains many full-page illustrations reproduced from photographs taken during the expedition.



"GHETTO COMEDIES"

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, the great interpreter of the moods, ambitions, degradations and deprivations of the widely scattered branches of the Jewish race, is so generally read just now that

the mere announcement of another volume from his pen entitled "Ghetto Comedies" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50) should be sufficient to interest all who are acquainted with this writer's subtle technique and clever diction. After all is said and done, the Jew is a wonderfully picturesque personality. His whole history is full of dramatic possibilities, of even tragic realities. The greatest of writers have made use of him, but it was left for one of his own to become his real interpreter as he is in our modern day. Mr. Zangwill calls his latest output comedies, but while there is in this series of short stories much that is comical and grotesque, there is much also of the tragedy that distinguishes the work that first brought the writer into prominence. One might naturally suppose that Mr. Zangwill, being a Jew himself, would be inclined to hide the failings and shortcomings of his race, but that is not so, for he draws his likenesses from real life, and, being a true artist, he does not omit the shadows. His work is something more than mere stories; it is a study of the great problems that confront the Jewish race.



A SOUL STRIPPED BARE

IN the great mass of fiction that is rolling from the presses nowadays one turns with gratification to the work of so splendid a writer as Signor Antonio Fogazzaro, whose trilogy of great novels has made his name famous all over the world. This trilogy made appearance in the following order: "The Patriot," "The Sinner," and "The Saint." "The Sinner" just recently came out in Canada (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.25). The three volumes comprise a study of the life of a single individual, Piero Marioni, but any one of them is in itself a complete exposition of a particular stage of development, and can therefore stand alone. The one to which attention is now being drawn is entitled "The Man of the World" (The Sinner), and it purports to show Marioni's life while he was subject to the besetting passions of human kind. "The Saint" deals with this character after the higher

aspirations have mastered degrading desires of the flesh. There is more in these novels than mere entertainment; there is the minute dissection of a man's inner self, a baring of the secret processes of the soul. Perhaps the work is too far above the ordinary to ever become popular. From a careful perusal of the pages, it is apparent that the author is hoping to arouse the leaders in the Roman Catholic Church to an appreciation of modern thought and modern insight into the teachings of Christianity, and by adopting a liberal policy to stem the tide of skepticism that is threatening the Church at its very fountain head. There is also an insight into Italian political life and the methods by which the public men override the common people. The story, apart from its connections, is that of a young man, Marioni, unhappily married to a woman who has been committed to an asylum for the insane, and a young woman who has lived but six months with her husband. Between these two there develops a fierce and almost consuming passion, but we see in Marioni a fight between his ascetic nature and his sensual nature. The young woman believes that she is not an evil influence in Marioni's life and that their love is innocent and pure. From so great a temptation as that Marioni flies to a monastery, and thus we have the last link in the trilogy, "The Saint."



MEREDITH NICHOLSON'S LATEST

"THE Port of Missing Men," by Meredith Nicholson (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25), is the work of an American writer who came suddenly to the front as the author of "The House of a Thousand Candles." It deals with the adventures of a young Austrian of exalted lineage who, having lived in America, in Western Canada to be precise, for some years, returned to Vienna and at once became an actor in a drama of politics and intrigue, beginning in Austria and ending in Virginia. The succession to the Austrian throne is in jeopardy, and the hero of the tale, having become Americanised and having assumed the name of John Armitage, carries the scene of action to America, because he, as

well as the chief intriguer, are more than ordinarily concerned about the disposition of an American girl named Shirley Claiborne. The young man's identity and the mystery that surrounds all his actions are so well controlled by the author that the story becomes decidedly interesting, even if not at all convincing. Although it is tight full of absurd situations, it could scarcely be attacked on that ground, because the author himself openly avows that it is the result of unbridled flights of imagination. Its very lack of substantial qualities makes it an attractive novel to take on a holiday trip.



THE JEWISH RACE

WITHOUT doubt one of the most interesting branches of humanity either in modern or ancient times is the Jewish race, which is also one of the least understood. Much interest therefore attaches to a book written by Dr. David Philipson, and entitled "The Reform Movement in Judaism" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$2 net). Dr. Philipson is the author also of "The Jew in Modern Fiction," and he seems to be thoroughly in sympathy with the picturesqueness and importance of what might be called the phenomenon of the modern Jewish movement. He traces the movement to what he considers to be its source in Germany, and discusses its development in that country as well as in Hungary, Austria, England and the United States. He finds that it has reached its highest development in the United States. The volume is large, making about 600 pages. The material first appeared in a series of articles published in the *Jewish Quarterly Review*.



A NOVEL OF TREMENDOUS ACTION

ONE of the most absorbing and best contrived stories of its kind is Louis Joseph Vance's latest novel entitled "The Brass Bowl" (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25). That is not saying that its kind is the best. Like many novels that are being published in the United States just now, it is extremely melodramatic and full of intensely exciting

action. There is an affinity between it and the play called "The Lion and the Mouse," but the book has the play outdone in some respects. A young New York gentleman of much wealth, Daniel Maitland, is warned by his attorney that a celebrated burglar named Anisty is at large and that it would be well for him to remove the family jewels from the antiquated safe at his country residence. Maitland decides to go out that very night, and arrives at the house shortly after midnight. He is just in time to surprise a burglar in the act of examining the safe, and when he suddenly turns the electric light on he comes face to face with an extremely captivating young woman in whom he had already had occasion to take more than usual interest, although he had no knowledge of her identity. She mistakes him for Anisty, the burglar, and he to gratify the whim of the moment, passes as such. Together they begin to rifle the safe, having extinguished the lights. While they are at work they hear a suspicious noise, and turning on the lights behold the real Anisty standing in the very room with them. Anisty and Maitland resemble each other so closely that even the servants are deceived, and so the possibilities of so clever a beginning may be imagined.



A PECULIAR PEOPLE

A SECOND edition of Aylmer Maude's book, "A Peculiar People: The Doukhobors," has been published (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.50 net), and it shows a considerable improvement on the first edition. Mr. Maude has made a special study of this unusual communistic people ever since his book first appeared, and as a result some of the impressions he gave then have been modified. As most Canadians know, the placing of 8,000 peasants from the shores of the Black Sea on the free lands of Saskatchewan has been the subject of a good deal of discussion and criticism both in private and in public, and it is safe to say that much of the criticism was not based on a sound understanding of the case. Mr. Maude's book purports to show the Doukhobors just as they were and are and to tend to break

down the barriers of prejudice that have been raised against them. It is a valuable book to Canadians, particularly to those who wish to study the problem of the assimilation of the races on our soil. It is well illustrated.



A ROMANCE OF GREECE

MR. WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS, who has been referred to as the legitimate successor of Gen. Lew Wallace and Sienkiewicz, has written a novel that is attracting a good deal of attention. It is entitled "A Victor of Salamis" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50). This is his sixth novel, and it is easily his best. It deals with one of the most radiant periods of history, that of classic Greece, and is marked by excellent romance and stirring action. The principal character is a young athlete who wins the wreath of victory at the Isthmian games, and the exciting contests, in which he meets the champions of all Greece, is vivified with remarkable and exciting distinctness. Later, the athlete, through the machinations of enemies, is driven forth from Athens, and the scene shifts to Persia, where the book glows with all the colour and warmth of the Orient at the period of Xerxes' greatest power. This power is turned toward the subjugation of Greece, and gives the hero an opportunity to redeem his name by manly feats of courage at the battle of Salamis and elsewhere.



THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY

THE special spring number of *The Studio* is undoubtedly one of the finest productions of the kind on record. It deals exclusively with the Royal Scottish Academy, and besides giving a history of the academy, there are portraits of distinguished artists whose names have been connected therewith. The number contains a great many full-page reproductions in colours, all of which are extremely fine examples of what can be done in that kind of work nowadays. Most of them seem to contain all the qualities of the originals. The number without doubt shows the highest art of the London engravers. The history of the Royal Scottish Academy is particularly interesting.

What Others are Laughing at

AT BRIDGE

SHE still sits at bridge at midnight
As the clocks are striking the hour;
Nor thoughts of her home or her family
To move her have the power.

How often, oh, how often,
Summer and winter through,
Has she sat thus at bridge at midnight—
Aye, sometimes till one and two.

And how often, oh, how often
Through the golden hours of day
Has she striven with others like her
For purse or prize at play!

And forever and forever,
While this fad our fair land sweeps,
Will she bridge the interval daily
'Twixt the time she wakes and sleeps.

So, she sits still at bridge at midnight,
And pride in her bosom stirs,
For she holds the best score of a series
And the tournament trophy is hers!

—Caroline Mischka Roberts in *Life*.



CHANGING THE NATURE OF THE CASE

—*Life*.



"What is the trouble with him?"
"Same old trouble—er woman at de
bottom of it."—*Selected*.



SUPPOSE SHE HAD BEEN OUT?

"WHAT day was I born on, mother?"
"Thursday, child."
"Wasn't that fortunate! It's your day
'at home'."—*Harper's Weekly*.



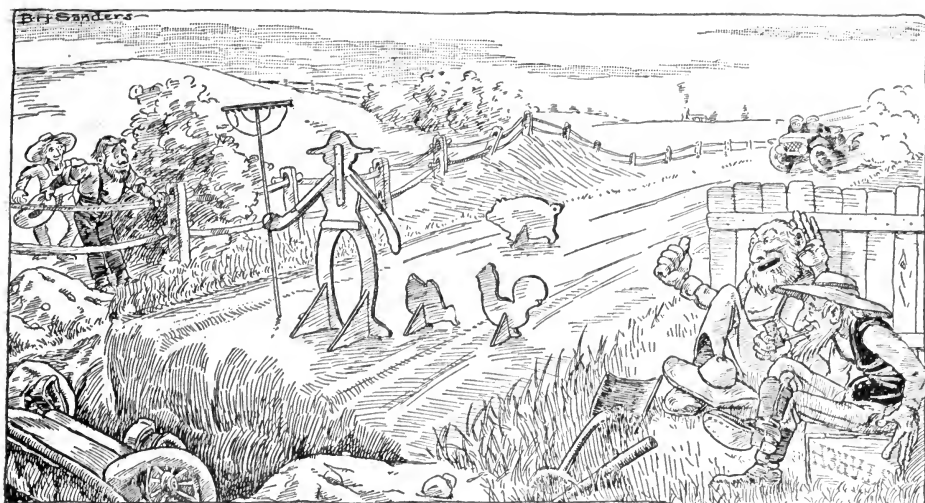
THE EVILS OF TIGHT LACING

"DEAR Sirs,—Will you please send
me, on receipt of this, one pair of
'—' Corsets. I want no other. I
have worn a pair for nearly two years,
and only one bone broken."—*Natal
Mercury*.



MACDONALD'S PRAYER

GOD bless a' ta Macdonalds, and her
sons' sons and her daughters' daugh-
ters for a thousand years lang syne. Be
gracious to send us mountains o' snuff and
tobacco, and rivers of whusky—ta very
finest whusky. Bless ta wee steer and



DECOYS—SPORT AT TURNIP CENTRE

—Life

mak him a big coo again Martimas; ta wee soo, too, and mak him a big hog likewise. Send us barley, kale, and corn prodeegous. Bless you, Rory, and you, Lauchie, and you, Peter. And, O Lord, if ye hae onything mair to gie, dinna gie it to ta Irish, but gie it to thine ain chosen people, the Scotch, and thine shall be ta glory for evermore. Amen.—*Selected.*



ONCE WAS ENOUGH

A GOOD Samaritan, passing an apartment-house in the small hours of the morning, noticed a man leaning limply against the doorway.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Drunk?"

"Yep."

"Do you live in this house?"

"Yep."

"Do you want me to help you up-stairs?"

"Yep."

With much difficulty he half dragged, half carried the drooping figure up the stairway to the second floor.

"What floor do you live on?" he asked. "Is this it?"

"Yep."

Rather than face an irate wife who might, perhaps, take him for a companion

more at fault than her spouse, he opened the first door he came to and pushed the limp figure in.

The good Samaritan groped his way down stairs again. As he was passing through the vestibule he was able to make out the dim outlines of another man, apparently in worse condition than the first one.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Are you drunk, too?"

"Yep," was the feeble reply.

"Do you live in this house, too?"

"Yep."

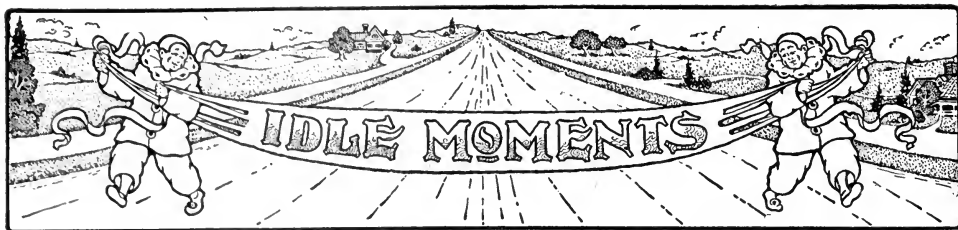
"Shall I help you up-stairs?"

"Yep."

The good Samaritan pushed, pulled and carried him to the second floor, where this man also said he lived. He opened the same door and pushed him in.

As he again reached the front door he discerned the shadow of a third man, evidently worse off than either of the other two. He was about to approach him when the object of his solicitude lurched out into the street and threw himself into the arms of a passing policeman.

"For heaven's sake, off'cer," he gasped, "protect me from that man. He's done nothin' all night long but carry me up-stairs 'n throw me down th' elevator shaf'."—*Everybody's Magazine.*



NATURE ON THE RAMPAGE

IN the course of my career in the far West it has been my fortune to see many wonderful sights, but none has impressed me so strongly as the breaking up of the ice in the Peace River in the spring of 1888. The spectacle remains indelibly engraved on my mind as the grandest and wildest that I have ever witnessed. The spring of that year was the latest recorded in the annals of Fort Vermilion. Throughout the month of April there had been a constant succession of cold easterly winds, which bore in their breath no promise of coming warmth, and the first day of May dawned on a landscape white with the snows of winter, and on a river held fast in the grip of the Frost King. The ice, indeed, varied from four to five feet in thickness and was far sounder than it had been in the middle of December. Notwithstanding these gloomy conditions, signs had not been altogether wanting that a change was at hand. For some days streams of water of a milky colour had been trickling slowly along the margins of both banks, whilst the sub-glacial mutterings, which ever and anon awakened echoes in the silent hills, gave audible evidence of the contest which was being waged between the forces of the rival seasons. In the far West climatic and physical changes arise with amazing force and rapidity, but, watchful as we were for surprises of almost any description, we were scarcely prepared for the terrific spectacle which was so soon to confront us.

Fort Vermilion, it may here be mentioned, has been an established post of the Hudson's Bay Company since the early days of the 19th century. It is the seat of the English Church Bishopric of Athabasca, and also contains an important Roman Catholic Mission, and the Irene Training School. At the time of which

I write I occupied the position of officer in charge of the post.

On Sunday morning, May 7th, as I was taking my morning walk along the river, I became aware of an ominous change in its appearance. Water was running freely along its sides, whilst roars as of distant thunder, borne down from far distant reaches, betokened the approach of the long looked for freshet. My previous experiences, however, led me to expect no immediate danger, so I sauntered slowly homewards and told my clerk to go to church whilst I stayed to look after the Company's property.

I was somewhat astray in my calculations. About 11 a.m. a tremendous uproar arose down the river. It was as if innumerable batteries of artillery had discharged their pieces simultaneously. Scarcely had the echoes died away before right below me, and as far as eye could see on either hand, the river heaved and surged with tremendous concussion, and the ice began to move. Truly, it was a magnificent spectacle. Breaking up as if by magic into gigantic floes, which immediately tilted on edge, they moved majestically on, but gathering impetus every moment, until the big disc-like rollers, some of them fifty feet in height, were tearing down stream at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, revolving like circular saws, and sweeping everything before them in their resistless fury. Cottonwood and spruce trees were cut down and splintered into matchwood; huge boulders rolled along like playthings, whilst everywhere along both shores great gaps were made in the banks by the dread engines of devastation. For about the space of half an hour the wonderful procession swept on, and then, all of a sudden, there was a slackening in the advance, the turmoil grew less in volume, the rolling of the ice-floes slower in velocity. At

last came silence and a complete halt—the ice had jammed. Silence, but only the silence of a moment, for with an angry roar, the floes began to pile on top of one another, until within an incredibly short space of time they overtopped the banks and dammed back the down-pouring waters. Within thirty minutes the water rose thirty-five feet, approaching to within one foot of a level with the plain. Fascinated by the sight, I had allowed the time to slip by unheeded, but, awakening at last to a sense of my responsibilities, I rushed back to the house and cried out to my wife to take the children and fly at once to the hills. Hastily snatching up such articles of clothing as she could find, she started off, carrying one child on her back and leading two more by the hand. The servant followed, carrying the others. Meantime those in the settlement who had gone to church were quite unaware of the trend of events outside. The building stood on lower ground than the fort, and before I had time to warn the worshippers of the impending danger, the whole of that portion of the settlement was completely inundated. A stream of water quietly creeping under the door and meandering up the aisle was the first notification that the bishop and congregation received as to the state of affairs. The sermon was hurriedly finished, and clergy and people waded as best they could through three feet of ice-cold water to places of safety in the near-by hills.

Luckily at this juncture the jam burst, so that by the next morning the water had receded from the plain, leaving however a pleasant memento of its visit in the form of a rich deposit of mud from three to six inches in depth. But the worst was yet to come. The ice was still piled up in places as high as ever, and fully expecting another flood which might create complete havoc in our establishment, I had the furs, food and ammunition of the Company removed at once to the higher ground. By nightfall there was nothing of value left in the Hudson's Bay Company's premises. Whilst engaged in this task I had not been unmindful of the missionaries, who, I was convinced, suspecting no further danger, would return at once to their homes in order to make them habitable

for the women. During the preceding night they had made a rough camp amongst the firs, so I proceeded thither to warn them against returning too hastily to their houses. On reaching there I found I was too late—they had already departed.

Throughout the daylight hours of Monday, the river continued to recede rapidly, but at night, when all the settlement was abed, it suddenly and without warning rose again, flooding the plain deeper than ever and bearing on its bosom an indiscriminate mass of tree-trunks, logs, and ice-blocks, which swayed and bounded madly hither and thither in the fell grip of the tremendous torrent. Terrible enough if experienced by daylight, the horror was increased ten-fold by the darkness of the night. Mr. E. J. Lawrence, of the Irene Training School, being the lucky possessor of the only canoe in the settlement, was enabled to convey his own family and a few others to places of safety. But many encountered difficulty and danger in escaping on that eventful night. Perhaps the worst sufferers were the Rev. Malcolm Scott and his family. Forced out of their dwelling by the encroachment of the flood, they stepped out boldly into the waste of icy waters, never knowing at what moment they might be hurled to destruction by impact with an ice-floe or an uprooted tree. Wading in water which sometimes reached to their waists, and even to their arm-pits, they at last managed to reach the Bishop's house. Yet, even there they were by no means secure. Numb with cold and exhaustion, without fire and without light, they crouched together through the long vigil of that dismal night, listening to the grinding and crashing of the floes and timber as they were hurled in tumultuous fury past the house. Who could tell at what moment the capricious current might launch its gigantic bolts at their temporary shelter and carry it away bodily to swell its ever-increasing load? Yet, wonderful to relate, they and everyone else in the settlement escaped scot free. Not a life was lost, not a building destroyed, and within two days the waters had again completely subsided, leaving, as before, in every residence, their unacceptable gift



THE CHINESE FISHING CORMORANTS

These wonderful birds, obtained with great difficulty, being practically Chinese Government property, catch fish, under the direction of their native trainers.

of mud. Many articles of value were destroyed. An organ, which for safe-keeping Mr. Scott and his family had lifted on to a table, was found by them, on their return, lying on the floor, having been floated off its perch by the flood. Across the river greater havoc was recorded, buildings having been swept away and cattle drowned in the unexpected rising of the waters.

For several days after the final subsidence of the river a great band of ice was to be seen completely encircling the church and the residence of the bishop. Not one block of this large mass touched either building, and it seemed as though the very hand of God had set it there as a bulwark and as a mark of His loving watchfulness over the lives of His saints in that remote vineyard.

W. E. Traill



BETWEEN COURSES

By D. J. O'D.

SERVIAN MAIDEN: You say your grandfather was keeper of the king's jewels?

SERVIAN YOUTH: Yes, he was a pawn-broker.



MCDUFF: Why was Samson like a flapjack?

McSNUFF: Because Delilah did him to a turn, I suppose.

THOROUGH PRECAUTIONS

WELL, Jones, what do you do on Sundays?"

"Sundays? Oh, I chain up the dogs, lock up the cattle and the missus and the kids, and after that I go to the 'Purple Pig.' Then the motor-cars can't hurt any of us."



UNANSWERABLE

YOU certainly told me to embrace my privilege."

"Well, but I didn't tell you to embrace my daughter."

"No. But to embrace your daughter is a privilege."



A GENIUS

HOW on earth did Hunker get out of his engagement with Miss Elder after he fell in love with Miss Scadds?"

"It was done by a judicious selection of a birthday present."

"What did he send her?"

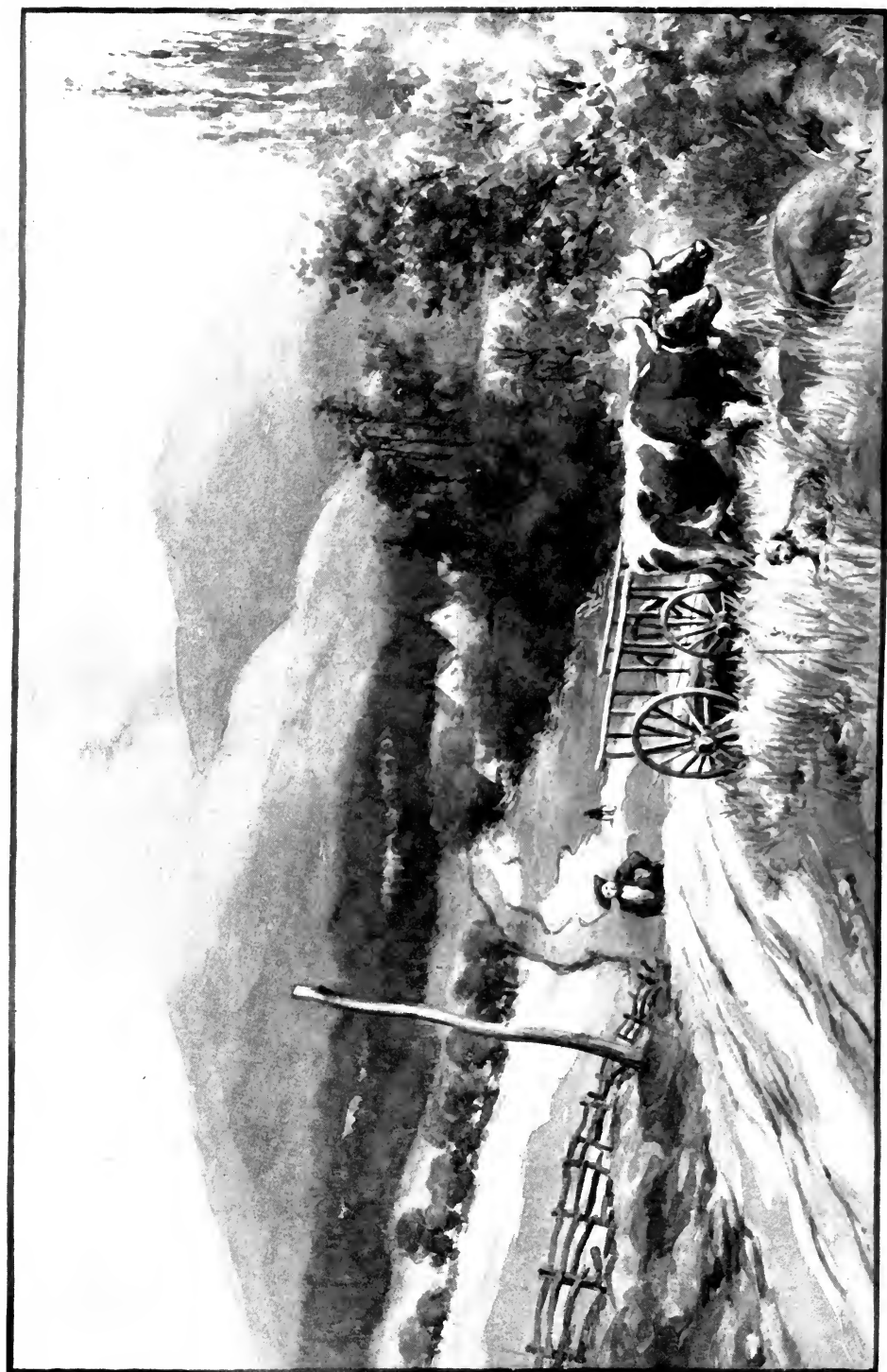
"He sent her a book entitled 'How to Grow Old Gracefully,' and she sent his letters and ring back immediately."



AS OTHERS SEE US

HE: What an awful sack!

SHE: What terrible bags!



Drawn by C. M. Mumby, O.S.A., A.R.C.A.

"A ROAD OF MANY DELIGHTS"

(Between Centerville and Digby, N.S.)

For Descriptive Article, See Page 302

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 4

Party Government

By

Goldwin Smith.

D.C.L.

A pithy review of a system by which "Government becomes standing machinery for the demoralisation of the people."

WITH regard to all subjects of discussion but one, we deem it wise and right to be openminded and dispassionate. That one subject is the government of nations.

Recent events in England have specially directed attention not only to the Irish question or that of the House of Lords, but to the party system of government. In the Irish trouble the country never would have been involved had not the division of Parliament into two hostile parties, and a party leader's desire to force his way back to power, enabled Parnell, with his Irish section, by playing on the balance of parties to bring the United Kingdom to the verge of dissolution. Nothing surely but blind devotion to party could have induced all those British members of Parliament to vote for a bill giving Ireland a Parliament of her own and at the same time a representation in the Parliament of Great Britain, which would have been constantly used in an interest virtually foreign to extort concession from the parties there.

Lord Randolph Churchill was a perfect master of the party system, to which he owed his own extraordinary rise to prominence and power. In his "Life" by his son we read the following:

Some of Lord Randolph's maxims in Opposition are well known. He is often credited with, though he cannot rightly claim, the authorship of the phrase, "The duty of an Opposition is to oppose." Lord Salisbury condemned early in 1883 "the temptation, strong to many politicians, to attempt to gain the victory by bringing into the Lobby men whose principles were divergent, and whose combined forces therefore could not lead to any wholesome victory." "Excellent moralising," observed Lord Randolph, "very suitable to the digestions of country delegates, but one of those Puritanical theories which party leaders are prone to preach on a platform, which has never guided for any length of time the actions of politicians in the House of Commons, and which, whenever apparently put into practice, invariably results in weak and inane proceedings. Discriminations between wholesome and unwholesome victories are idle and impracticable. Obtain the victory, know how to follow it up, and leave the wholesomeness or unwholesome-

ness to critics." His second maxim was as follows: 'Take office only when it suits you, but put the Government in a minority whenever you decently can'; and his third: 'Whenever by an unfortunate concurrence of circumstances an Opposition is compelled to support the Government, the support should be given with a kick, and not with a caress, and should be withdrawn on the first available moment.*

Go into any one of the Assemblies which are called deliberative; how much deliberation will you find? What will you find but volleys of argument or declamation interchanged between the opposite benches without the slightest thought or hope of producing conviction? The press is enslaved by the same influences, on which its organs depend for circulation, though it fondly flatters itself that it is free.

Burke's apologetic definition of party is well known, and is always quoted in defence of the system. "Party is a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavours the national interest, upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed." The oracle does not tell us how a principle of sufficient importance to unite half the nation and warrant its antagonism to the other half is always to be found, and how, when the question has been settled, as all questions of policy must sooner or later be, its place can be filled so as to make the combination still rational and moral; or if the party is disbanded, how a new party is to be formed, and party-government carried on.

Burke's political philosophy seems in this, as in some other cases, to have been in some degree inspired by the occasion. When, by the defeat of the last Pretender, the conflict between the Hanoverian adherents of constitutional government and the Stuart adherents of monarchical government had been brought to a close, parties, having no longer distinctive principles, broke up into cliques or connections, each with some magnate at its head, caballing and conspiring against each other for power. An era of intrigue and corruption very dangerous to national character and interests ensued. To this Chatham strove to put an end in the obvious way, by the formation of a national government. But Burke, a follower

of Rockingham, wanted the Rockingham connection, "party" as he called it, to be in power. Later on, upon the eve of the rupture with France, the apologist of party himself left his party, broke openly with its leader, and assailed its policy with violence, almost with frenzy, in his *Essay on the French Revolution*.

People sometimes talk as though there were no practicable or even conceivable system of government but party. They are like the British footman who thought blue absurd as a uniform except for the artillery or the Horse Guards Blue. There were governments in England before there were party cabinets; that of Edward I for example, and that of Burleigh and Walsingham, under the name of Elizabeth, which carried the country safe through the terrible crisis of the Reformation and the war with the Catholic powers. There was a government, very short-lived, but great in performance while it lasted, that of the Protectorate; wrecked by storms and adverse accidents, the death of the Protector, and the turbulence of the army chiefs, almost in port; yet great while it lasted. The "Instrument of Government," which will be found in Whitelock's *Memorials*, deserves study, for its principles apart from its details. It is the work of profound politicians and men who, although they had taken arms against autocratic and sacerdotal reaction, were not revolutionary in temperament but the reverse. It will be found on inspection to be a notable effort to combine the stability and impartiality of government, to which party is adverse, with the recognition of the elective principle and the due influence of public opinion.

In England party government had its temporary justification. William III tried hard to govern impartially with a coalition cabinet. But the Jacobites were in correspondence with St. Germain's, and he very reluctantly formed an exclusive cabinet of the Whigs. The necessity of excluding Jacobites, or Tories as they were thenceforth called, from the government continued till after Culloden.

There must be only two parties, otherwise government breaks down, and there ensues a chaotic conflict of sections, such

*Life I, 233

as has been producing a ridiculous series of ephemeral governments in France. Government is always weak, and is always driven to intrigue or demagogism for temporary support. But political intellect and political speculation are now active, opinions are divergent, and it is impossible to shut up in one penfold enough political sheep to give a government a safe majority. It can be done at least only by compromise of principle.

The government majority at present in England, though numerically large, is really made up of sections most imperfectly united, as they have just shown by breaking on a vital question. A commonwealth cannot rest for ever on such a basis.

It is in the United States perhaps that the system is carried to its greatest extreme and its consequences are most plainly revealed. There two great organised factions carry on a continual contest for power, each of them making up a new platform before the Presidential election, and shifting their policies, so that one who had seen the Republican party, for instance, forty years ago, would hardly recognise it now. The obvious consequence is sacrifice of the national interests to those of faction. When the military pension list was instituted, an annual cost of about \$25,000,000 was talked of as the amount. Now, forty years after the principal war, the annual cost is about \$140,000,000; and an act has just been passed, without opposition, which will cause an addition of \$20,000,000 at least, some say a

good deal more. The *Congressional Record* still swarms with private pension bills, which go through as a matter of course. Everybody knows and owns in private that this is party bidding at the cost of the nation for the soldiers' vote. In public not a single politician has dared to say an honest word. Both parties in their platforms, on the contrary, applaud the system.

The late J. M. Forbes, of Boston, was about the wisest and most thoroughly patriotic man of the Republican party. He has left on record his conviction that war was made on Spain to keep a party in power. Those who have read the diplomatic correspondence and seen that Spain offered to sacrifice everything but her honour, will be inclined to think that Forbes was right.

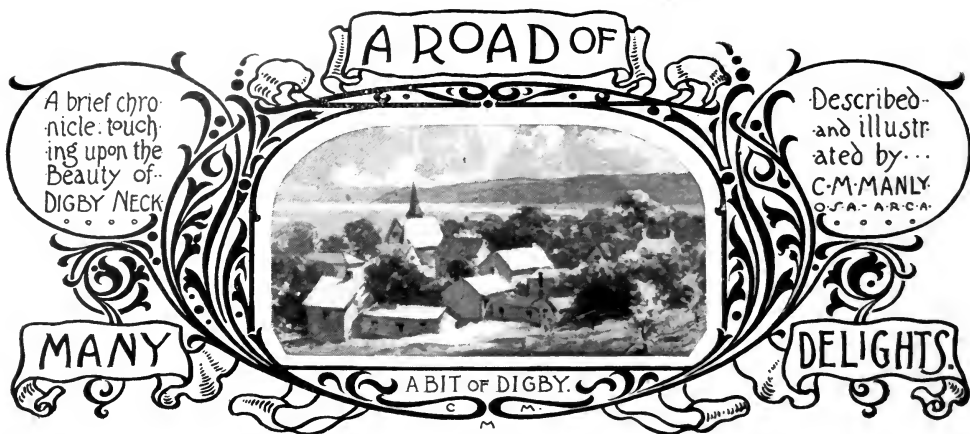
What fills the political air of Canada now with "graft" and suspicions of "graft"? What is impairing the integrity of judicial appointments and thus assailing the last stronghold of public right and purity of government? What but the necessities of party, which compel it to pay its adherents? Our people are good, but corruption will gradually work downwards. It has its instruments in party organisations and conventions, which, though the people are not aware of it, practically take the elections out of their hands. Government thus becomes standing machinery for the demoralisation of the people.

It seems impossible that the world should forever acquiesce in such a system.

The Drought

BY OWEN E. MCGILICUDDY

A RED-MOUTHED reptile by whose fiery tongue
The fields are licked of green, the orchards stung,
The pastures burned as with a blighting brand,
Swept back and forth across the heated land;
Whose touch is poison, and whose tortuous tread
Sets quivering all the withering earth with dread:
A grim, slow-moving monster, whose hot breath
Enkindles Desolation, Famine, Death.



THIS brief record deals with nothing more than the peaceful change and quiet charm that may be obtained in that far-away corner of Nova Scotia that lies upon the sea's edge, and is part of the historic ground that was the scene of some of the earliest Canadian history; ground upon which France and England often met; upon which they put up many fights: England winning at last, which is "just her little way," even now. The home of the Acadian was, and still is, there. It may be seen in all its picturesque simplicity in the country back of *Evangeline's land*. But we are interested just now in panoramic scenes along the *Neck*, Digby Neck, as it is quite properly known. So we must begin at Digby, a clean, bright little town, for the most part, much sought after and beloved of the American at play. Here may be found tucked away in odd corners those ancient fish-like smells, suggesting toothsome viands like unto the "Digby Chick" and the ever-popular haddie. Digby snuggles a bit inland from the Bay of Fundy, right across from St. John. Weymouth is the first stop out, so there I gave the *Flying Bluenose* the slip and got busy preparing for the run across St. Mary's Bay, to touch the *Neck*, handing my bike over to the tender mercies of "old boy Bon-

gard." He turned it out ready for any kind of road. The little steamer that made the trip across the Bay regulated her movements according to the vagaries of the tide, and slipped away before I was quite ready, so I had to spend the night and best part of the next day in Weymouth town. At last the welcome whistles of the dinky little *Ida Lue* were heard, promptly accepted, and she steamed away, passing under the railway bridge, speeding gently down the placid and pretty waters of the Sissiboo river, past the little town of Weymouth, lying at its mouth, and distant some three miles odd from the first-named Weymouth, which is commonly known as Weymouth Bridge, and out upon the quiet, sunshiny waters of St. Mary's Bay. The *Ida* meets a barkentine lying far out, discharges the captain of that vessel, and then heads for Little River, her first port upon Digby Neck. Here, with others, the Weymouth school-master is landed, and in short order our "little liner" brings up at Mink Cove. Sandy Cove is her next port, where she is berthed for the night. It is a case of all hands ashore, so I seek the shelter and hospitalities of the *Sandy Cove House*, Mine host is also mail carrier from Digby, throughout the whole length of the *Neck*, to Brier Island, whose extremest point is

washed by the heave and swell of the mighty Atlantic. Eldridge, ably assisted by his wife, keeps a comfortable little house and makes the summer tourist very welcome, hinting at improvements that will be sure to please, and make his house more popular still. He is just the man I want, and as good as a guide-book to all points upon the *Neck* road and its varying conditions over the whole distance. A charming spot is Sandy Cove. The little village lies at the head of a deeply indented and almost land-locked cove; the houses, climbing the bold slopes, have much more than a fancied resemblance to a Rhine town. So near are the waters of the Bay of Fundy, that a few minutes' walk brings one there, to find a thriving little fishing industry; a strongly built pier makes snug harbour for the fishing boats; round about the fish houses cluster, and again one comes upon the ancient and fish-like odours, some of them particularly strong. To dismiss Sandy Cove without any remark about the fine view to be had from the top of what is locally known as the "Bluff" would be most unfair. From this lofty eminence the enthusiastic climber looks over the wide waters of the Bay of Fundy; on the other hand, the eye is caught and charmed with the expanse of St. Mary's Bay, running away and across to the Weymouth shore, and down and down, until the land is attenuated and lost in the extreme distance towards Yarmouth. From the same point may be viewed that wondrous spectacle, a sunset upon the waters! The traveller who approaches Sandy Cove from the north, and gets the first impression and peep of this really beautiful place from the top of the highway hill, ought to engrave it deep upon the tablets of memory. The southward approach is also very fine and entirely different in aspect. It is such things as these that make the *Neck* a unique and charming place. One is in touch with the sea all along; at many points both waters can be seen by climbing a little, and always the land is interesting, with its fine sweeps and bold hills. On a bright and breezy morning I make my start, the wind blowing strongly in the wrong direction. Wind or no wind, this

means a long climb up and out of Sandy Cove. Once at the top, with so good a road, and the machine running free, the miles begin to spin off—glorious prospects of hill and valley; a turning, twisting and vanishing road always, accompanied ever by the blue waters of St. Mary's Bay.

The little hamlet of Mink Cove is flashed through, and a passing glimpse caught of a neat little hostelry, intended evidently for the stray tourist who wanders so far from the beaten path of travel. Next comes Little River with its bold hills and flash of water caught through a gap in the harbour heights. On and on spins the wheel, and wondrous are the views. Well might this be termed the *road of many surprises*, with all its twists and turns. The town-tired man can soon shake off his staleness on such a road and with such a progress as this. The air is like wine; the traveller is "on the heights," and quickly sheds off the burden of daily routine.

The ten-mile run from Sandy Cove brings up with the bright waters all in front now; far below lies the racing foam of the *Petit Passage*; on the opposite shore the village of Tiverton is seen; a gasoline launch plies between the two shores, and an ancient bell, high-hung and rung by a long hand-rope, is used to summon the ferryman of the passage. Tiverton is fishy; everybody goes after the fish; all live by it, in one way or another. Once again the odours are not to be mistaken; a little strong perhaps for town-bred noses. One could soon get accustomed to this varied *bouquet*, which at the first seems a little overdone—something too much. Tiverton cannot boast of a hotel, but good fortune and the ferryman directed my steps to the home of Mrs. Outhouse, where rest and refreshment both were obtained. Tiverton village is on the part of the *Neck* called Long Island; at the other end is the village of Freeport—also abandoned to the fishing—whose southward edge is washed by the waters of the *Grand Passage*. The race through the *Petit Passage* is a thing to go and see, and at all times it has to be treated with respect. With a high tide running and a heavy blow from the south-west, it is a wild and dangerous place. A sailing vessel caught



Drawn by C. M. Manly

LITTLE RIVER, N.S.

in there under such conditions would probably be knocked into matchwood and even steam would have a very "sea-green" time of it.

The ten miles of road down Long Island was interesting, with the road itself better than the previous part; it was still a push against the strong head wind, which appears to be the favourite "summer blow." The road always keeps part way up the slopes, the changing hills heaving and swelling upward on the right, while, far below on the other hand, a small stream winds along, appearing and again vanishing in a very pleasing way. Beyond all, lies St. Mary's Bay, with its far-away shores of Yarmouth county. This "thread of water" is with the traveller the whole ten miles to Freeport, there losing itself, most likely, in the waters of the *Grand Passage*. Always, the near approach to these passages was most interesting; the feeling of being so much above and "in the air," with the blue sea in front and the land beyond, with its possibilities to be explored, gave a keener zest to the sight.

Freeport, for the most part, lies low and upon the sea edge. There the telephone calls the ferryman across from Westport, to bridge the passage and take the traveller across. Westport lies very long drawn out—practically the whole length of the *Passage*, which is much wider than the *Petit* at Tiverton. Here again, strong tide-rips and dangerous race-ways have to be reckoned with, and might easily be the undoing of the over-confident novice in boating or sailing. In these parts the weather changes with extreme rapidity; what had continued to be a warm and sunshiny day came to an end at Freeport, without any warning. The skies became overcast; the wind freshened, and before the "gasoline" had put well out, a half-gale was blowing, with a strong lift to the water. Westport can boast of a very comfortable little hotel, to which the stray traveller is cheerfully received and made very welcome. To find a nice bathroom, with an abundance of hot and cold water, was a cheerful surprise, and a welcome addition to the other comforts. It would appear that I am on the track of schoolmasters, for one is found lodging in the house. As night

settles down, the heavy fog comes in, with the horn down at the lighthouse blowing a drear accompaniment. Morning prospects are none too bright; fog is still heavy, and the rain beats down; a sudden shift of the wind, and the fog vanishes. The warming sun shines brightly again; skies are blue, and everything invites. I must to the end of Brier Island. So, after dinner, the three miles are ridden, and I stand upon the outmost rocks, and look off across the wide Atlantic. Fishing vessels dot the expanse, appearing like mere specks upon a sea that has become quite calm. The lighthouse, close by, is responsible for the noise of the night before. Hereabouts the rocks are tumultuous in formation, the prevailing colour a dingy and somewhat mournful gray, not at all of a character to much tempt the men who "map down sceneries" and paint things.

In the evening I cross back to Freeport, and finding another hotel, put up for the night. It is kept by a widow named Morrell; she is helped by her son, and between them the good quality of the *Neck* entertainment is well sustained. Once again the schoolmaster! The new morning in Freeport is fine, a cool, fresh breeze is blowing gaily and the bright sun nicely tempers the edge of it. I stroll down to one of the wharves, where seems something of a crowd and the stir of business. A fishing schooner has come in, and the process of unloading the fish goes on. The crew are busy and the captain very much in evidence; the eyes of the idle and curious watch him as he bustles about and talks and laughs with the loudest. This captain and his vessel have assumed something more than the ordinary importance of those who go out after the fish and home-along again; for they have had a very near chance of being sent to the bottom. While "lying to" in the fog of the morning before, the schooner came into collision with an *ocean liner*, and just the little fact that the fishing crew had finished breakfast and were on deck again saved them from being ploughed under in the heavy fog. Skipper made very light of the whole matter, and so did the crew. That they had escaped with a sound boat and whole skins seemed to be



all that there was about it to note. Captain raised a loud laugh by emphasising the remark that "he blew his bell and rang his whistles like the very d——!" The schooner bore the marks on her port side of a very heavy rake or scrape, and anything in the track of it had been carried clean away, but no timbers were started.

The scene was an animated one. There lay the "vast" of cod in the vessel's hold, the crew losing no time in getting it out on to the wharf and into the fish-houses. A "very old boy" prowling about began to tell of all the wonderful things he had seen and had a hand in, "round about here some seventy-five year ago." It was plain to be seen that old "frosty-but-kindly" was playing for an opening, and when it came he went on to say that he was ninety-four years of age. Our friend the captain took him and his great age very irreverently. In boisterous manner, supplemented with one or two rude oaths of the subtly jovial kind, he told him that he had lived long enough and that it was about time he went away altogether. Our ancient man did not seem to be put out or to take the rebuff amiss, but he

carried his reminiscences a little way apart from the irreverent seaman. Small of figure and wonderfully withered and shrunken as to face was this prodigy of years; but his legs held out well, and with the aid of a stout staff he could get about in quite lively fashion.

The run from Freeport up the *Neck*, now, was something of the easiest, helped by a following wind and cheered by the gladness of the sunshine. Arrived at Tiverton, it is the ferryman's lunch hour; he has just brought a boatload across, and being a case of oars he wriggles out of taking a passenger so soon again, the other way, by inducing one of the fishermen to row me across. So to the tender mercies of jovial Sol Stanton bike and man are committed. The *machine* is laid across the bow of the boat, and over the *rip* we go, quite expecting any moment to see the *bike* slip her insecurities and take a header into the boiling waters. No such calamity happened, however. Sol did his work well, and we made the other shore ship-shape and dry, in spite of the pounding and tossing. At Tiverton there are rocks whose formations are

basaltic and similar to those found at the *Giant's Causeway* in the north of Ireland. The land on both shores of the *Petit Passage* is bold and high and contains a wealth of interest for the geologist.

The run back to Sandy Cove from the *Passage* was a merry and an easy one. I had a "drop off" at Little River, where the seaward side of the hamlet was explored, coming upon the fishermen carrying the usual game along and kicking up something more than the ordinary smells. One man was tending the fire under a huge cauldron that contained an unpleasant looking, bubbling mass, from which emanated indescribable odours, which, he desired it to be understood, were really healthful and good for a man. In Sandy Cove again, I form one of a little party that goes over to the Fundy shore ostensibly to search for the elusive amethyst. Some kind of search was made, but strange to say, this wary type of the semi-precious stone was always just a little further off, or on. Indeed, it might have been so guessed, for twenty years before this expedition amethysts may have been found along the cliffs and shores at Sandy Cove. Sir William Dawson has said so. What enthusiasts, native and otherwise, must have joined the chase during all those dead and gone years! This story of the amethyst pursues one among all the beautiful coves, and along the many beaches of the *Neck*, with always the same result—a weighty collection of doubtful material that tears out the pocket and brings neither joy nor profit to the burdened collector.

Character studies abound upon the *Neck*; one of them I shall lightly sketch. Not to be too literal, I call him "Uncle Johnny," and settle him in Centerville. He might well be called the *Sage of Centerville*, and he was so clear-cut and pronounced a type that he invited study. Johnny Price had put a lot of years behind his back, and the process had left its mark upon his tall, still upright and big-boned frame. The face that looked out at you was clean-shaven (or ought to have been); the large nose suggested power, and the square, big-boned jaw, with the hard, dry, determined mouth, plainly said: "What Johnny gets he keeps."

The story of his life bore the suggestion out. All through the years "Uncle" had been "standing by" and "off and on," so to speak, watching for signals of monetary distress among his neighbours and fellow-townsmen, and ever ready to negotiate a loan. He was the friend in need who knew the ropes and could drive a fine coming-out bargain; as a consequence, he had become very rich and practically owned half the town of Richby. With riches, old age had come; his eyes had taken on a hard, not-to-be-moved expression, and the lips that once may have smiled in youthful gaiety had contracted to thin, hard lines, smiling but seldom. We were all talking about the lumbering in Nova Scotia and the complete demolition of the great forest trees; deploring the fact that the lumber interest was now recklessly cutting down anything and everything that would saw up to any small size; the lumbermen going into the woods and taking their portable sawmills with them.

"Yes," said Uncle John, "once upon a time the logs, real logs, came down the streams to the town mills. Now the mills go up after the little sticks!"

Johnny had amassed wealth and secured ample leisure; but he did not seem quite solid upon religious matters. However, his method of patronage was upon a broad and inclusive principle. He took his ancient frame among the Methodists on Sunday mornings, bestowing upon them five dollars per annum. To the Adventists he would hie in the afternoon, his liberality in this department of religion expanding to twenty-five dollars a year; on the Sunday evenings he would be found among the Baptists, to whom his yearly contribution declined to five dollars. Thus we may see that he gave of his bounty to all, and was encouraging the notion of including the Episcopal flock in the round of public worship; the puzzle seeming to be, how would he be able to get the fourth service in?

Arrived at Centerville, the name explaining itself as being half way on the *Neck*, I look up the Dakins, who keep a neat little hotel, and whose acquaintance was made the year before. The place has many charms of its own. Attached to it is the important fishing industry of Trout



Cove, giving employment to almost all the men in the place. The features of the men almost always suggested much intimacy with boats and nets and the things of the sea. At Centerville one can stand and look over both waters. A deep cove here, on the St. Mary's Bay side, is very picturesque, and getting to it necessitates a wild scramble over a path of the rockiest kind. Visitors to this charming spot can once again pursue the amethyst in what is certainly a very fine air, a most exhilarating pursuit that ends, alas, in the usual way. It is good-bye to Centerville, with the morning gray, cool and threatening. The scenic qualities of the road are fine, and "wispy" bits of fog come and go as I push along the way, with an eye to ending up at Digby. The road mounts steadily until the top of the long two-mile descent of Sea-wall Hill is reached. A magnificent view of the northward prospect is caught, with Sea-wall Cove tucked neatly in, far, far below. What a piece of pie for the wheelman is this big hill! Nothing to do but let her go down and round and down again with a glad rush near the foot and a long, spinning "straight away" along the levels of the cove and over the little bridge that crosses the stream from Gulliver's Hole; past the red cliffs on the right and gently up along towards Digby.

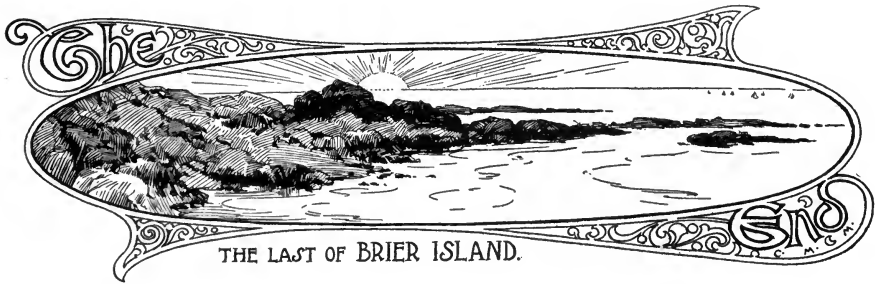
A mile or two from Sea-wall a road branches off to the left. It looks inviting, so I take the cue. It matters little that the road-bed is not first-class; the beauty and interest of all that is to be seen far outweighs the trifling inconveniences of stones and boulders, more or less. And then towards the end of it, as Gulliver's Hole comes largely into view, the road improves, speed increases, and the shore is reached.

Here may be found the remains of a one-time prosperous fishing industry, with things very much on the quiet now. The sun is gaily shining and the sea beats merrily in; the tide has turned, and eight or ten men and boys are busy forking up the great masses of seaweed that have come in on the flood. It is an animated scene with lots of colour and go, and just the sort of thing for picture-hunters. The beach is a long sweep, beautifully curved, composed as it is of rounded stones of all sizes; the movement of the numerous ox-carts waiting about for the weed is none too easy. These oxen give splendid colour-notes to the scene, and I leave it all with great regret; for it seems too bad to turn the back upon the gaiety, beauty, and abundant charm of the place.

There is little to say for the rest of the way, and my return to Digby was made in a downpour of rain. The tourist in

ordinary, or that more deserving personage, the town-worn toiler, will find that the rarest enjoyment is to be found in an exploration of the *Neck*; it is not necessary to ride a *machine*, for one can be otherwise conveyed. The little steamer trips are most enjoyable, and they occur daily. The hostelrys are inviting in their simplicity and quiet comfort. The people of the *Neck* are kindly disposed to the stranger within their "two waters," and hospitality rules. It is no land of high prices one comes to make acquaintance with. To the average traveller and summer tourist who still retains an interest in the things of sea and land, to whom the beauty of the earth and the gladness of the sky still mean something; to those who keep in touch with their fellow mortals, when and wherever found, there is a rich reward in the study of native character, either among those who till the earth, or among the hardy, simple-minded fellows who go down to the sea in ships, and whose main business is upon the great waters. The fishing villages all

along Digby Neck are interesting, especially from the human standpoint. The fisherman, as I saw him at various places, is a quiet, unpretending man, wearing pretty generally a somewhat serious air; not apparently a great talker, and good (like his fishing brethren in other parts of the world) at gentle idleness, with passive hands buried deep in pocket—withal, a brave and fearless fellow, and a fine worker, when work calls. These hardy men count the sea their friend, wresting from her depths the fish that make life pleasant and possible for themselves and their families. Their little lives come in, countless times, with the raging seas pounding and threshing almost at their very doors; and the roar of the gale is an oft-time lullaby. For them, the sea has no terrors; they are not troubled with that fear that shrinks and hesitates, but put forth upon the waters at all times and under all sorts of serious conditions, with a simplicity of courage and faith in themselves that is sublime.



The Little Page

By MARGARET WILSON

A frequent incident of childhood, showing an opportunity to administer comfort that is not always grasped.

HE was not thinking of his yellow satin coat and white knee breeches, or of the three-cornered hat under his arm, or of the big silver buckles on his shoes, as he walked up the aisle behind his cousin Cicely. He was thinking of the tears he had seen her wink back when they were standing in the church vestibule—his dear Cicely, who had wiped away so many of his tears. When his mother was ill or absent it was always to her arms he ran in time of trouble, and they had the right mother feel—they comforted. *His* arms were at *her* service now. For it really was a heavy burden he was helping her to carry. Somebody had said, "Such a heavy train—it will be too much for your poor little arms"; and he had laughed and answered: "Oh, if I get tired I'll just lie down on it, and Cousin Cicely may drag me," but that was only in fun. *She* knew he would not fail her.

When she stood still he stood still too, and dropped the train, as he had been told. He turned his head once to the pew where his mother was standing and asked with his eyes, "Am I doing it right?" and she smiled back "Yes." Then he stood as motionless as a page should until it was time to take the bride's flowers.

He looked up into her eyes as she handed him the bouquet, and then he looked down at the violets and thought they were the same colour. He had often told her that her eyes were like violets. He had made her other pretty speeches as poetical and

more original—though, after all, so far as this poet was concerned, "eyes like violets" might never have been said before. "You have a dear little point to your chin that makes me want to pinch it," he told her once, reaching up to illustrate; "not the angry kind of pinch—*this* kind." Her smile he described as like "lemonade; with a sweet taste, but another taste besides that makes you want more and more of it." He called her D, because it stood for Dear, Delightful and Delicious.

There were no tears in the violet eyes now, but that was nothing; he had kept back tears himself, and knew at what cost it was done. All this fuss and bother—no wonder she was unhappy! And it was going to change everything—all the old customs she loved, that had lasted forever and were meant to last forever—more—the cunning post-office in the staircase wall where they hid presents for each other every day, their "quiet time" after dinner, his management of her clocks and watches, a hundred thousand things. He had been against it from the first. From the moment she confided in him he had advised her not to do it. Only last night when *he* came in and spoiled their last "quiet time," the little page had pleaded with her that it was not too late to change her mind yet. He might have prevailed even then if his mouth had not been stopped by the masterful hand that was putting the ring on her finger now. What had he said? "I had trouble enough to persuade her in the first place."

That was it. She had been persuaded into it against her will, and now she was sorry.

In the vestry he kissed her and whispered, "I love you, D!" for what comfort she could get from it. The bridegroom tried to make up friends, but he would have nothing to say to him. "You persuaded her," he thought.

While his mother was taking off the three-cornered hat and arranging his curls after the drive to the house, she talked to him about the wedding. The little choristers, singing as they walked together, two and two—wasn't it a pretty sight?

"I didn't look," he said. "I was so sorry for Cicely that I couldn't think of anything else."

"Sorry for Cicely! But, my dear, Cicely is happy."

The page shook his head decidedly.

"She's just pretending," he said, and then he ran away as fast as his little white legs would carry him to take up his position near her again and give her what support he could.

A great many people were passing before her, some of them shaking hands with her, some of them kissing her, all saying the same thing, they hoped she'd be happy. She was smiling. He would not have told them about those tears at the church door for the world—he would help her to pretend. So he smiled and allowed them to kiss him too, though it was very disagreeable to be kissed and kissed *and* kissed, when one was trying hard to look pleased.

Then came the wedding breakfast, and he had his from the bride's plate. He discovered that he was very hungry, and though he urged her to eat her share, somehow he got it nearly all. And it was all the things he liked best—she remembered them even then. As he had sometimes told her, she was "a most remembering person."

Now there was a sudden hush in the room and a man began to speak; when he stopped for a moment somebody called "hear, hear!" and when he stopped altogether there was a tinkle of glass and a murmur of "The bride!" And now his new cousin was speaking. "You per-

suaded her," the little page thought again, but not so bitterly this time; when you are eating good things it is hard to keep up a grudge, and the voice was pleasant.

When the bride went to change her dress, the page felt tired and sleepy; but when she joined him again at the head of the stairs and clasped his hand whispering, "We must run for our lives," he was quite wideawake at once. He knew what came next at a wedding.

"Don't be afraid," he whispered valiantly, "I'll take care of you."

And then they flew down the stairs and through the hall together, in the face of a shower of rice. It was as if they were out in a driving storm of sleet. The little page felt his cheeks stinging. He looked at the bride. She was laughing, but her cheeks were scarlet—he was sure they were stinging too. He pulled her down the doorsteps and helped to bundle her into the carriage, dancing from side to side in his efforts to make a shelter of his tiny form. A dinner bell was clanging hideously; it was tied to the back of the carriage with white ribbon, and there was a white kid shoe fastened to the pole between the horses' heads. He tugged at the ribbon in vain. He made a dash for the shoe, but only got half-way; for in passing, he caught sight of Cicely's head bowed behind the shelter of her elbow. She had not escaped her persecutors; they were flinging handfuls of the hateful rice through the carriage windows. His own brother, the cadet, was worst of all. The little page flew at him, tore the paper bag from his hand and rained blows all over the disgraced uniform.

A louder murmur of voices, a rumble of wheels—he turned just in time to see the carriage moving away. Cicely was gone! She was gone, and he had not protected her.

All the way back through the crowded hall and stairway the little page ran, crying with sorrow and rage and mortification. He repulsed those who held out detaining hands and ran on until he reached Cicely's bedroom. There he shut himself in and threw himself upon the heap of wedding finery on the bed and wept his heart out, mopping his eyes with two little fists full of the beautiful lace veil. He had refused to go to the train, for

fear he should cry in public, but now he did not care that all those people had seen his tears. He was too unhappy for Cicely to think of himself.

The door opened and shut. Somebody was lifting his head; he was clasped in somebody's arms. He looked up. It was the bride! She was sitting beside him on the bed, holding his wet face close against her, just as if she had never gone.

He accepted it without wonder, as one of the happy miracles, so much more natural than a non-miraculous continuance of unhappiness. She had gone but she was there; she was wiping his tears away, as she had never failed to do when he fled to this spot for comfort. He did not know that she had caught a glimpse of his tearful flight and had ordered the horses stopped and followed him, defying

superstition and risking the loss of the train rather than leave him unconsolated. He knew nothing of the deserted bridegroom, waiting in the carriage, watch in hand, or of the laughing guests calling after her. He did not care to know. She was there—that was enough.

"And you're sure you're not sorry to be married?" he held her back, at the last, to ask.

"Quite, quite sure."

"And I was a good page?"

"The best anybody ever had."

"And the rice didn't hurt you, and you didn't mind the horrid old bell?"

"Not a bit."

The little page drew a sigh of relief.

"You're such a good comforter!" he said, and of all the pretty speeches made to her that day the bride liked this best.

To a Violet

BY E. M. YEOMAN

VIOLET, when I do look upon thy face,
 And on the lofty loveliness that lies
 In the high sweetness of thy fragile grace
 And in the pale blue beauty of thy guise;
 Briefly I mark thy charm and darling worth,
 Thy shape and painting all so delicate;
 And straight new thoughts do lead me from the earth,
 And new-known wisdom holds me separate.
 I look upon thy beauty's mystery,
 And judge thee fair, and think no more of thee;
 For, as I hold thee in my caring hand,
 New things of earth and heaven I understand.

O Violet! when I look upon thy face,
 Visions of a company come to me
 Of angels ling'ring o'er earth's barren space,
 Floating on white and gold wings grievfully,
 Grieving that inscient man forgets that those
 Whom chill Death steals exalted are above.
 And, oh! they weep for all man's heavy woes,
 And shed soft tears of sympathy and love.
 And, lo! their sighings fill the painted air,
 Vain whisp'ring man the vanity of care.
 And I do hear earth's dark complaining host
 Wailing sad symphonies of loved ones lost.

The Flitting of Fergus McDougal

By S. FRANCES HARRISON, Author of
"The Forest of Bour-Marie"

*Showing characteristic racial courage and fortitude in the
face of the grim irony of fate.*

THE Reverend Fergus McDougal, B.A., sat at his deal writing table. He had no desk, for he was poor. City pastors, who have their own luxuriously furnished study, as well as free access to the "church parlour," library, or vestry, can have no conception of his poverty. He did not pay rent for his house, but it was very small; and Fergus, who was an unusually tall man, had grown to carry his head down upon his chest because the doors of his little dwelling were so uncomfortably low. He stooped, not so much because he was a scholar, as on account of the low doors and the proximity of the rough, whitewashed ceiling.

He sat, looking at the objects that covered his writing table. In the centre stood a statue about a foot high, modelled out of ordinary clay and surmounted by a stick bearing a ticket. On this ticket were the words "John Bunyan." Around the statue were six plates of some kind of home-made cake, and around these again, more posts and pillars of clay, pinched into shapes suggestive of things ecclesiastical, such as church steeples, belfry, and an open Bible resting on a cushion. At the four corners of the table were four other statues, smaller than "John Bunyan," with their features somewhat muddled and indistinct. "Calvin" had his hands raised to Heaven; "Wycliffe" carried a tiny Bible; "Knox" was portrayed with the fiercest of grins, and the fourth, bear-

ing no name, upheld a flag pieced together out of bits of coloured cotton, red, blue and dirty white. The whole certainly formed a unique combination and one evidently dear to the minister himself, who was the designer of the flags and the statues, and also the maker of the homely cake. Over the door the words, "Exhibition Now Open," afforded to the uninitiated a glimpse of his meaning.

The Reverend Fergus, having completed his survey from a chair, rose and walked slowly around the table. His spare, angular figure was clad in dull, much-brushed, much-greased black. His face was long and thin, and of a peculiar grayish-yellow tint, matching his straggling hair. His hands were those of the labourer rather than of the scholar, and his eyes, of a glassy gray, had something vacant in their lustreless depths. His slouching, ungainly frame was not prepossessing, but there was much that was pleasant in his occasional smile, and the grim mouth was not altogether devoid of sentiment.

The arrangement of the table did not please him. He dusted John Bunyan and rearranged Wycliffe. One of the tickets was refractory and would not stand out properly; this he righted. A shelf that held worn books and yellow newspapers was also carefully dusted and each article put back in its accustomed place. The few chairs were pulled out, inspected, dusted, then set back again. On the walls and over the shelf were a number of

water-colour sketches, crude, hard, stiff, and especially faulty in perspective, yet faithful enough in their way to black pine and white *chute*, gray beach and angular coast—the chief features of the surrounding landscape. Other curiosities, more or less worthless, filled every available inch of space.

As a clock in the adjoining kitchen struck seven, the minister started, and, going into the room, set the kettle to boil, quickly laying out cup and saucer and plate on the window-sill. There was no table because there was no space for one.

A little later, he took his solitary meal, standing first in deep humility as he pronounced aloud, and with striking, peculiar fervour, a grace and prayer combined.

He paused in the midst of it, and seemed to gather strength, for when he spoke again he declaimed in a still louder voice and with passionate conviction the old form of Psalm One Hundred and Two:

My heart within me smitten is,
And it is withered,
Like very grass; so that I do
Forget to eat my bread.
By reason of my groaning voice
My bones cleave to my skin;
Like pelican in wilderness
Forsaken I have been.

He paused again with a deep sigh that was almost a groan.

The kettle having commenced to boil, the minister infused his tea and sat down to bread and butter—not too much of either—and ate as the solitary eat. Having acquired habits of abstraction and repression, he ate hurriedly, vacantly, alternately gazing at the bread in his hand and out of the window. In ten minutes he had dispatched the “great bounties” set before him, and then proceeded to wash the few dishes. While he thus washed and wiped, his brain seemed ever active and his tongue as well, for he frequently broke into disjointed quotations from the Word of God, particularly those antiquated selections from the Psalms of David which he appeared to prefer as a means of expression. These contrite utterances were not muttered or whispered, but declaimed in a loud and monotonous sing-song, approaching a chant. Was it

so strange that to some of the superstitious, ignorant folk of a remote *paroisse*, that of Ste. Flavie d’Inverness, and to the, in times past, non-exacting congregation, it was apparent that a change was necessary.

His domestic duties over, the minister took a straw hat from a peg in the kitchen and went out to the front door to await the approach of his guests.

The evening was fine, but cold. Behind the manse, as his frame dwelling was styled—chiefly by himself—the wide Atlantic lapped and gleamed. Tongues and fingers of black, slimy rock ran at low tide far out into the steel-gray water. The only break to the flat monotony of this dismal coast was in the shape of a huge boulder rising fifteen or twenty feet above the rough level of the stony beach. But in front of the manse, a different scene lay spread. The dusty white road was bordered by rich, green banks, in which waved tall plumes of golden-rod. A little farther from the high-road, ferns showed their feathery tops four or five feet from the ground; underneath, a scarlet, coral-like growth of *cornu* twined around wild-rose and huckleberry. The rosy *linnæa* crept over fallen log and rotting stump. The manse garden was gay with Old World flowers—hollyhocks, petunias and asters, as distinguished from purely Canadian blossoms.

The guests began to arrive, the French contingent being about the first. Although Catholics, they did not come to scoff, even if they did not remain to pray. The exhibition was not as good as the Christ in the Manger in the large church at Rimouski, but it was better than nothing, and summer is a dull season at Ste. Flavie d’Inverness, compared to the gaieties of the French-Canadian winter, both ecclesiastical and secular.

There followed several representatives of Scotch families, for whom the little kirk had been established twenty-five years ago—the McNiders, McBrides, Fergusons and Frasers. The chief man of the district was Duncan McCallister, who had a winter house at Rimouski and who controlled a large and paying saw-mill. These were all simple, frugal, hardworking people, and needless to say, strict Presbyterians. To some there the manse

had stood for culture, for authority, and for guidance a long time now, but these were rather the exception.

The minister greeted each arrival in the same manner, making no distinctions unless it were in the case of the pretty daughter of the McCallister, who had been for years a favourite of his.

Janet had brought a little sister with her, but it seemed as if the Reverend Fergus had expected someone else to accompany her. He gave her a strange, searching and yet furtive look. Where was Duncan himself?

That burly, prosperous, pushing, aggressive personality was away from home, said his daughter. The minister sighed.

"I was just hoping that Duncan himself would be with us this evening, but no doubt he's a busy man—is the McCallister."

Mrs. McNider also apologised for her husband—familiarily known as "old Andra."

As if he need wait for nothing else now, the minister turned and followed the last guest into the little sitting-room, full to overflowing. With a deep sigh he took down his large Bible and stood before them.

"We know, dear friends," said he, "it is always our custom to conduct these evenings, these exhibitions, and other entertainments, in the spirit of humble duty to the Lord, and we must not make any exception to that rule to-night of all times. Before we enter on our diversions, kindly permitted to us by the grace and favour of the Lord, let us remember Him, Him, the Almighty, in silent prayer."

A scramble on the part of his visitors caused him to remark: "Ye needna kneel. If ye'll just incline the head and say a bit prayer to yersels, that'll do."

A silence followed, broken only by a smothered laugh from Janet's little sister, promptly suppressed by Janet, who knew something of the minister's life and character. When a decent interval had elapsed he set the example and they all sat up straight once more, or stood, as the case might be.

"I would not care to go so far as to hold a sairvice here to-night," began the Reverend Fergus, erect, pallid, looking atten-

tively at his flock, "for I am well aware that the most of ye are regular attendants at the kirk every Sabbath, and I have no wish to let an occasion like this take the place of the sairvice ye are accustomed to. But there is an end to all things and a time to bid farewell as there is a time to give welcome, a time to depart as well as a time to arrive, and the truth—the truth, dear friends—is just this, that I shall not be with you in the kirk next Sabbath, nor any succeeding Sabbath. There's a good reason for this, as some of ye know already, and all of you had better know after to-night. So I intend—the Lord sparing and upholding me—to speak to ye now."

He coughed, long and hard, to hide emotion.

"Ye are not prepared for this, I doubt—I can see it in your faces. Some of you are saying—it's a holiday he'll be taking, with his auld carpet-bag there (it lay packed, ready to his hand, as Janet McCallister now noticed with a start), and his auld staff and auld straw hat—but ye're wrang. Twenty-five years I've put in with ye—but I'm going at last. I was twenty-five when I came to ye, which makes me fifty now."

His hand went up to his hair, and a smile played for a moment around his mouth.

"I'm not so gray as some, but 'tis a queer colour. The sun bleaches it more than cares whiten it, I'm thinking. So here I am, after twenty-five years of it, and you know best, you, the people I have served before the Lord, how I have read His Word and preached His Gospel and gone in and out before you in a sinful world during that time."

The French remained unconcerned, for indeed they understood very little of what had been said, but there was considerable interest among the Scotch contingent.

"I'll now read ye the letter I have lately received from two elders of our kirk:

THE REVEREND FAIRGUS McDOUGAL, OF
STE. FLAVIE D'INVERNESS.

DEAR SIR,—In our concern for the *spiritual* welfare of this Parish, as well as for the increase of its material prosperity, we are about to take a step which, we feel sure, will

commend itself to your sense and good-nature—if not at first, then, surely, upon mature and serious reflection.

You have now been in charge of our congregation for the long period of twenty-five years, during which time you have served us faithfully, conscientiously, and, we are confident, to the best of your *abeelity*. Nevertheless, we are of the opinion that the time is ripe for a change. You, yourself, are doubtless in need of a well-deserved rest and stimulus to future endeavours, and we are compelled to admit that for the last three or four years we have lost more members than we have gained. Our young people especially have shown a tendency to criticise the form of *sairvice* and to forsake us for the new Methodist edifice at Kemptville, even going so far as to attend—for the sake of the music—the Basilica at Rimouski.

There is also another matter which compels our attention—the exhibitions, Dissolving Views, and other entertainments so kindly organised by you for us in the past, seem to have outlived their usefulness. Our people are beginning to show signs of moving with the times, and upon these grounds we have brought your case, and ours, to the notice of the General Assembly, having no doubt that the members thereof will come to our decision—namely, that a younger and more progressive man must be found for this parish, and a suitable and congenial post be given to yourself.

Trusting that you will view this communication, though indited with every wish for your best future, as final.

We remain on behalf of the congregation,

DUNCAN MCCALLISTER.

ANDREW McNIDER.

When he had concluded, he folded it up neatly and took off his glasses.

"That'll be the letter," he said. "Ye'll understand why ye'll not see me again in my place yonder."

The first to speak, after a constrained silence, was a short, florid-faced man, the only Englishman in the region, successively sailor, lighthouse-keeper, and owner of a general store.

"Tell you wot, Mr. McDougal, Sir," he cried, "I advised the Elders a little in this matter, and told 'em that you ought to 'ave a 'Sistant, wot they calls a Curate in the Old Country. A man can't go on year after year without repeatin' 'imself! And so I said. But they wouldn't listen to me."

Mrs. McNider stepped timidly forward.

"I'll beg ye to believe, Sir," said she, visibly trembling, "that I've had no knowledge of that doccymnt. I know

this—that minister or no minister, ye're the last man to require *stimulants*, and Andra should have known better than to have put his hand to sic a letter."

The mistake, which no one present was competent to estimate properly as a poor joke, though certainly not so intended, brought a wave of unhealthy colour to the minister's face. He immediately broke out into the Eleventh Psalm:

"For lo, the wicked bend their bow,
Their shafts on string they fit;
That those who upright are in heart
They privily may hit."

Then he closed his eyes and lifted his voice till it became a pleading groan.

"O Lord—in Thy mercy bear with me, Thy poor human instrument; bear with these people that they become not backsliders and recreant hearers of Thy Word. Lord—be my Heavenly Witness that I have striven for this people before Thy face, lying at the foot of the throne. Yet bless them, O Lord, in their families, in their work, on the sea in ships, at the forge, in the fields, in the forest. Bless even those who still bow down to images and idols. Turn their hearts to Thee, the only true God, and rescue them from the perils of latter darkness and utter confusion."

He stopped almost as suddenly as he had begun. Janet McCallister kept her hand over her eyes as if in church. Then he began again:

"We'll read together for the last time in the First Epistle of Paul to the Thesalonians.....'For neither at any time used I flattering words, as ye know, nor a cloak of covetousness, God is witness. Nor of man sought I glory.....But I was gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children. Remember, therefore, brethren, my labour and travail, as labouring night and day, I preached unto you the Gospel of God—and that only.....And ye were my glory and my joy.'"

He closed the Bible and set it reverently on the shelf. "And now, if ye please, I declare the Exhibeetion open, and I hope ye'll all walk round and obsairve the—the decorations, and help yersels and each other to the cake—good Scotch shortbread that'll not hurt the youngest here."

With feelings of relief and curiosity, mingled with a slight contrition, the people did as they were told, glad to be able to gossip and exchange ideas. The minister passed the plates of cake, described the statues, explained the flags and displayed the sketches, all in his usual grim manner. That rare smile which so well became him appeared only when he bent from his great height to address the pretty daughter of the McCallister.

"I'm thinking I've watched ye grow up, Janet," he said, looking wistfully at her. "I know your age to the day. Ye'll not give up the class when I'm gone?"

"But when *are* you going, Sir?" cried Janet. They were standing a little apart and her sister was pulling at her gown.

"I'll be going—well, very soon," said he, with the Scotch dislike of a definite statement.

"But how soon? Perhaps my father—perhaps someone—Oh, isn't there anybody to help, cannot anything be done? It's so sudden!"

"The letter is just six weeks old. Not so sudden after all. And it's the new minister, the nephew of old Andra, will be with ye to-morrow."

Her gaze fell once more on the carpet-bag.

"You are going to-night!" she said reproachfully.

"I was thinking of getting away in the airy morning," said he, qualifying the remark—"if it does not rain."

Janet, not sorrowful to say more, took her sister and went hurriedly home. The McCallister dwelling was the chief place in the neighbourhood, a comfortable gray-stone manor-house of some antiquity, as it had been the residence of the *seigneur* of the district for many years. The daughters of Duncan McCallister would have money, therefore, chances in life—education, travel, possibly good positions in society. Janet was shortly to go to Montreal, after that to Edinburgh, to school. The McCallister was a prominent, clever, progressive man, and would soon be in Parliament.

So, as she did not wait for the close of the entertainment, she did not assist at a leave-taking of mixed emotions, nor hear the vivid phraseology in which the min-

ister delivered his farewell oration, ending by presenting his various collections of flags, statues, sketches, fossils, botanical specimens and imperfectly stuffed birds to the parish of Ste. Flavie d'Inverness. Little regret was expressed. Even Tibbets and Mrs. McNider felt relieved. The minister was "dour" and "fey" to many of his people. He had been there for twenty-five years—it was a long time. He would not have a servant, and it was not fit that a minister of the Gospel should wash his own linen and cook for himself all the year round. Old Madeline de Courcy who worked for the priest, or Tibbets' Irish "help" would gladly have done for him occasionally. But he was one who would "dree his weird" and gang his own gait, and the general impression—that things had got into a groove and that any change would be desirable—was allowed to remain.

The company departed and the night wore on. There was little to be done for all his earthly goods were packed. He opened his Bible and read long by the light of a candle. Frequently he ejaculated aloud, and prayed for his detractors. Great emotions held, thrilled him. He was leaving a place he loved despite its hardships, and the tears coursed down his cheeks as he read. At twelve o'clock he put out the light and composed himself to sleep in his chair, for, as he had made up the bed for his successor, it might not be used.

Though the moon shone bright and cold upon the window, and the waters of the Gulf were beating with the thunder of a full tide on the rocks behind the manse, he slept soundly, with his gaunt face turned to the road. So, had he had an enemy, would he have been easy to kill.

But it was no enemy that stole along in the moonlight, frightened of the open high-road, three miles from her home, and at the mercy of any loafing labourer or drunken sailor. Janet McCallister came to the window and screamed. Then she ran back into the shade of a tree.

The Reverend Fergus awoke directly, but as might have been expected of him, never thought of looking out into the road. He went to the back of the manse and listened. The bay was white and glister-

ing, and not a sail showed. The tide had just turned and was flowing noisily out. Close at hand, the one large boulder loomed up hard and black and the graduated masses of stones and pebbles that formed the curve of the inhospitable bay were revealed distinctly as in a photograph or stereoscopic view. Like a continuous flashlight the moon poured out a steady flood of pure white beams that served to burn the scene more vividly into the brain than the most glorious sunshine would have done, because of the absence of haze and cloudy vapours.

Satisfied that neither ship nor stranger was in the vicinity and that the cry must have reached him in his dreams, he found some milk and drank it, and laid upon the window-sill cup, saucer, and plate for his successor. He saw the water in the kettle, the wood stacked by the stove, the fire ready for the match—before he turned to leave. Then with the carpet-bag, the stick, and the Bible in the outer pocket of his drab linen overcoat, he left the manse.

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away—blessed be His Name! Thus I came and thus I go, and may he who comes after be as just to the poor man, and as plain-spoken to the rich, and as careful of the deeshes as I, Fairgus McDougal!"

He started, for a hand was laid on his arm.

"Janet!" said the minister, with a frown. "I doubt but that there is something amiss with ye at home! What are ye doing here, out of your bed, at sic an hour?"

"I—I came to see you," said Janet earnestly. "Don't send me back! Let me walk—walk to the station with you."

"Six miles? It's too far, lassie, too far."

"Then it's too far for you. I am young and a good walker—Oh, please!"

The minister shook his head.

"'Tis not for you, Janet. As for me, it's a clear nicht and I'll be liking it fine once I am started."

Janet had evidently more upon her mind.

"It's too bad!" she exclaimed excitedly, clasping her hands on his arm. "You—so good, so kind to these people,

these ungrateful, these ignorant people, as many of them are, for I know—to be sent away like this! If it is my father's doing I shall never forgive him. And why cannot something be done, why cannot I do something? I went home to speak to my mother about it, and she thinks you ought to appeal it, carry it somewhere—I don't understand, but I thought I would tell you."

He removed her hands and shook his head.

"And that's not for me, lassie—that's not for me. A younger man, maybe, might stay and fight it out—but that's not for me. The matter is all settled by now; it was taken out of my hands from the first. I'm fifty, Janet," he said with his rare smile, and her heart sank.

"But I take it kindly of ye, Janet—and of your mother. And I am upheld by my conviction that I have done my duty, given the best of my manhood and of my talents to this place, which now casts me off. At first, I thought it shame to be in so small a place—there were only seven families to minister to when I came, but soon I got to love it because my work lay in it, as we do often by God's wise ordering—and I have nothing to say against the people, not even the French—poor, ignorant, priest-crammed folk, with one vairtue, Janet, they're mostly sober."

He talked on, forgetting the hour and the girl by his side, yet she was happy thus. A long life of solitary habit had rendered him innocently selfish, had induced a solemn egoism in which he was strongly wrapped.

"Ye'll bear a message of brotherly love to the McCallister for me——" he was beginning, when a fog-horn sounded across the bay. The night had changed. Large masses of cloud ruffled delicately at the edges, were rapidly obscuring the sky, the moon was hidden. It looked as if it might rain before morning. The minister cast a hurried glance around and for the second time that night took up the carpet-bag and stick.

"I must be off while it is clear," said he, "so it's good-bye to ye, Janet, lass, Miss McCallister. To the new minister, old McNider's nephew, I wish him weel—I wish him weel."

"And I shall hate him!" cried Janet, with a break in her voice. "Hate him—hate him—hate him! Oh—you're not really going! You don't really mean to go!"

Something in the broken sentences, in the girlish, eloquent voice, stirred his chivalrous side, never even remotely touched before. He looked at her narrowly, and for one moment, hope sprang up in her maiden breast. The next, she heard him say:

"Ye have a kind heart—and the McCallister should be proud of his ain daughter. He's the same age as myself. Maybe, if I had not come to this wilderness by the sea, to Ste. Flavie d'Inverness, but stayed in the Upper Province and mixed with my kind—for I am a college man, Janet, and took a fine degree—I might have married, and even had a daughter like you. That'll be a strange thought, you say! And if ye were my ain daughter, what would I be saying to ye now but this?—'Janet—or Janet McDougal, as your name would be then—'tis almost two in the morning, and you on the white, dusty high-road from Ste. Evremonde de Kilkenny to Ste. Flavie d'Inverness, talking to an old fule of a minister and making his flitting the harder, instead of being safe in your ain bed at home. Go back, lassie, go back.'"

"I don't want to go back," sobbed Janet. "Oh, I don't think I care if I never go back! And you'll change your mind, perhaps! You'll not really go. Oh—please stay! I'm asking *you* to go back, to remain with us and teach us again and never, *never* go away, unless of your own accord.

The minister seemed all at once to lose his clerical reserve, his national caution, his vague, halting, half-shy, half-grim manner.

"I tell ye, Janet, lassie—ye're making my flitting the harder! Are ye like all the rest of the folk, thinking that because I preach the Gospel on Sabbath, and wear the black coat all the week, that I am without a heart in my body, a flicker of memory in my brain, a grain of sense in my intellect? If

so, ye're wrang, Janet, ye're wrang. How *can* a man, a minister of God's Word, stay after he's cast out? How can anyone stay where they are no longer wanted? Where there's another chosen and put over his head—ay, ye'll be sitting under him next Sabbath and it is Donald McDonald is his name, the nephew of old McNider. So I must go, Janet, there's no way out of it. No one must ask me to stay. It's by the general wish of the parish, and as such must be respektit. But I'm no denying it's a wrench, ay, and a painful one. I have a pain at my heart that will not let me be."

Janet was sobbing quite uncontrollably now. The minister suddenly realised the possible dangers that might overtake this young and courageous heart, and his somewhat narrow thoughts of self faded away.

"Ye must do now as I bid ye," he said sternly. "Ye know well that the high-road to Matane at two in the morning in this wild light is no place for your father's daughter. I cannot let ye walk with me to the station, nor must ye think of going back to your home at this hour. Ye'll just come back with me to the manse and bide there till the dawn is well up. Then ye can easily make your way home and no one will say a word to ye. But unless ye want to be the first to bid Donald McDonald welcome, ye had better get away before he comes. That'll be about seven o'clock."

Her excitement had subsided at his tone of authority. She let herself be guided by him, and together they retraced their way to the manse.

All would soon be over. In a moment he would be going.....The moment came. He was going.

"Stand up, Janet....I thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou hast raised up one friend in the day of my dire trouble. Out of the mouths of babes and children hast Thou perfected praise ere now. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee and give thee peace, now and forever. Amen."

She heard the door close and the uneven step go down the narrow path. But

before she could sink into his chair and give herself up to tears, he was back, outside at the window.

"Ye'll not forget the message of brotherly love to your father!" he said. "And if ye get hungry—as ye may—ye'll find a bit candle and plenty of shortbread in the cupboard. I left it for—*him* that's expectit."

This time he was actually gone. She could weep now.

"He wouldn't let me walk to the station with him," she cried from her aching heart, "and he doesn't know that I would walk to the end of the world with him—if he'd only ask me, if he'd only ask me!"

Let no one laugh at or deprecate the lost illusions of youth. By reason of their freshness, delicacy, intangibility, their hopelessness is more bitter and their evanescent beauty more precious than when the passions overtake us in later life. Janet could only stay as she had

promised, and sat on into the morning with a "bit candle" by her side, still weeping.

Meanwhile the new minister was nearing the scene of his future labours, and finding only an uncomfortable "buck-board" at the station, concluded to wait till his relative, old McNider, should drive him the six miles. So this explains why he was still in the waiting-room when a tall, ungainly, shambling figure, carrying a shabby carpet-bag and clad in a drab linen overcoat, descended from a cart and took the early express for the west.

The Reverend Fergus had been lucky in getting a "lift" from a French labourer, thus reaching his destination several hours earlier than he had expected. So he passed out of the life of the remote parish, Ste. Flavie d'Inverness, which was now about to wake up and be "progressive." But he never quite passed out of the heart and recollection of Janet McCallister.

A Holiday O'er

BY MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

THERE are hazy mists where I lie and dream,
And the scented hours flow swiftly by,
So full of an iridescent gleam,
As the nodding flowers flash in between,
When down the sun shoots a dancing beam,
Through the latticed leaves that gently sigh.

I have filled my heart with happy store;
I have lived to learn to love it all.
But the long, white road lies stretched before,
So I softly close the cool, green door:
"Farewell, farewell," lest I come no more,
For the long, white road has giv'n my call.

And I must plod in the dusty way;
But I shall see in the weary hours
A glimpse of green in a treasured day,
The low, broad fields of the sweet mown hay,
The bare-footed children at their play,
And the breath, ah! the breath of the flowers.

The Two Colonels

By WILLIAM HARRISON

The removal of the old Moodie residence at Richmond Hill recalls an important incident of the Rebellion of 1837.



THE OLD MOODIE HOMESTEAD AT RICHMOND HILL

THE demolition of the old Moodie homestead at Richmond Hill to give way to a branch of the Metropolitan Electric Railway, sacrificing it to the unfortunate necessities of a utilitarian age, removes one more of the few remaining landmarks incident to an epoch in Canadian history that is growing in significance year by year—the Rebellion of 1837. A Loyalist meeting to consider portending emergencies was held in this house on December 4th, 1837, seventy years ago. Among those present were Col. Moodie (who was shot dead that very night) and Col. Bridgford.

The efforts of a large branch of the Canadian people to rid themselves of the abuses of those days and the causes and

consequences of the uprising are so well known to every student of Canadian history that we need only refer to what suits our purpose.

Wm. Lyon Mackenzie by his writings and speeches had raised the enthusiasm of his sympathisers up to the fighting point. The air was filled with rumours of impending "something" that it was incumbent upon every loyal citizen to resist. The arrangements of the insurgents were that active measures were to begin on December 7th. The Mackenzie party were to assemble at

Montgomery's Hotel on Yonge Street and proceed to the city where they expected large reinforcements; march to the City Hall, seize the arms, garrison, banks, the Governor, etc., etc. The whole ill-starred movement fell through by having too many leaders.

Through an order given, unknown to Mackenzie, Lount and his men came from the north three days too soon, and arrived at Richmond Hill on December 4th, armed with pike-poles, ancient muskets, rusty rifles and anything else that could be converted into war material. That morning Col. Bridgford strolled over from the farm to "The Hill" in quest of the latest news, and was immediately

arrested by Lount as an adherent of the Family Compact.

Lount and Bridgford had been school-mates, and apart from politics were on friendly terms. Bridgford was offered his liberty if he would go straight home. He agreed, and did so, but hearing that it was the intention of the invaders to take the city that night, he became very uneasy and, notwithstanding Mrs. Bridgford's most earnest entreaties with him to stay at home, he crossed over to Col. Moodie's house and found the Colonel in consultation with Capt. Stewart. Parties on the look-out had brought word that the insurgents had placed a guard across Yonge Street at Montgomery's hotel to intercept any who might endeavour to inform the city. Moodie and Bridgford at once decided to ride through the guard and apprise the Government.

Just as the two Colonels had come to the conclusion to mount their horses and away, Mrs. Moodie appeared upon the scene with an emphatic protest. To Mrs. Moodie, as to Mrs. Bridgford, there appears to have been a vivid presentiment of danger, which prompted immediate action. The lady had been taking in the situation

with an attentive ear behind a half-open door. "Moodie shall not go," was an imperative declaration that demanded attention. Moodie and his fellow-officers never feared the face of man in peace or war. But this was a woman. Belligerent conditions were different. A fusilade of feminine artillery had not been provided for in their code of military tactics. Hostilities were useless. Conciliatory measures were resorted to. Duty and necessity were strongly urged. The parley ended in a compromise. Col. Bridgford became surety for Moodie's safe return, and Moodie was to be guided by Bridgford's advice.

Had Mrs. Moodie persisted in her protest that day there might have been one tragedy less in Canada's struggle for responsible government. The officers mounted their horses and rode to save the city from the spoiler.

As they neared the hotel they saw the guard across the road. The "Patriots," who were assembled in large numbers, presented a rather formidable aspect. Bridgford, with his characteristic prudence, suggested a longer but a safer route. Moodie replied that he was too old a soldier to play the coward. Firing his pistols right and left he made a dash toward the guard. The moon shone brightly upon him, presenting a target too tempting to be resisted. In the excitement some one fired, and Moodie fell. The wounded man was taken into the hotel, where he expired in a couple of hours. Dr. Scadding remarked that it seems a strange fatality that a brave and efficient officer in the regular army should pass through all the dangerous experiences of battles that have brought about important results in the history of nations and finish his military career in a skirmish in a colonial quarrel.

Col. Moodie fills a soldier's grave in the Church of England at Thornhill. The marble slab bears the following inscription:

Sacred to the Memory
of

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROBERT MOODIE,
Late of the 104th Regiment,

who on the night of the 4th Dec., 1837,
was shot by a party of Rebels



COL. BRIDGEFORD

One of the "Two Colonels." A portrait of Col. Moodie has not been available.

while on his way to Toronto to
give information to
Government
of their intended attack
upon that city

As soon as Moodie fell, Bridgford, who had a young horse, rode around the hotel, leaping the fences, and, though fired at several times, succeeded in reaching Yonge Street on the south side of the tavern. On his way to the city he fell in with Powell, who was afterwards Mayor of Toronto. Powell and Bridgford were the first to reach Government House. His Excellency Sir Francis Bond Head, when aroused in the middle of the night, was extremely incredulous of the uprising, and said to Bridgford: "You country gentlemen are easily alarmed."

"Easily alarmed or not," replied Bridgford, "the rebels will be down on the town in two hours."

The Governor then told them to order the bells to be rung. This was the first alarm given to the city of the impending danger.

In the arrangements for the defence, Col. Bridgford was commissioned by Col. Fitzgibbon to raise volunteers for immediate active service. Before starting on his mission it was agreed that if on his way north he should get into any difficulty Bridgford was to signal by displaying a silk handkerchief. This subsequently proved of service, for shortly afterwards he and his assistant, Mr. Perine Lawrence, were taken prisoners by the Mackenzie party near Montgomery's. The Colonel, seeing a chance for his man, secretly handed him his papers and Lawrence made good his escape.

As soon as Bridgford was taken prisoner a consultation was held and it was decided to execute him as a spy. Mr. David Gibson, the well-known land surveyor, whose residence was burned by the Government forces, suggested that he be held as a prisoner of war, became his security, and saved the Colonel's life.

With several other prisoners, Bridgford was relegated to the ballroom of the Montgomery Hotel, and placed under a



COL. MOODIE'S GRAVE AT THORNHILL

guard. Here he was interviewed by Mackenzie himself, who asked him the latest news. The Colonel replied that he (Mackenzie) ought to have it as he had stopped the mails.

Mackenzie then said: "Do you know what is to be done with you?"

Bridgford said "No."

"You are to be shot to-morrow at 12 o'clock; have you any request to make?"

Bridgford answered that he had but one, and that was that the execution be deferred until 2 o'clock.

"Why this delay?" asked Mackenzie.

"Because," was the reply, "you will then have enough to do to look after your own life without attending to mine."

When the troops from the city, led by McNab, Fitzgibbon and Jarvis, with an overwhelming force, appeared, the silk handkerchief was hung from the south window of the hotel, and the Loyalists fired their shot clear of the room where the prisoners were confined. The "Patriots" were unable to maintain their ground, a general stampede ensued, the hotel was burned, and the seat of war transferred elsewhere.

The house whence the two Colonels started, as well as the farm of 200 acres on which it stood, was owned by Col. Moodie, who was a half-pay officer in the regular army, having been Lieutenant-Colonel in the 104th Regiment. He distinguished himself as an able officer in the Peninsular War, under the Duke of Wellington. He was also engaged in active service during the war of 1812. Like many of his fellow-officers he had retired from military service in order to enjoy domestic comforts and farm life.

One of his daughters was married to Col. Halkett, *aide-de-camp* to His Excellency Sir Francis Bond Head.

Of Colonel Bridgford we are able to say more. His name is to be found among the earliest records of the village of Richmond Hill. He was born in New York City in 1792. His father was the owner of a vessel which plied between New York and Greenock, Scotland, each passage occupying two months. Having drawn a large sum of money from the bank, the father was murdered and his body found at the foot of Broadway. The widow came to Canada, bringing with her the son David, then a lad of seven years. Arriving at York (now Toronto) they put up at the McDougall Hotel, kept by the grandparents of the late Hon. Wm. McDougall. Their next trip was to Richmond Hill, then not out of the woods; their conveyance an ox-cart; their right of way an axe, and the time two days from "York" to "The Hill." Mrs. Bridgford then married Mr. Robt. Marsh, the first of the Marsh family, whose members have been prominent in local affairs for nearly a century.

The family was not long settled before there was something to do. The war of 1812 was declared on the 18th June, and a draft made on every available man. Young Bridgford in his dilemma went to Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Strachan, who shrewdly advised him to avoid the draft by joining the volunteers. Men were badly wanted at the front. On the 29th July a detachment of volunteers under command of Colonel Allen were ordered to be in readiness for active service, and to be at the head of the lake for equipment. Among them the name of D. Bridgford is recorded, who subsequently was on active service. He was at Detroit when Hull, the American general, surrendered and signed the capitulation. To the end of his life the Colonel wore upon his breast a silver medal, struck in commemoration of that Canadian victory. On the 27th April, 1813, Bridgford was at the fort at York waiting for orders when the magazine blew up, blowing into the air two hundred of the Americans with their

commander, Pike, and several of the British garrison as they were vacating the fort. Among those who were so suddenly compelled to take an aerial flight was Col. Bridgford, who was picked up for dead and placed in a wheelbarrow ambulance for burial. On the way suspended animation returned. He lived to do service for his country at Fort Erie, Chippewa and Lundy's Lane.

Col. Bridgford survived his adventures for many years, and was engaged in agricultural pursuits. In 1850 he was elected councillor for the township of Vaughan. He was deputy-reeve from 1852 to 1858, when he succeeded Squire Gamble as reeve of the township. The Colonel died in 1868 at the age of seventy-five years. His remains lie in the village cemetery. Col. Bridgford's daughter, Mrs. D. C. O'Brien, a highly esteemed and intelligent lady with a memory as tenacious as *Hansard*, and an excellent conversationalist, to whom the writer is indebted for much of the information contained in this narrative, died August 24th, 1906. Her remains were brought from Toronto and placed beside those of her father.

To Mrs. O'Brien, Moodie's was a familiar face. In her girlhood days she was quite an equestrienne. Out for a ride one afternoon she was overtaken by the Colonel, who jocularly challenged her to race to a certain point in the distance. The young lady at once urged her steed to a gallop. The Colonel to his surprise found that frequent application of the spurs were necessary to enable him to keep alongside. The Colonel, however, gallantly allowed Miss Bridgford to reach the goal a length ahead.

Col. Bridgford's military mantle fell on his youngest son, Mr. D. B. Bridgford, who left Richmond Hill when about twenty years of age for Richmond, Virginia. There he joined the army before the breaking out of the civil war, and afterwards did considerable service in the Confederate camp. He was promoted to the rank of major, and subsequently was *aide-de-camp* to General Stonewall Jackson. At the funeral of the famous Confederate General, Major D.

B. Bridgford, by the choice of his fellow-officers, represented the army. He fought among the "Boys in Gray" until the close of the war.

Doubtless there are many persons who would like to see the memory of a landmark like the old Moodie residence and its associations perpetuated in some way.

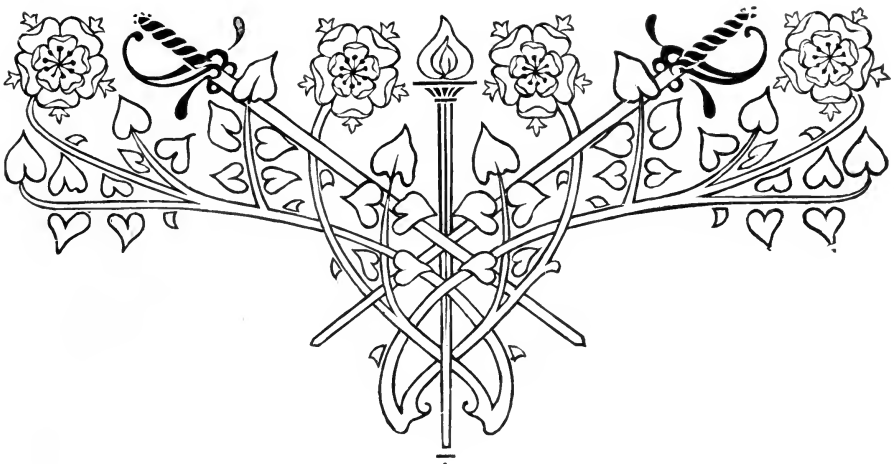
The Historical Associations of Toronto have brought their influence to bear upon the civic authorities so that they have planted memorial stones in many spots where the last relics of important events in the history of the city are fast becoming obliterated by the ever-advancing utilitarian tendency of the age. The earnest efforts of those who are now endeavouring to perpetuate as long as possible the remains of the Old Fort and its surroundings will merit the gratitude of the lovers of history in generations to come. There are historic spots in many of our cities, towns and villages, and "the powers that be" should not allow them to pass into oblivion. A knowledge of the spot where



CHURCHYARD AT THORNHILL WHERE COL. MOODIE'S
REMAINS ARE BURIED

originated some discovery, or where was the scene of some remarkable event in the past that has had much to do with the development of our present surroundings, is a great factor in riveting the record on the memory.

The Moodie residence was erected by one of the early settlers, Dr. Reed, in 1820. For many years before and after the tragic end of its next owner, Col. Moodie, there stood in front of the residence, as an outside evidence of the loyalty within, a tall flagstaff from which the Union Jack floated in the breeze on every national holiday.



Up the Far-Famed Saguenay

By MARY S. WILLIAMS

A picturesque description of a trip that possesses peculiar national characteristics.



TRINITY ROCK, SAGUENAY RIVER

FROM whatsoever point, by rail or boat, the tourist starts to take the Saguenay trip, he does not feel directly *en route* for his destination until seated, some midsummer morning about eight o'clock, on the deck of one of the staunch R. and O. steamers which run from Quebec during the height of the season.

Behind looms the grim, gray bluff, citadel-crowned, before which the world-wide steamers drop anchor ere they pass onward into the heart of Canada. In front stretches the broad expanse of the St. Lawrence; salt now, and widening gradually, but steadily, as it pursues its seaward course. For miles along its northern bank run the Laurentian Mountains—an austere and massive chain, forming, as it were, an agreeably modu-

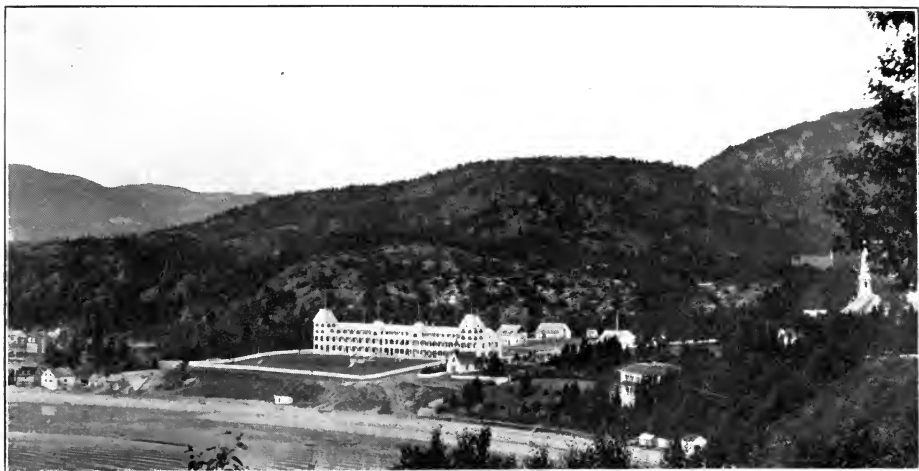
lated prelude to the magnificent scenery in store when, some 130 miles downward from Quebec, its great northern tributary, "the far-famed Saguenay," is reached. To the southward, pale-hued in the distance, lie the hills of Notre Dame.

The region of the Lower St. Lawrence is replete with a charm of atmosphere all its own, and characteristic of no other spot on earth. The very names of the places are picturesque and suggestive: "Baie de St. Paul," "Les Eboulements," "St.

Irénée," "Cap a L'Aigle," "Murray Bay," and "Rivière du Loup." Here one sees the native French-Canadian element thrown in striking foil against the gay-gowned summer throngs attracted



ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF THE SAGUENAY TRIP. A GROUP OF CALÈCHES AT QUEBEC



A VIEW OF TADOUSAC

thither by the beauty of scenery and invigorating air. The great flanks of the wharves are discoloured with the embrace of many tides. The ropes creak and strain over the landing posts to hold the struggling steamer. There is a glimpse of narrow, mountainous roads running corkscrew-wise into the sky; of cottages perched in perilous rocky footholds; of a fashionable hotel flaunting its palatial structure atop some beetling river-bluff, and of quaint two-wheeled *calèches*—a relic of old French Canada, much patron-

ised by tourists; for a *calèche* drive, in a country which is mainly “up hill and down dale,” with a *habitant* Jehu on the front seat, is an experience unique of its kind throughout the hemispheres.

Romance still lingers, primitive and unabashed, in this Lower St. Lawrence district, and the Saguenay-bound tourist may count himself defrauded if he does not encounter, during the course of his pilgrimage, at least one native bridal couple. On a breezy midsummer day, a few seasons back, the writer, in com-



A TYPICAL VIEW ON THE LOWER SAGUENAY



OLD INDIAN CHURCH AT TADOUSAC

pany with other passengers on the Saguenay-bound steamer *Carolina*, watched the movements of such a pair, to the no small gratification of the principals—be it said—for a French-Canadian couple on their honeymoon trip, so far from striving to conceal their felicity, glory in its display. The girl was pale and interesting, with a pretty childish face, and big dark eyes. She was gowned in some clinging mauve-coloured material, with frills and boa of dove-gray chiffon. Both hands were clasped tightly around a huge “mixed” bouquet. Her hat was heavy with artificial orange blossoms, and a long spray of the same was caught through her hair, low-down, and hung loosely over one shoulder.

The bridegroom was a dapper little man—French-Canadian to the core, from his slightly-pockmarked face, to the tall silk hat, lemon-coloured gloves, swallow-tailed coat, and miniature cane which he swung with careless grace.

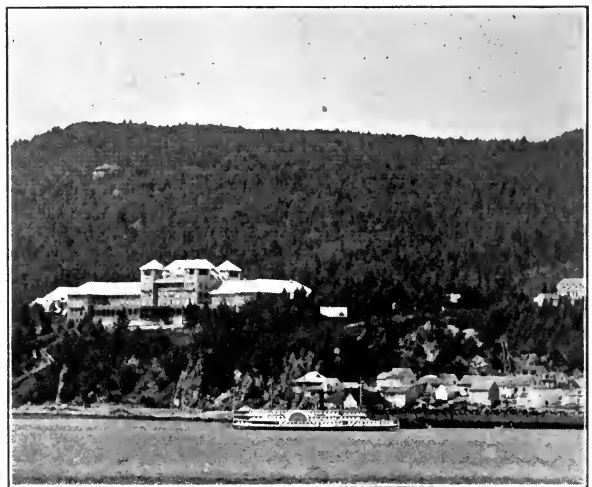
It was evident that even thus early a clash of individualities had occurred. The gallant bridegroom was impatient to take up permanent quarters in the stuffy cabin, with his arm around the conscious bride's waist;

while she, tired and excited from much sight-seeing in Quebec, petulantly insisted upon going on deck. The red lips pouted dangerously, but the difficulty was finally settled in the bridegroom's favour, and without great apparent infelicity on the part of the vanquished.

A little native village, flat on the river's rim—its guardian church spire graceful above the rest—came presently into view, and we leaned over the steamer rail to watch our bridal couple disembark, arm in arm. The punctilious young husband assisted his bride to the narrow foothold leading up the side of the wharf, while he endeavoured, still holding her hand, to clamber up the slippery middle partition, rendered almost perpendicular by reason of the low tide. There ensued a wild commingling of silk hat, dapper boots, and swallow-tail, and a final glimpse of a dark-eyed French-Canadian girl laughing as only such an one can, without offence, on such occasions.

About sunset the first day out from Quebec, the Saguenay steamer beats diagonally across the St. Lawrence from Rivière du Loup, and one trains one's eyes expectantly back and forth across the opposing mountain barrier to catch the first faint indentation, which means Tadoussac and the mouth of the Saguenay.

Strong and salt from up the distant



MURRAY BAY, SHOWING THE MANOIR RICHELIEU

Gulf comes the breath of the sea. The passengers brace themselves against it, and pace the deck in groups of two or three, stung to action by its invigorating lash. Soon a dark cleft in the mountain front becomes visible, and the conflicting waters of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay meet in a strenuous embrace. They grapple till the waves stand upright, thrown on their haunches by the force of the encounter; then as the quieter shoreward waters are gained, there steals out—so warm, so sweet, so subtle—the breathing of the fir woods.

Of a sudden, it grows dark—sullen, uncompromising nightfall, with no twilight, and after what seems an endless while of swerving and manoeuvring, there's a spangle of lights like the glitter on a lady's ball dress, and in the curve of the bay Tadousac crouches by the water's edge.

Whether one wears away half the night on deck watching the moon coquet with the fearsome crags which line the sombre entrance to the Saguenay; or yields, unconditionally, to the dreamless slumber engendered by the heavy fragrance of the fir trees—while through the steamer's framework the patient heart of the engine throbs—throbs—is largely a matter of age, temperament, and constitution. But, however this may be, one's first waking impression is, doubtless, of someone pounding on the stateroom door to say that if one hurries one can see Chicoutimi.

Chicoutimi is a thriving manufacturing town at the junction of the Chicoutimi and Saguenay rivers. The name is Cree Indian, meaning: "Thus far it is deep," and is appropriately bestowed, since the Saguenay is broken by turbulent rapids a few miles above. Here, therefore, the steamer turns to retrace her course by daylight. The first noteworthy point on the return trip is "Ha! Ha! Bay," a large inlet seven miles wide, and nine in length, into which, in the early days of New France, some French voyageurs pushed the prow of their vessel supposing it to be the main channel of the Saguenay. "Ha! Ha!" was their laughing exclamation when they discovered themselves landlocked.

Posted conspicuously in the corridors of the Saguenay boats, are notices strictly prohibiting the taking of berth rugs out of the staterooms; but, after the manner of most prohibitory placards, this one suffers infringement. Seated tranquilly in a quiet corner of the deck, warmly ensconced in one's own personal steamer rug, a stateroom window near by will be heard to stealthily open, and a berth rug makes an unceremonious exit through the aperture, and is projected upon the deck chair just beneath. Presently the perpetrator of the deed saunters, in the most casual manner possible, around the deck, and proceeds to wrap herself luxuriously in the tabooed property.

This incident naturally brings the question of temperature to the fore. For obvious reasons midsummer is the accepted season for taking the Saguenay trip, but even then one is forewarned that it will be cold—a circumstance upon which the traveller reflects complaisantly, with the thermometer registering 90° in the shade. "Up the Saguenay" in reality, however, such a prediction is verified with alarming accuracy. Canny folk pack winter furs in their steamer trunks when contemplating the Saguenay trip; but to the unfortunates who go ill-prepared, the most alluring visions which present themselves are of the warm wraps which they might have brought.

Those untamed mountain winds were never bred to mildness. They pound the blood stiff in the cheeks; they beat the muscles numb, and the fair tourist in gay headgear is meekly grateful for the snug-fitting cap proffered by some sympathetic gentleman of her party. But it is a bracing, exhilarating cold, if adequate preparations have been made, and an unflagging stimulus to a flagging appetite.

The real Saguenay blueberries, as far-famed within a wide radius as is the river itself, occupy a prominent place on the August *menu*. Blueberry corn-cake, blueberry biscuits, blueberry fritters, blueberry pudding, "tea-cake," warm, with blueberries scattered through it like currants, and big saucers of fresh-gathered blueberries, to be eaten with sugar and cream, comprise a few of the favoured methods of utilising the luscious fruit.

Alongshore, at a certain stage of the trip, appear the bushes themselves—scraggy, unkempt objects, nurtured in desolation. Fresh fish in unlimited variety, served with delicious sauces, and seasonal dainties of other descriptions, also constitute a feature of the bill of fare—if one goes to work aright.

Theoretically, the Canadian conscience rebels at the tipping system; but despite the fact that Canadian waiters receive good salaries from their employers, they are gradually forcing the practice upon the public. It is humiliating, to say the least, to order a favourite dish from the bill of fare, only to be stolidly informed that the supply is exhausted, and a few minutes later to behold the self-same waiter deferentially bring the self-same dainty to your smiling neighbour opposite. Almost insensibly one's prejudices suffer a relapse. One tips with the merriest, and fares accordingly.

Like Bunyan's pilgrim hero, the average tourist is "hard put to it," in attempting to describe the wonders of the Saguenay. Barring the Ottawa, it is the most important tributary of the St. Lawrence—a dark and awesome river, sixty-eight miles in length, and varying from one to two and one-half miles in width, flowing through a gigantic chasm of the mountains as through a mammoth chimney where the winds hold high carnival. There may be times when its waters know quietness, but mostly they are black as midnight, chafing in great troubled waves flecked with foam, where the steamer's prow cuts spray like frozen tears. From each brink of the river rise precipices of syenite and gneiss, clothed only with stunted birches and tall, pinched fir trees, which stand aloft in scathed and riven majesty, mutely testifying to the elemental conflicts which have racked their limbs since ancient times, "before England was known, or the name of Christianity understood."

Sometimes the white filament of a stream crawls slowly over sheer breaks of rock and writhes, snake-like, into the river. No plumb-line can fathom its depth. No birds frequent the fastnesses along its shores. The modern steamer with its freight of eager globe-trotters is

as alien a note in the landscape as if a houseboat of adventurers had gotten astray upon some sombre Styx. It is hard to realise that just beyond that mountain barrier lie fertile farm lands, railroads, and the evidences of many industries.

It generally happens that soon after leaving Ha! Ha! Bay, the passenger least acquainted with the geography of the surroundings circulates the report that Cape Trinity is approaching; and like children in pursuit of a street organ, the throng of sight-seers surges, *en masse*, to the forward deck to secure good posts of observation, for among the many marvels of the Saguenay, Capes Trinity and Eternity are by far the most noteworthy. But endless rounds of discussion and conjecture have time to die away and be revived again before—long after the first alarm was given—the great triple-crowned promontory looms into view.

From far away, on the lowest mighty heave of the cape, the passenger notices a slim upright line, resembling the trunk of a white-barked sapling. When the steamer comes sufficiently near he sees clearly.

High and alone, in the heart of that wild scene, her hands clasped on her breast, her back to the mighty mountain, her face to the river, stands the pure, girlish form of the Virgin. Even to holders of an alien creed, that slim white figure seems to cast over the fearsomeness of the surroundings a spell of peace and assurance, symbolic of "the eternal calm of an invulnerable faith." The statue is thirty-five feet high, and is attached to a small platform by means of strong cables.

Cape Trinity reaches a height of 1,700 feet. Cape Eternity is more than 100 feet higher. They are separated by a bay also bearing the name "Eternity." By inches, as it seems, the steamer creeps closer until she is opposite the base of Cape Trinity. With a feeling akin to disappointment we tell ourselves that it is not, after all, so stupendous. But when we swing into Eternity Bay, and crawl toward the great flank of the cape, the wonder tingles over us. The water is black and very still, with an ominous

glitter as of jet. We seem as close to the huge precipice as prudence would allow, but still the steamer creeps nearer, nearer, while the wonderful markings on the rock begin to stand out; broad streaks and beltings of gray, tan, yellow, white, cream, and inky black, combined and shaded in a manner which no painting or word-description could ever hope to portray.

When, finally, the monstrous structure appears to be an arm's length away, the steamer stops dead. A steward comes forward with a bucket of rough pebbles, and the men among the passengers who are acquainted with this time-honoured custom, throw off their coats, roll up their shirt sleeves, and begin to cast the stones at the cape apparently so near. Invariably they fail their mark. Their ammunition has the appearance of falling in the very shadow of the steamer itself—so erroneous is the conception of distance. The throwers are plainly putting forth all their strength; their faces flushed with exercise and chagrin, the muscles on their arms standing out. Someone, wilfully confounding the names of the two capes, boasts that he has "flung a stone into Eternity," but there is no corroborating evidence from the bystanders.

Before leaving Eternity Bay it is customary to sound the steamer whistle that the passengers may hear the famous echo. Clear and fine as notes from silver strings, pure-toned as a cathedral bell, it rings from peak to cradled crag; is caught, held for an instant, then hurled on again, and never allowed to rest until the whole mountain side is awake, quivering and reverberating with the multiplied volume of sound.

From Cape Eternity to Tadousac, the river winds continually. It is a lovely channel. Great heads of rock jut forward in their desire to meet across the water which sternly separates them. Fresh panoramas appear at every turn.

Sometimes the gray sail of a fisherman's boat, on a grayer stretch of water, cuts into the blue, or a long, red sawmill sullies the primeval landscape with its venturesome trail of smoke.

Tadousac is a quaint and historic village. Tourists frequently spend the entire summer there, and the Saguenay boats stop long enough to enable their passengers to traverse the rambling old place—centre of the fur trade and of the Christian faith, in the days of Champlain; as early as 1639, the seat of a Jesuit mission. Near the steamboat landing is the Government salmon hatchery, where the fish may be viewed in every stage of development, from spawn to lolling, full-grown salmon, ripe for freedom.

In the Tadousac of to-day there is something, at least, which holds identity with the past—the little old Indian church. A bark-covered hut formed the first mission chapel. In 1648 a more substantial building supplanted this makeshift, and in 1750 the present church was built, a fair-sized structure of gray stone, whose only outward adornment is the Symbol of Redemption.

It was raining, soft as a mist of tears, as our steamer emerged from the mouth of the Saguenay upon the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence. On the Laurentian side, bright twisted knots of lightning were playing high among the hills, leaving the river exempt. In our wake, a mirage of rocky islets floated in a purple halo. Above us circled myriads of sea gulls, heavenly white and fair. A priest of Rome, with bent head and moving lips, paced the deck; while from the lee-side of the steamer came snatches of conversation from an American tourist party.

"The Hudson?.... Oh, of course, the Hudson is *beautiful*, but (a welcome tribute from our friends across the border) to fully *appreciate* it, one would have to see it before going up the Saguenay."



The Obliging Mr. Parker

By R. STORRY DEANS

A true tale of Scotland Yard, the action of which takes the reader to Canada.

FRANK SALMONBY was a broker in the city, where his father had been a broker before him. From these facts it may be inferred that Frank Salmonby was in comfortable circumstances. His father had left him £50,000 and an excellent business; and his pretty villa at Blackheath was presided over by the prettiest, most charming, and most amiable of wives. If some of Frank's friends and acquaintances envied him his lot, how much more did the ladies of Blackheath sigh as they contemplated the felicity of Mrs. Salmonby! What more could any woman wish for than a husband young, stalwart, handsome, devoted, popular—and rich?

But one day Blackheath received a shock. The men ceased to envy the young broker. The women began to shake their heads and say, after the manner of the sex in all ages, that they had "thought so all along," and to wonder whether Mrs. Salmonby's last diamond bracelet was paid for. That lady obstinately kept within doors.

What had happened was an event not by any means unprecedented. Frank Salmonby had made up his mind, at an early period of his career, that the life of a country squire was preferable to that of a city broker. He set himself to amass a specific sum of money. When this had been accumulated he intended to buy an estate in the country, hand over his business to his managing clerk, and say good-bye to Threadneedle Street for ever.

Ere long, however, he found how difficult it was to make money nowadays. True, he could make three or four thousand a year at his business; and this, with the interest from his £50,000, gave him an excellent income; but he liked to live well, and what with his Blackheath house and his yacht on the Colne, and his little shoot in Wiltshire, he found it difficult to lay by more than £1,000 a year. At this rate, obviously, the £250,000 would never be reached in his lifetime; and, indeed, he would be an old man before he had put together even the half of the desired fortune.

Now Frank Salmonby was not content to grind in the city all his days, and at last he made up his mind that if he would get rich quickly he must take risks—in short, he must speculate. He had friends on other markets than his own; so he set his wits to work to find out "good things." At first he was cautious and risked only a thousand or so. The "good things" came off, and he netted £10,000 in a month.

Emboldened now, and confident in his own judgment, the young broker almost gave up his old-fashioned and legitimate brokerage business, and began to speculate right and left. Soon he had on his hands a gamble in Kaffirs, a speculation in South American rails, and a flutter in the cotton market. He was quite confident they were all "good things," and made up his mind to gain £100,000 before three months were up. But trouble in

South Africa sent the Kaffirs down with a run; the South American rails announced diminished traffics and fell several points; and, worst of all, cotton broke, as cotton sometimes does. Ere long Frank Salmonby had lost every sixpence he had in the world and a good deal more besides.

All this was merely folly; but worse was to come. The prosperous young broker had been asked some time previously to become trustee of a marriage settlement, having as his co-trustee an elderly man who left the management of the trust in his young colleague's hands. At the moment of his ruin, and before the publication of his default, Salmonby forged his co-trustee's name to a number of deeds and transfers, realised about £10,000 of the trust money, and then disappeared. He had a fortnight's start, for it took that time for the news of his ruin to leak out. The co-trustee made inquiries, the forgery was discovered, and a warrant was issued.

But Frank Salmonby had vanished, leaving not a wrack behind.

Scotland Yard telegraphed to every port and to its secret service men all over the world; but no trace of the missing broker could be found. Meanwhile, pretty Mrs. Salmonby continued to live at Blackheath until the creditors came down and sold the furniture. Then she went off to Streatham, to her mother's. All this time she was being watched by Scotland Yard, and one fine day she was observed to enter a cab that was piled up with luggage and drive to Euston. A detective travelled in the same train to Liverpool, and saw the lady embark on a liner for New York.

A cipher telegram to an agent in America was enough to ensure that Mrs. Salmonby, who had changed her name to Brooks, was met on landing and carefully watched to her destination—Snowhattan, a village on the border of Canada, an out-of-the-way place only to be found on the very largest maps. Here the lady took lodgings—under the name of Mrs. Turner this time—and settled down to a solitary, quiet life.

The secret-service agent who followed her expected her to be met, or at any rate

soon joined, by her husband, but he was disappointed. Moreover, a thorough inquiry satisfied the agent that Frank Salmonby was not in Snowhattan at all, and never had been. Wherefore, after waiting about for a fortnight or so, the agent returned to his normal occupation of spying on the Fenians in New York, having first reported to London his failure to discover anything of the forger's whereabouts.

Scotland Yard, however, was not disposed to give up the chase. The chief called to him Tounsell, known to the swell-mobsmen of London as "the Sailor," and, explaining to him the state of affairs, ordered him to set out for Snowhattan by the first boat. Tounsell was nothing loth. He had lived some three years of an adventurous life in the United States, and therefore knew his ground. Next day "the Sailor" was pacing the deck of the *City of New York*.

II

Snowhattan was not a lively place. It possessed a single store, which was also the post office; an hotel of sorts, and two meeting-houses. One train a day connected it with civilisation, and by this train visitors occasionally came to Snowhattan—usually "drummers," bent on selling dry-goods to the store or machinery to the farmers.

One day, at the end of the autumn, there emerged from the cars a couple of drummers and a tall, handsome, devil-may-care looking fellow who spoke American with a strong English accent. English he was, so he told his fellow-travellers, though he had been in the States a year or two. He talked glibly enough of New York, where he had filled a post in a store; but he was tired of shops and counters and had come out to Snowhattan with a view of getting employment on the land. The drummers strongly advised him to return to New York, as he would find no work on the land in the winter. But the stranger was hopeful of coming across some farmer who would at least give him his keep until the spring came round.

Next morning the Englishman strolled into the store and gave his name as Parker.

Could the storekeeper tell him of any employment that was to be had. The storekeeper had heard of the stranger from the two drummers, and promptly informed him that no farmer would engage help at the beginning of winter. Parker's face fell. A desultory chat ensued, and soon it appeared that the storekeeper was a brother Mason. The bond was strong enough to cause the kind-hearted American to suggest that the stranger should stay with him until spring and help in the store in return for his board and lodging. Parker accepted gratefully and promptly entered on his new duties.

Ere long the employer and his assistant were on the most friendly terms; for the Englishman was a genial fellow, with plenty of intelligence, and his good looks caused him to be sent forward to serve the women customers. In this way, Parker soon made the acquaintance of Mrs. Turner, who came sometimes to make purchases and sometimes to ask for letters. But there were never any letters for her, and as time went on her inquiries were made in a more anxious tone.

One day the lady called and asked, "Are there any letters for me?"

"Well, madam," replied Parker, "there's a letter here, but the address is so badly written that I don't rightly know if it's for you or not."

"How so?"

"Because I can't tell whether it is addressed to Mr. or Mrs. Turner. You see, madam, there was a Mr. Turner, a drummer, here this week. He left yesterday."

"If you let me see it, I can tell you whether it is the letter I expected."

"Can't do it, Mrs. Turner. It's a registered letter, and I should get into trouble if it was not yours."

The poor woman's face fell.

"Tell you what, ma'am, if you were expecting a letter from somewhere, you might tell me where from, and then, if it's the right postmark, I'll risk it. Shouldn't like to disappoint you."

"Mine was from Philadelphia," replied Mrs. Turner.

"Then this can't be yours," the assistant answered, "because this is from

Chicago," and, covering up the address, he showed her the postmark.

Again the look of keen disappointment came back into the wan, refined face.

"It might," said she, timidly, "have come from Chicago. Do, please, let me see it."

After persistent entreaty Parker allowed the address to be seen. It was in a scrawling handwriting, and, sure enough, the first word was so carelessly written that no one could tell whether it was meant for Mr. or Mrs. The lady begged that she might be allowed to open it, but Parker was politely inflexible. At last, however, Mrs. Turner burst into tears, and the Englishman relaxed so far as to announce that he himself would open the letter and see if she could identify the writer.

"I shall lose my job for this, madam, I expect," he grumbled, "but I can't bear to see a woman cry. What name did you say?"

"Nixon," replied the lady.

"Then it isn't for you," said Parker. "You can look at it," and he handed over a note:

"DEAR TOM,—Enclosed the ten dollars, for which much thanks. Hope see you Saturday at the old spot.

—Yours,

"J. D."

A ten dollar bill was enclosed.

"No, this is certainly not for me, and I'm sorry to have given you so much trouble. If you get into a scrape, I'll try to help you out if I can."

Hardly was Mrs. Turner out of the store when Parker, for the first time since his arrival, asked for half a day's holiday and proceeded first to Mrs. Turner's lodgings, where he made that lady solemnly promise never to say a word about the opened letter, and then walked on to the station, where he despatched a telegram to an address in Philadelphia.

Two days later a telegram arrived for Mrs. Turner. It was from Philadelphia and ran as follows:

"Not heard long time. Write immediately."

All that day Parker the Englishman kept watch at the store and examined

the address of every letter posted there; but he appeared to find nothing satisfactory. Now the post office closed one hour before the mail (the only) train left; but the public had the opportunity of posting letters in the train itself up to the moment of its departure. That night Parker carried the mail-bag down to the station. Entering the post-office van, where some sorters were, he delivered his mails and then settled down for what Scotsmen call a "crack." His funny stories amused the sorters mightily, and they voted him, not for the first time, a real good sort.

Just as the *raconteur* was in the middle of one of his most entertaining anecdotes he caught sight of Mrs. Turner. That lady bore in her hand a letter. The admirable Parker began to walk about, illustrating his story by action. Flop fell the letter on the floor. What more natural than that the obliging Parker should pick it up and hand it, address uppermost, to a sorter?

The letter was addressed to "Mr. H. Nixon, Bunker's Hotel, Philadelphia."

That very night a long telegram sped over the wires from Snowhattan to Philadelphia. And next day a message came by the same medium to "Parker, Snowhattan." It was evidently a family matter, for it said:

"Harry very sick. Come immediately. Important.—MAISIE."

Mr. Parker showed the telegram to his employer, urged that Harry was his best friend on earth, and that he must go to Philadelphia at once. The storekeeper was sorry to lose his genial assistant and brother Mason, but tried to cheer him up as best he could, and apparently succeeded.

The outward-bound train of that day carried no more cheerful-looking passenger than Mr. Parker, whose spirits seemed to rise as he neared his sick friend. When

he stepped from the car at Philadelphia he was greeted by two men with keen faces and stalwart frames, of whom he asked:

"Is all right?"

"Perfectly," said one of them.

Entering a closed carriage that was in waiting, the three drove off at a round pace and were soon at Bunker's Hotel, where one of the two who had met Mr. Parker exchanged nods with a man near the door.

"Where?"

"In his room," replied the man.

In a trice the three visitors were in the elevator. "Room 102." And up they mounted. Out of the lift, they walked swiftly along the corridor until they came to No. 102, on the door of which one of them tapped lightly.

"Come in," said a voice.

In walked the three. The man who had taken the lead looked at Parker, who nodded and then walked up to the occupant of the room.

"Mr. Frank Salmonby," said he, "I arrest you on a charge of forgery."

"Who are you?"

"I am Detective-Inspector Headland," replied the leader.

Here Parker stepped forward.

"You may know me better, Mr. Salmonby—by name, at any rate. I am Tounsell, of Scotland Yard."

The wretched man went quietly. So astounded was he that he confessed both his identity and his offence, nor did he resist extradition. On the voyage to Liverpool he tried many a time to find out how his hiding-place had been discovered, but Tounsell never would tell him.

The postal authorities of the United States made no fuss about the opened registered letter, which is not surprising when you consider that Mr. Parker wrote it himself and had it posted in Chicago by a confidential agent.



The Subjection of Ruth

By DEAN MACLEOD

A love story of simplicity and force, with a rural setting and a doubtful moral.

RUTH FRASER, aged nineteen, with skirts held high, was scuffling through the crackling masses of dry, brown leaves in the lane, giving way to a very exuberance of happiness. Beech leaves, mellow and gold; oak leaves, brown and dry; the red maples and round yellow leaves of the poplar lay ankle-deep in the October sunshine. A basket half-full of acorn-cups and little three-sided beechnuts was carelessly thrown to one side in the delight of this new-found play. The air was so fresh and clear, the sun so bright and warm and the world seemed such a beautiful, kind place to live in, that Ruth laughed aloud as she tossed the bright leaves in the air and they fell around like bits of broken sunlight, catching in her shining hair and faded blue print dress as they fell.

The echo of her laugh had hardly died away when the stillness was suddenly broken by the quick beat of hoofs on the grassy road, and before she could shake the leaves from her head a horseman galloped around the bend; then, seeing the girl, wheeled suddenly and stopped before her. At sight of him a wave of delight rushed over her.

"Oh, Dan! where yu goin'; can't I go with yu?" she asked eagerly, her face all bright with a sudden flush.

His own face reddened as he looked at her, conscious of his rough clothes. But the want to see her, to be with her, here in the sunshine, overcame it, and he drew

nearer. The ardent love-light in his eyes was so unmistakable, yet he spoke in his usual, slow drawl:

"I told Pete White's wife I'd git her a couple of birds to-night. Her sister's son's there fer a week, and he's aillin'. I heard they was plenty up to Si Warren's back lot. I'd like it mighty well to take yu, Ruth; give me yur hand and I'll help yu up." He learned forward eagerly to lift her to the saddle, but the look of bright anticipation faded out of her eyes.

"If yu go way up there, yu can't be back 'til nigh seven o'clock, and I promised Dad I'd make him rye-cakes fer supper, so I can't go. Ain't it too bad, Dan?"

"Can't yu fix it somehow, Ruth? It seems an awful time since I seen yu. The moon'll be jest right, too. I want to—to talk to yu, anyways, it's important," he coaxed. But she shook her head, her disappointment was great.

He slipped from his horse's back. "All right, Ruth," he said. "Never mind—I'm goin' to tie Betsy and stop a bit with yu."

"Oh, will yu now!" She was all smiles again and danced around in the rustling leaves like a child, while he tied old Betsy to the fence and carefully rested his rifle against a stump.

Her woman's love of brute strength delighted in his bigness. The rough clothes and high leather boots he wore were new to her, and with her quick perception she noted how it all suited him. When he came to see her he wore his

Sunday suit of black, with a stiff front shirt and paper collar, and always looked so scrubbed and uncomfortable, but, now, even his hands didn't seem to look so big and red when he wore that old cardigan with the loosely knotted tie, all soiled and rumpled as it was. "Anyway it looks a sight better'n that made one he wears ev'nin's," she thought to herself.

He turned and came to her where she was sitting on a fallen tree.

"I didn't cal'late on seein' yu," he said simply.

"Is it why yu look as if yu shaved last Sunday and not since?" she asked saucily.

He rubbed his rough chin in embarrassment, and she laughed. It was such fun to tease Dan.

"Well, I ain't," he answered. "I've been that busy," he went on hastily, "I'd hardly call my soul my own. How've yu been, Ruth? Ain't this a warm day fer October?" He mopped at his perspiring face with a dark-looking handkerchief. "Them trees is mighty nice looking with the leaves dropping so quiet-like off'n them, don't yu think? 'Pears to me, Ruth, that's an awful thin-looking dress to be wearing late's this. Ain't yur Pa goin' to git yu a warm one? It's about time yu——"

She interrupted him breathlessly. "Why, Dan Burton, whatever's got into yu, yur just one lot o' questions? I never heard yu talk so much at one stretch in my life." She laughed merrily at the discomfited expression on his face. "I do believe yur getting nerves, Dan, yur face is jest the colour of—of a sunset."

He stood awkwardly before her, wanting to answer her ridicule, but his tongue seemed glued to the roof of his mouth and he shifted from one foot to the other.

"Dan," she started again, "do yu expect me to answer all them questions? And do yu plan on standing there 'til the end o' time like a hitching-post?"

He turned at that and came and sat on the log near her, but did not attempt to touch her or offer the caresses he always took as his right. She felt the unnatural restraint and the uneasy restlessness of his usually frank eyes; but thought he was put out by her teasing, so she determined to try him further. "They ain't any call

for him to get huffed at a little thing like that," she thought to herself.

"Dan, is that some of yur own sewin' on that patch? Yu'd really ought to do better, after all my showin' yu. And that tie! It ain't tied right at all. Let me do it fer yu?"

She leaned across to tie it, her soft, pretty hair brushing against his forehead, and she felt his quick breathing and the sudden dropping of his arms when he raised them towards her. She almost stopped in her surprise, and did a little thinking while she fussed with the knot. Why had he stopped that way? He had not even tried to kiss her. She had intended him to, at least had known he would. He usually did not wait for even that slight excuse. And why should he? Wasn't she going to marry him? It couldn't be he really took to heart her little fun with him?

She finished the tie, and stood looking at the distant blue hills. It was so new and dear to see him this way—his natural every-day self, that she had never seen before, and a little, sudden wave of tenderness swept over her. She had never made his love-making a bit easy for him, and his most persistent efforts to make her admit she loved him had only wrung from her a laugh and "that she didn't mind seeing him round." She secretly joyed in the masterful tenderness with which he treated her, but he had hitherto hoped in vain that he might surprise her into showing a bit of the love he so greatly coveted. So his breath almost stopped when she laid one little hand on his arm, and with her sweet eyes very near his own, said softly: "Dan, dear, yu never'd take it serious, this, me teasing yu, would yu, now?"

He dug his hands into the soft ground at his side and steadied his voice with an effort, but he smiled as he answered: "Wus yu teasin' me? I didn't sense it, Ruth."

She looked at him, puzzled by his evident unconcern of her, and tried to think of something that would stir him up. Her eyes grew suddenly tender and a little flush came into her cheeks.

"I didn't answer yur questions, did I, Dan, 'bout me wearin' this old dress?"

"No," he said, "yu didn't, and I'd like to know what yur Pa means not buyin' yu warm clo's." His voice grew a little harsh, and she hastened to explain.

"Now, don't yu get riled up about what yu don't know, Dan Burton. Dad lets me buy all my own clo's. I have all the butter every week, and he let me have all the beans and peas in the south lot this summer, besides the extry he lets me have."

"It's no more'n he should, yu working the way yu do," he broke in.

"Why, Dan Burton! what ever's got into yu? Yu've often said Dad was very reason'ble, and, anyway, he's allays telling me to go ahead and get clo's and things, but I kind o' fancied as how my cashmere would do this winter, if the skirt was turned. I was goin' to do it to-day, but it was such a nice kind of a day I couldn't come to it, fer staying in. I thought as how I'd get Linda Hughes to come in and help me with it some day. I just hate sewin'."

"There ain't no call fer yu to sew. Why don't yu spend yur money if yur Pa's layin' it out so?" he demanded.

She blushed crimson, and was silent. Seeing her confusion, he forgot his own ill-humour and drew her down beside him. "There, Ruth, little girl, yu needn't to tell me; it's none of my affairs how yu spend it or what yu wear, s'long as yu don't git cold. As fer looks, there ain't a girl in Nova Scotia, there ain't one in the world as good-looking and sweet as yu are, but I guess yu'd ought to know it, I've told yu often enough."

She ignored his open flattery, and drew his arm closer about her, looking shyly up at him. "I—I'd like to tell yu what I'm doin' with it—the money yu know, Dan. I'm putting it all by, in that brown wallet yu give me, and when spring comes —" she hesitated and dropped her eyes. Then he seemed to grasp her meaning; his head turned dizzy with the joy of it. She was going to say it at last, and without his habitual pleading. His grasp on her hands tightened. How sweet she was, so well worth loving, and in this new bit of graciousness, so sweetly surprising! He felt he could never, never let her go. But that to-day of all days she

had chosen to be thus gracious! If she knew what he had to tell her, would she still say it? He had most serious doubts, so he put the thought doggedly from him, and determined to have this one blessed minute, and afterwards—well, he would have now at any rate. So he lifted her face to his, and looked into her eyes.

"Yes, Ruth," he said encouragingly, as if speaking to a bashful child, "what will yu do when spring comes?" He knew she wanted him to help her out, but the longing to hear her say it herself conquered, and he waited. The red surged into her cheeks, and she looked up at him timidly.

"Yu know what I mean, don't yu, Dan?"

"Do I, little girl? Well, yu tell me, so I'll be sure." He stopped and touched her hair with his lips. "Tell Dan, sweetheart," he coaxed.

"I'm keeping it till spring, Dan," she started bravely, "to buy a lot of dresses and perhaps one of those hats with roses on them, like that lady from Boston had this summer, all under the brim and on top, just roses, du yu mind it, Dan? It had buds and leaves just like real."

"I've a notion of what yu mean, Ruth, but yu ain't told me what yu're getting all these fixin's fer?"

Her eyes fell again, and she trembled a bit in his arms; so he helped her. "Ruth," he whispered, "are yu goin' to wear 'em when yu marry me—in the spring? Are yu goin' to make it then, dearie?"

She waited a long minute, then looked up with her old mischievous smile. "If you say so, Mister Burton," she said softly.

He stood quite still, speechless with the joy of it, and not until she turned her lips to be kissed did he remember that not yet could his own lips meet hers with equal right, so he choked back the temptation and tried not to see the amazed look in her face.

"Ruth, little girl, I've told yu so often how much I love yu, I s'pose yur tired hearin' it, but I'm goin' to tell yu agin that every minnit of my livin' is just one big love fer yu all the time. Ruth, I can't tell yu—not if I lived fer ever—I couldn't tell yu how I love yu." His manly face

was tense with feeling, with thoughts he couldn't express.

The girl's face was a study; there was surprise at his refusal to kiss her, and yet a glow of gladness from his words was there. He waited anxiously, half fearing a storm. Then all at once, "Dan," she demanded hotly, "why didn't you kiss me then? It ain't every day you get it even for the asking. I guess you'll wait awhile afore the next time, Dan Burton." Her voice trailed off into a half sob of resentment and hurt pride, and when he came nearer she drew away from him. Then all his honest resolves went in a flash where the old moons go, and he grasped her arms with a desperate roughness, and kissed her lips, her eyes, her hair—hot, passionate kisses—until she struggled to free herself, but he held her close and kissed her again. Then they stood, flushed and breathless.

"The next time you think I don't want to kiss you, Ruth, let me know."

She made another attempt to shake off his hold and then his hands slipped down and held her wrists in a grasp.

"I think you just horrid, Dan Burton," she cried. "You ain't never —," she stopped in the impetuous threat she was going to make, for never had she seen him look like that. Was that stern-looking man the easy-going, shy boy she was used to teasing and tormenting? She felt a little afraid of this new Dan. Then suddenly the humour of it struck her. Why she could pull every hair out of his head and he would be only too glad if it pleased her. So she smiled up at him, a smile of sunny sweetness intended to drive away his crossness. "You big Foolish," she laughed.

"Look a here, Ruth. I'm not foolin'. I want to know and you'll tell me—now. Do you love me?"

A pert retort flashed to her lips; then that steady, earnest look in his eyes checked it, and she answered less carelessly.

"Of course I do, Dan, you know that."

"Well, say it," he insisted. "I want to hear you."

She looked at him again, then, "I love you, Dan Burton," she said quietly.

"How much do you love me, Ruth?" he went on.

She didn't answer or look at him, but simply reached up her arms around his neck and touched his forehead with her lips.

They walked up and down the lane in silence for awhile, under the drooping branches in the bright sunshine. Not a breath of wind, yet the leaves dropped silently with perfect ripeness. As they passed, a bird flew startled from a clump of frost-killed ferns, and a last, late butterfly winged stupidly out of the pathway.

He spoke first: "When did you see your Pa last, Ruth?"

"He had to take some corn to the Centre this morning, and I gave him a lunch. He cal'lated he'd be home before sundown. I s'pose I'd ought to be goin', Dan; it's gettin' late," she said regretfully.

"There's no hurry, Ruth. I passed your Pa down there by the shoein' stand. He was talkin' to me some," he finished, with a touch of sarcasm; but she did not notice it.

"Dan, I was telling him last week 'bout us perhaps goin' to the States fer our trip when we was married. He quite notioned it; he said it would take a sight more money than if we jest went to the Centre like everyone does, but he guessed that needn't stop us. Oh, Dan," she cried wistfully, "don't you jest wish we had heaps and heaps of money, more'n we could ever dream of spending? There ain't nothin' I'd like better'n money."

She did not see the troubled look in his eyes.

"I wish to God I had it for you, Ruth; but I ain't," he sighed. "If my potatoes sells well, we can go to the States and have our time, and then save up afterward. John Best, down to Peck's store, was to Boston once, and he kin tell us where to stay and all that. I'm glad you like goin', Ruth." He paused, then spoke again, his voice tense:

"Say—Ruth—if some feller with lots of money come along and could buy you everything you ever wanted—would—would you go and marry him and not bother 'bout me?" The bit of jealousy was new

to him, and it hurt. So he watched her face eagerly.

But his doubt went wrong, for she turned her eyes full of love to him. "Why, Dan—why, Dan Burton, I wouldn't miss marryin' yu, not for all the money in Boston, not for all the money in the world." So in earnest was she, she laid her hand on his arm, and he took it.

He was relieved but not quite content. "Ruth, there ain't any reason—nothin' at all—you'd let hinder yu marryin' me?"

She burst into a merry laugh. "Yu Foolish, of course there ain't." Then, more seriously: "Dan, yur awful strange actin' to-day; what's amiss?"

He ignored her question. "Yu are sure there ain't nothin' at all to hinder yu, Ruth?" he scanned her face anxiously and she was puzzled.

"No, nothin', nothin' at all," she answered him. Then her voice faltered, and she looked up fearfully, "'cept—'cept—yu know, Dan, what I said that last time."

The colour surged over his face, and then left it white and drawn.

"Dan—oh, Dan, yu ain't never gone and done that—not again!" There was horror and a pitiful little agony in her voice.

"Yes, I have," he answered doggedly. "I've been drinkin' again. If yu'd asked me why I wasn't down to yur place Thursday night, when I said I would, I'd told yu—told yu I was down settin' in Joel Winter's barroom drinkin' whiskey; and I got drunk, drunker'n time. Some of the fellers drove me home. I guess all the village knows it now. Yur Pa knows."

He had jerked the words out sullenly, brutally, and the girl shrank from him, as if he had struck her.

"Yur Pa knows," he repeated nervously. "Me and him nigh had some words back there, but I left afore I said much. I minded he was yur Pa, and an old man. But he said enough to let me know I'd better keep away from yu and the place." He waited for her to speak. "I knew yu hadn't heard when I stopped and yu started talkin'," he added; then waited again. Still she did not speak, so he went on:

"It's not so bad, Ruth," he pleaded, "not so bad as he heard. And I brought all the money home. I didn't even touch the cards, and—and—Ruth, if you'll overlook it, just this once, I'll give you my solemn, tee-total word that it'll never happen again, and that's true."

Her silence was worse to him than the suspense, and he cried in exasperation: "Why don't yu say somethin', Ruth; yu needn't take on like that."

"I ain't takin' on," she blazed forth, "and as fer sayin' anythin', I'll do that now, and I say, Dan Burton, that I take back what I said 'bout marryin' yu or wantin' to marry yu, fer I ain't goin' to do it—ever. I told yu the last time—"

"It was the first time, too, Ruth," he broke in.

"I told yu the last time," she repeated, "that I wasn't goin' to marry any drinkin' man. I won't do it. If I'd a' known you been doin' it again I wouldn't a' spoke one word to yu to-day, and yu know it." Her voice grew lower and quivered with anger. "Yu are jest like a snake, comin' so easy like 'round me gettin' me to promise things to yu and all that, when yu know I'd never have done it. I'd a struck yu, sooner'n let yu kiss me."

She stopped, breathless, and looked at him. The utter misery in his face must have touched her, for suddenly the whole realisation of what it would cost her swept over her, and her voice became a pitiful little cry: "Oh, Dan, why did yu do it? How could yu, Dan, when yu'd promised me not to?"

"Yu set down there, Ruth Fraser, and I'll tell yu. I ain't tryin' to get out of it none, but it all come of that trip to the States. I knowed yu wanted to go bad, and I was set on takin' yu. Then I was fer getting some money ahead to get some extry curtains and things fer the house when we was married, and I didn't know where on earth the money was to come from. It kept worrying me, and so last Thursday, when one o' them railroad chaps came and offered me five hundred dollars fer that corner lot, yu bet I jumped at it, but to him I was mighty careful, and afore we closed the deal I had him for another fifty. He hustled me right down

to the village to get the papers made out. He was kind of riled about that fifty, so I had to be careful and not cross him any. I just kept thinking of the things I was goin' to do with that five hundred and fifty dollars, and I was so skeered he'd back out, I'd a' done most anything; and when he called the drinks I took it right down, never thinkin'. Then, o' course, I had to stand treat fer him; and the next thing I knowed it was flyin' round like water, and I was that drunk I couldn't stand up. But I got the money, and it's down there in the safe in Si's store. As true as I'm here, Ruth, I never intentioned it to happen. Ruth, yu ain't goin' to take it to heart, are yu?"

He was half afraid of her, standing there so pale and merciless-looking. He hadn't known it was in her to look that way, so he waited, fearful for her answer.

"There ain't any kind of excuse yu kin make, Dan Burton. Yu got drunk once, and I told yu then I wouldn't never tolerate it again and yu promised, yu passed yur word not to, and here it ain't a month and yu go and do it worse'n ever. If yu do it twice yu'd do it again lots of times, prob'ly, and I won't stand fer it. I ain't goin to marry yu, and I don't want to see yu again. Yu can go and drink yourself into the river, and I wouldn't open my mouth to stop yu," she cried recklessly, white with anger.

He felt a desire to shake her, and he was losing his own temper.

"Well, I will," he burst out, "if yu talk that way. I'll go down to Joel's to-morrow and get drunker every day 'till there ain't nothin' left o' me, and it will be you that's to answer fer it, Ruth Fraser. Jest because I ain't got as much money as some fellers has, yur glad of any excuse to fire me. I might a' had the money if I'd wanted it; but I never did, 'cept lately" (just the thought of that "lately" made his voice less harsh), "when I knew yu'd be happier with it," he added, almost gently.

There are some men to whom it is an impossibility to act the part of a brute to a woman. Dan was one of them; also, to love as he did was not a thing to be turned lightly aside because of a few angry words from the girl he loved. Already, the

change of thoughts—and such thoughts—stirred his love into an agony of fear that she might be in earnest, so he put forth every persuasive effort, and in his voice was a great tenderness. "Ruth, I couldn't ax fer nothin' more'n to jest have my farm there in the valley and marry yu. I never was fer hankerin' after the dollars. I can't sense the feelin' of it. We'd have enough to eat and wear every day, and we'd jest be there ourselves. It would be heaven fer me. We could go all round over the hills, and sometimes we could camp for a week or so down to Ward's River in the fall when the shootin' begins. I've thought it all out, when I've been at my work, and half the nights I can't sleep fer thinkin' of the times we kin have. Yu needn't work none at all, Ruth—I've got plenty fer that. And I love yu so, Ruth, there ain't a thing I wouldn't do fer yu. Yu won't be sorry fer marryin' me either. I'll be awful good to yu—dearie."

There was such intense longing in his voice and he pleaded so earnestly that she half wavered. The anger had left her face; he saw his chance and hastened to take it, then blundered hopelessly, for he threatened her.

"But, I'll tell yu this, Ruth," he went on, "if yu don't marry me, I don't care fer nothin' and I'll do jest as I said about goin' to Joel's to-morrow."

Scorn flashed in her eyes. "Yu big coward, Dan Burton, fer talkin' that way. If I married yu, the first time yu got riled yu'd likely's not rush off to Joel's and get drunk again. I'm glad enough I've found out the kind yu are. Yu ain't got any ambition either. Yu could have the best-payin' farm in the valley. Dad says so, and yu don't do any more'n get a livin' off it. Then yu go and try to shift the blame off on me, as if 'twas me wanted the money or wanted goin' to the States any more'n yu. Who designed it anyway, I'd like to know?" she went on excitedly. "If I was a man and couldn't sell a little bit of land without makin' a— a fool of myself, I'd wait awhile before I axed any girl to marry me; and I'll tell yu again, Dan Burton, I ain't goin' to marry yu; there now (as he started to argue and protest). "Yu can't say

nothin'; no earthly thing can make me change. I'm goin' home now, and I don't want to see yu again."

She turned and started off down the lane.

For one minute he watched her in silence, his face desperate with distress. Then with a few strides he was at her side, and caught her arm. "There ain't goin' to be none of this between us, Ruth," he said imperatively. "Quit foolin' now, and talk right." But one look into her face, where was scorn and disdain, assured him she was not joking, and it roused all the passion in him. He grasped her shoulders with his two hands and shook her in exasperation.

"Leave go of me," she cried.

"I won't," he said stubbornly, and shook her again; then forced hot, passionate kisses on her mouth, and let her go.

"There, Ruth Fraser, I reckon yu won't forgit that for awhile, and one thing more, yu needn't forget and that is if yu ever reckon on marryin' any other feller I'll kill him first, yu mind that."

"Yu'll probinly be too drunk, Dan Burton," she flung back spitefully, and ran off, with the angry tears blinding her eyes.

Once she stumbled and fell over a clump of withered, brown ferns, and she buried her head in the dry, prickly mass and cried with anger and hurt pride. Then after a while her wrath passed, and just a dull ache of misery held her in a tearless, sobbing grasp.

The sun was fast dropping under the purple hills; already the valley was in shadow. Ruth shivered in her thin dress, and started for home again.

The very comfort and cheeriness of the kitchen, as she entered, sent a wave of lonesomeness over her. It flashed into her mind that never again might she pretend she was Dan's wife, getting supper for him and making plans for their home together. She pressed her fingers against her eyes and threw herself into the old rocker.

Dan had said he was planning too, she had often wondered if he did, but now it was all over. She remembered what he had said about camping at Ward's River in shooting-time. How she would

have loved it! It was so like Dan to think of things like that—for her pleasure, not talkin' about his crops, and the farmwork, like some men did. She rocked back and forth in misery. "Dan—Dan—dear," she whispered to herself.

"Ruth, do yu know it's most six?" Her father's voice called impatiently from the sitting-room.

"Yes, Dad, I'll hurry round," she answered, and hastily dabbed at her eyes, as she hurried to stir the fire.

"Ruth," he called again, "I s'pose you've been off with that good-fer-nothin' Dan Burton. I'll tell yu right now, girl, that if I ketch him 'round here talkin' to yu, it'll be a bad day fer yu both, yu hear, du yu?"

The old man's voice was angry.

She hesitated a moment; then, "Yes, I hear, Dad," she answered quietly. His tone and words had aroused a sudden unreasonable desire to defend Dan. The scarlet flamed in her cheeks an instant. "It—it wasn't his fault, Dad; he told me all about it," she faltered. "I—I don't hold it agin him, it was all my doin's."

The swift change from her merciless condemnation to this eagerness to excuse him amazed her, but with it came relief.

"What!" the old man shouted, as he hurried into the kitchen. "Yu mean to say yur fool enough to let that rascal wheedle yu into overlookin' his disgraceful actin'? I thought yu had more sperrit in yu. And as fer marryin' him, yu kin give it up right now, fer I won't—"

He stopped short in his loud-voiced denunciation, as she turned her face toward him, white with abject misery and contrition.

"Why, Ruth, Ruth, little gal, Ruthy, what's the matter? Tell yer ol' Dad, dearie." His voice softened, and he stroked her hair, tenderly as a woman, as he drew her to his knee in the old rocker.

"Oh, Dad!" she cried, "I was so horrid to him. I—I was mad, just like yu. He—he promised not to, again—and he did, but—but he thought I wanted the money. Oh, poor, poor Dan!" her voice trailed off into a little wail, and he let her sob and cry on his shoulder, listening to her broken murmurs of

reproach for Dan; then words of pity, and, lastly, of remorse for her treatment of him.

Many changes passed over the old man's face. Indignation and anger cooled down to fast fading resentment, and, finally, pity and sorrow for the boy he loved as his own son. His forehead was puckered in perplexity.

The firelight flickered and cast weird shadows in the now dark kitchen. The kettle had steamed unheeded, and not until the old clock in the corner struck eight did the two in the rocker stir. Then the old man lifted her braid of fair hair and caressed it lovingly. "Yu are awful like yur mother to-night, Ruth," he murmured. "She looked just like yu 'bout the time I married her. She was quick fer gettin' mad, but quicker fur bein' sorry. We was both that way; yu get it honest, Ruth. I—I've never quite got used to doin' without her," he went on pensively. "Yu was just a mite of a thing when she died, and there ain't never anyone looked after yu but me. It's a heap o' comfort to have yu lookin' and bein' like her, little gal."

The girl threw one arm round his neck sympathetically, and nestled closely to him. "Dad, dear," she whispered in comfort.

"Ruth, tell yur Dad about it—'bout Dan. Perhaps, I misjudged him this afternoon. We'd ought to give him his chanst, dearie. And the Lord knows I ain't one to jedge him—I kin understand it in him," he said slowly.

So she told him the whole story just as Dan had told her, and when she had finished the full conception of what she had lost swept over her—"And, oh Dad, I love him so. Do yu think he would ever overlook it—me bein' so horrid and mean?" she cried in distress.

The old man was silent awhile; then he smoothed her hair again, and spoke in a half-sad, dreamy voice, as if his thoughts were far in the past. "Ruth, I never told yu 'bout yur mother and me gettin' married, did I?"

She shook her head listlessly, and he went on.

"When I was a young feller like Dan, I was pretty wild, drinkin' and playin'

fer money and all that, which is the worst harm that can get a young chap. Then one night at a huskin' I saw Ruth, that's yur mother, and I jest loved her (he stopped in reflection), and I've never stopped fer one minute," he went on, "and it's nigh twenty-three year. She use ter try and get me to stop drinkin' and the like, but I use ter laff at her—I thought I was smart then. Well, her folks raised a fuss and wouldn't let her marry me, because of my actin' so.

"She was awful fond of her ma and pa, and it broke her up awful that she couldn't make things peaceable. One night I told her that if she didn't marry me next day, I'd just start in and go to the devil."

"That's just what Dan said," the girl broke in, wide-eyed with wonder that her mother had been through this too.

"Yes, dearie. Well, Ruth—that's yur mother, yu know—she cried and coaxed, but I never gave in, bein' a stubborn fellar. I told her if she married me I'd never drink another drop, and I'd be just as good to her as I know'd how, and that she' never'd be sorry fer marryin' me."

"That's just what Dan said," the girl breathed against his shoulders, and the old man sighed and went on.

"She cried some more, and finally she said she'd take the risk and me with it, and so we was married. Her folks came around all right too, and" (he finished softly to himself) "I don't think she was ever a little mite sorry fer it. She only lived four years, and at the end she told me they wasn't one minnit of it that she didn't jest love, jest love," he repeated to himself.

He still smoothed the golden brown braids of the girl's hair absently, and she did not disturb his reverie.

Suddenly she stirred. "Dad, is that what yu mean fer me to do? Is it what yu told me fer?" she asked eagerly.

"What, what's that, Ruth? Oh, yes, yu mean 'bout yu and Dan?" He put the thoughts of those other dear days back into their own big corner of memories, and turned with a sigh to the present.

"Du yu love him a great deal, dearie?" he asked.

"Yes, oh yes, Dad, seems as if I never

loved him s' much as jest now—jest this minnit. Oh, Dad, what'll I do? I jest can't seem to stand it, fer him to think I was that mean-like and actin' so, after him just doin' it fer me, too."

She cried again and the old man looked helplessly down at the sob-shaken figure in his arms. Then he smiled, almost sweetly, and half-raised her face and whispered: "If yu love him that way, dearie, yu had better du like yur mother did—take the risk. There ain't any real bad in Dan. I know that, and perhaps—it's more'n likely—if he had yu, he'd be the better fer it, like I was. Poor Dan," he went on, "if he loves yu like I loved yur mother, and I think he du, yu take the risk and marry him. Yu won't be sorry either, dearie."

"Oh, no—I won't be sorry—never—never." She sat up, her cheeks flushed and eyes bright in the darkness. "Yu—yu think he'll overlook it—me actin' so, Dad?" she asked, half fearfully.

He stooped and kissed her forehead. "Yu go and find out, little gal. Get yur jacket on, and I'll get ol' Bob fer yu."

The October moon was at the full, just rising, a huge orange immensity growing over the dark mountain-top. It cast its first light as the girl rode out of the gateway.

"Bring Dan back with yu," the old man called after her.

She did not answer, but turned her horse's head up the hill towards Dan's house.

When she reached the grassy road, the moon had launched free of the mountain, and rode, a clear, shining ball of light, bathing the lane in a flood of beauty.

Turning the bend of the lane, she was startled to see old Betsy still tied to the fence. The two horses whinnied in a friendly greeting. A great fear had

seized her. "Dan! Dan!" she called shrilly. No answer.

Slipping from her horse's back she ran, terrified, to the place she had left him.

The moon was hidden behind the tree-tops, and for a minute she could not see in the darkness. Then she sprang toward a dark, huddled heap; and there he was, stretched full length on the ground, his face buried in his arms.

She stopped to quiet the riotous throbs of her heart and she would not give name to the terrible alarm that crept over her. "Dan—Dan, dear," she called softly, and shook him gently.

He turned and opened his eyes, and the relief was so great she almost screamed. "I—I've come back," she faltered. "I didn't mean that 'bout yu bein' what I said."

Still he did not speak.

"Dan," she cried again, "ain't yu goin' to speak to me. I'm sorry fer it, awful sorry. I didn't mean none of it—what I said 'bout not wantin' to marry yu. I do, Dan, more'n anythin' ever was. I couldn't stand 'it not to. Dan," she pleaded, "ain't yu goin' to speak to me?"

She crept nearer and put her fingers on his hair.

Then he sat up and smiled at her. "Yes, Ruth, I'll speak now. I was waitin' fer yu to say that last. I wasn't goin' to take any risk this time. He held out his hands to her, and with a glad little cry she put her own in his strong clasp.

"I knew'd when yu got home yu'd be sorry," he explained; "so I waited. I knew'd yu'd come, but it seemed an awful time waitin'. I was gettin' most scared," he whispered, as he turned her lips to his.

The moon had crept to the tree-tops and a shaft of light fell like a blessing on their two heads.



A Vision of India

By H. S. SCOTT-HARDEN

How the people live and what the visitor may expect to see to-day in this great British possession.



AN INDIAN BUNGALOW

Showing occupants and servants. The author of this article is standing immediately behind the horse.

THE first few days in India, if the visitor has never set foot on the soil before, are likely to be a period of delightful amazement and most enjoyable confusion. You wander about perplexed and absorbed by all you see, for Bombay is full of the wealth of the East and of the West, full of the poverty and vice of both. Bombay has its palaces and human kennels. It is the city of the *boxwalla* and the banker; the home of the Parsee millionaire and the Hindu pauper. You drive from the landing stage to the hotel, and your eyes rest on the magnificent buildings which face the harbour. You wander through the crowded streets to the bazaar, where

there are several different worlds—a city of the Arabian Nights, where the shops are like boxes set on ends with the lids off. Here the native butcher and baker and candlestick-maker are at work, for the native passes most of his life in the open. He has no idea of time, and is never in a hurry. Nothing is in the East, except the rising and setting of the sun. People are roosting like fowls on the edges of the pavements or on the sides of their verandahs watching passers-by and chewing beetle-nut. You drive back to civilisation as

the carriage mounts the hill where the great bungalows are built, covered by gorgeous creepers hanging like screens over the verandahs to keep out the mid-day sun. It's the magic moment before the sun sinks below the horizon and there is a pink glow spreading like a gauze curtain over the white houses of the Indian city below. Carriages are passing along the sea front, and the Parsee ladies, with their flowery silken robes and their pale, oval faces set off by the floating muslin veils, are taking the evening air, wives and daughters of rich merchants and bankers, descendants of a people who were driven out of Persia and made Bombay their home.

What is that weird-looking, round tower behind the palm trees on the hill? It is the Tower of Silence, where the dead Parsees are laid out to rest for a few minutes in the sun, and the vultures are sitting on the walls waiting for the funeral procession to pass away, when they will swoop down and devour the remains, and when all is over the bones will fall through the gratings to the great well beneath.

To-night we dine at the Yacht Club—our first glimpse of European life in the land of exile. Dinner is served at the round tables covered with exquisite flowers, and behind each chair a servant dressed in white stands watching his master or mistress eat, and a *punkah* flaps overhead continuously, keeping one deliciously cool. The *punkah wallah*, who sits outside somewhere, is indispensable. He comes from a race of men who have waved fans to keep other people cool, quite contented that he is doing his duty, and to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him. He keeps time like the pendulum of a clock, and sleeps whilst pulling the cord. We sit in log chairs afterwards on the lawn at the water's edge. Officers, civil, naval and military, are clustered round their lady friends, each of whom has two or three admirers at her side. The ladies love the East. The next day we visit the shops. We order white suits at nine in the morning, and they are ready before we leave at night. We go to the Army and Navy stores and buy excellent cheroots at three dollars a box—and we smoke them while we wander through the highways and byways of this city—and watch the performing cobras and miniature mango trees come up under covers of baskets and a handful of earth accompanied by much pigeon English and mysterious music. Then a butler comes to us and presents his *chits*, for we are hurrying to the cities of Central India—to the lands of the Moghul kings—those great builders of temples and mausoleums of peace. We must have a servant in the train. No one in India makes a long journey without one; the faithful butler always accompanies you.

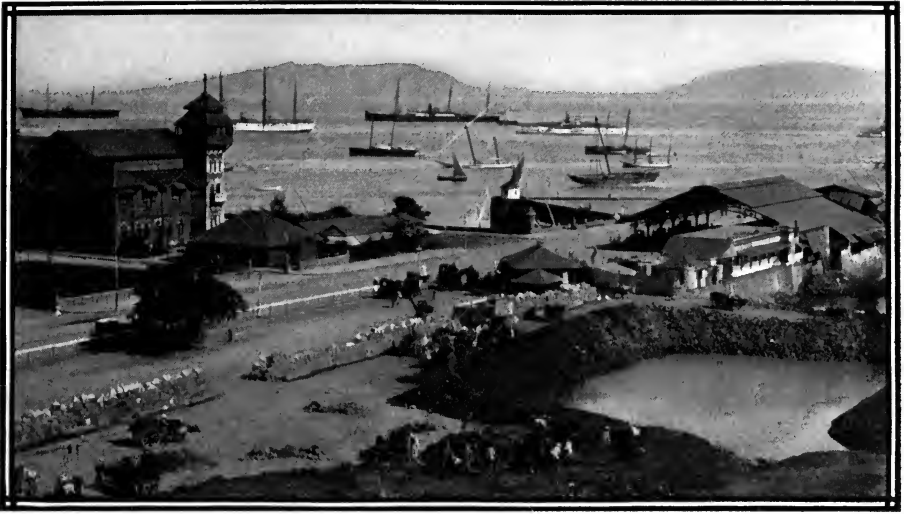
The trains in India are slow, but the carriages long and comfortable and airy. There is a little verandah outside where you can sit and watch the rice fields and the temples hiding in the palm trees. Every person has a long seat to himself like a sofa. The carriages hold four, but if your butler is clever and quick he makes the compartment only accommodate two, for he piles all your luggage into the carriage. The more he can get in the happier he is. At night your bedding is unrolled (for you always take it with you), a whiskey and soda is placed at your side, and a novel and cigarettes. You are comfortable except when the train stops, when the noises are horrible. Natives are calling to their friends—women are shrieking and trying to squeeze into the vans.

Hindu water men—called *pane wallahs*—are calling to their caste to drink. Mangy pie dogs are seeking food and beggars are asking for *baksheesh*.

Sahibs are scolding their servants in loud voices. All this is mixed up in the midnight madness of the crowd, while your faithful butler stands at the door of your compartment keeping watch over his master. The hotels in India are few and far between, and bad when you reach them, except in Bombay, at Simla and in the Happy Valley at Lucknow.

A few years ago a friend of mine was visiting Calcutta and was dining at Government House. The Viceroy asked him if he had seen the Black Hole. "Yes, your excellency," he replied, "I live in it. It is No. 3 at my hotel."

But to return to the men who make life worth living in the East. The butler's aim and object is to make you happy and comfortable, so that he can get a good character or *chit* when you leave the country. He lives in your compound, and has a large family, and often his brothers and uncles live with him at your expense. The butler issues orders to the servants. He is your body servant, your banker. His father and grandfather were servants before him, and brought him up in the way he should go. When you marry he selects an *ayah*



THE HARBOUR AT BOMBAY

for your wife, and he engages your *bobajee* or cook. His son acts as *chokra*, and will some day be a butler too. He takes off your polo boots and runs messages. He carries your *chits* to the mem-sahibs' bungalows or to the club, and your lantern on a dark night when you go to the mess; and he tries to play golf in the backyard with your old clubs. The butler engages the *chokidha* as night watchman, who carries a big stick and until you are asleep walks about the garden. If you light your lamp in the middle of the night he has a loud cough, or beats the stone steps of the verandah to show you that he is awake on duty—and earning his wage. The butler orders the *syce* to saddle your pony—the groom who rides behind your cart and carries a whisk to keep off the flies, and who waits and waits at the club or the *gymkhana* while the master is chatting over a cocktail or a rubber of bridge. The butler hires a gardener, another servant who waters the flowers in the hot weather and brings you a nosegay on your birthday or at Christmas, the sahib's "Kissmiss"—the festive season for the year—when there is a *bunakhana* or big dinner at the Lord Sahib's bungalow, and the masters do not come home until the morning.

The butler has charge of your wardrobe and sends your shirts to the *dhobie*, the laundry man, who beats your linens

on the rocks by the side of some pool near the river, and sends them home with frills. The butler makes an inventory of your kit and sends for a *dursi*, a man who lives in the bazaar, who comes and works by the hour on your verandah and mends your clothes, or makes new ones exactly like the pattern you give him.

En route to palaces of the Delhi kings, Akbar's Tomb and the Secundra, we stop at Udaipur, the city of enchanted lakes, built in a great brown valley enclosed by rugged mountains and bare, jagged peaks. In this desolated land there is a chain of still and silvery lakes, with palms and plantations and blossoming wisteria, and by the margin of the great lake and on the lower ridges of the upland is built a city of snow-white palaces, of fretted and delicate domes and balconies, with railings of marble-like bits of ivory. And in the middle of these lakes there are islands, each with a snow-white palace and palms. Imagine this in the glare of the Indian sun or by the full moonlight under the clear Indian sky, when the windows are picked out with "The Lights of Asia," and you have some idea of the earthly paradise which the children of the Sun erected for themselves when the Moghuls sacked their ancient capital and drove them to find a home behind the desert hills. You see one of the most

beautiful sights in the world. Words cannot describe such a scene as this. Alma Tadema might paint a picture of one little marble corner of the palace where His Highness the Maharana Diraj. Sir. Futtch Singh Bahadur lives—one of the many types of Rajahs one meets in India, one of the tall, high-bred gentlemen, loyal to the backbone, a G.C.S.I., with a salute of nineteen guns, which denotes his rank amongst the princes of the Empire.

We are asked to dine at his palace and stay at the guests' bungalow which overlooks one of the enchanted lakes. The dinner is a wonderful feast arranged by a German caterer, and is held in a frescoed hall with walls painted with red and gold designs and hung with gorgeous tapestries. It is lighted by enormous glittering chandeliers, relics of a past. While we feed His Highness and his staff wait outside, for it is not meet or right for them to eat with us or partake of our food. They watch us through curtains, and wait until after the meal is over, then we drink the health of the King Emperor, and there are speeches full of loyalty and thanksgiving. There are other Maharajahs and Rajahs to see later, and also the Begum of Bhopal, whose mother and grandmother shielded our people in the time of trouble. Every one else was against us. I saw her given the Grand Cross of the Star of India and kneel before the future Queen of England and kiss her hand, when the little Purdah lady said in English: "This is the proudest moment of my life."

At Indore, a neighbouring State, one saw the large, broad-shouldered fat Rajahs, who reeked with scent and wore European clothes with their turbans. Lean, hooked-nose gentlemen, too, from the north were there, and others with oval faces and olive complexions. There were soldiers amongst them with rows of medals. Young Patiala and Bikanir, who lives in the middle of the desert and goes to London for the season, and General Sir Pertap Singh, Maharajah of Idar, K.C.B., A.D.C., the best rider and polo player in India—which means, perhaps, in the world. We saw all these men,

descendants of kings and princes, who filled their harems with dark-eyed ladies, and spent fortunes on jewels and finery, who wasted their money on elephants and silver *howdahs*, or on fighting bears and tigers, and adorned the palaces with useless ornaments. Happily these are things of the past, for now the State money is carefully guarded by the British Raj, by a political agent who manages the affairs of the State. In these days there is a relief for famine and distress—irrigation works, hospitals, schools and railways. The native gentleman is becoming more enlightened every day, more accustomed to British supremacy, adapted to European ideas. He goes to Paris and New York, and buys his clothes in London. He drives his motor car and his four-in-hand and plays polo at Harlingham. He commands his own regiment of the Imperial Service Corps and leads it past on parade. In the hot weather he goes to the hills and gives garden parties and plays golf and bridge. What more can he do to be civilised? Of his *zenana* we know nothing. We ask questions from our lady friends who are permitted to visit the harems, but they only see a corner; there are walls within walls.

A friend of mine asked a loyal prince—one of the greatest chiefs in the central provinces—what would happen if the English were to leave India to-morrow? His Highness replied: "The day after to-morrow my men would be in the saddle and in three months there would not be a *baboo* or *boxwalla* in Southern India." That just about hits the mark. There would be a rush to the cities for the wealth, and then what would happen?

But we are not going away just yet. And we have only to see the army in India to realise that our strength on land lies in the East. You see it in the cantonments of a garrison town, you see it along the Grand Trunk road, and on the plains round Rindi, or at a review where Sikhs, Goorkhas and Pathans, horses, camels and bullocks, are marching past the Union Jack.

There surely was never a finer body of men trained to take the field with its transport and stores than this. Even the Japanese attaché opened his eyes

at the great parade before the Prince of Wales, and the Ameer of Afghanistan turned round to his Commander-in-chief the other day at Agra and said: "I thought you told me that my army was the finest in the world. I see here trained fighting men far better than mine, and I am told that there are other armies more powerful in Europe. You lied to me. Now I find mine are worth nothing."

That speech was far-reaching. It will be echoed through the mountain passes to the walls of Cabul and Kandahar, away over the plains of Afghanistan to the hills where the Russian outposts stand.

But it is in the north-west that you must go to see the flower of the army and the men who hold the sword of Britain in the East. You see it best of all at the point of the blade along the mountain passes at Peshawar, at Dera Ismail Khan and Quetta, or at Nilt, where three empires meet. Peshawar is like a ship cleared for action. It is always on guard. It faces the breach of that wall of rock by which the men of the north have been marching on to the plains from time immemorial, through which kings and emperors have passed since Alexander the Great brought victory and plunder in his train. Here are our outposts, where officers and men sleep, so to speak, with their arms in their hands; where an officer might be shot any morning when he goes his rounds. There are many who say that the young British officer is always foolish, always idle. I say go and look at him in India—when he talks *shop* (all about his work), and is not afraid of doing it; when he gets no help from a European sergeant-major; where the oldest bearded native *ressaldan*, a landed proprietor, with twenty years' service and three campaigns and the order of merit, will come to a mere boy for orders. Officers in India on the frontier have no time to be idle; their work trains the character and the brain. In that exacting school, duty,



SCENE IN THE TEMPLE AT DELHI—MARBLE
INLAID WITH MOSAICS

From this temple the famous *Peacock Throne* was stolen.

self-reliance, intelligence, a knowledge of human nature are needed for success. And the officer is proud of his men, his native comrades in arms. These men, who are sober, temperate and thrifty, who have the *esprit de corps*, the fire of patriotism, the "bushido," as it were, that helped the yellow race to conquer a European power.

Perchance you visit a civil servant's camp, and you begin to understand life in the shine in this country, where "there ain't no ten commandments and a man can raise a thirst." The tents are comfortable, large and airy, twenty feet square, and rising twenty-one feet at the apex. You have a bedroom and a parlour hung with cloth of a yellowish hue with a pink dado and fringe. You have bathrooms, and verandahs covered by native blinds and you are surrounded by comforts. The collector sahib or the commissioner tells you about his work and invites you to join in his sport. He is the judge of the district. He travels about in state, and every one salaams to him and offers him fruit. He shoots the black buck and spears the wild pig, and sometimes kills a tiger. He draws a large salary, and after thirty years' service retires with a pension and a C.I.E. The civil servant rules India. He is a great man in Hindustan, and he speaks the language like a native. We are sorry to leave his camp, for he is entertaining

and his sport is splendid, and his dinners divine. He gives you a snipe and quail with green chillies, and wild duck livers on toast, roast venison and curry, Heidsiek wine in the middle of a jungle 100 miles from civilisation! He is assisted by a nice boy whose people live far away. His brother works in the city of London. He occupies a small room which over-looks a dirty yard half the size of a tennis court, with a kennel in one corner and a chicken-run in the other. In the morning a maid-of-all-work leaves a can of lukewarm water at his door, and he stuffs some porridge and an egg down his throat before catching the 8.40 train up to town. A few people ask him to dance; he sometimes goes to the theatre. He plays the violin and on Sunday a game of golf. Smith Sahib's brother worked six and a half days out of every seven. He spends three weeks at the seaside in August or takes a cheap ticket to the Continent. He sometimes rides a bicycle, and has just enough to keep himself decently clothed. *Smith Sahib*, the boy we met in the jungle, has just joined Civil Service. He is stationed in a small garrison town in Central India, where there is a club, a *gymkhana* and a British regiment. Smith lives with two other men in a large bungalow surrounded by beautiful trees and flowering shrubs, and there is a huge compound. He dines at the club, and sometimes gives a little dinner in his own house. He can often be seen sitting on the verandah, smoking his cheroot, and be heard shouting to his "boy" to bring a whiskey and soda. Smith Sahib plays bridge and is learning to play polo. He keeps five servants and two ponies and a dogcart

of sorts, and plays tennis and *badminton* on off-days with the General's daughter. Smith Sahib often writes to his brother at Putney, and sends him photographs of his home in the land of exile.

We pass on to Agra to see the tomb of Mumtaz Mahal. From there you hasten away to Delhi to the Cashmir gate, to Cawnpore, where the marble angel stands above the well. You wander through the halls and king's palaces at Delhi and Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, and wonder at all you see there. Lucknow and Cawnpore are full of memories of the past.

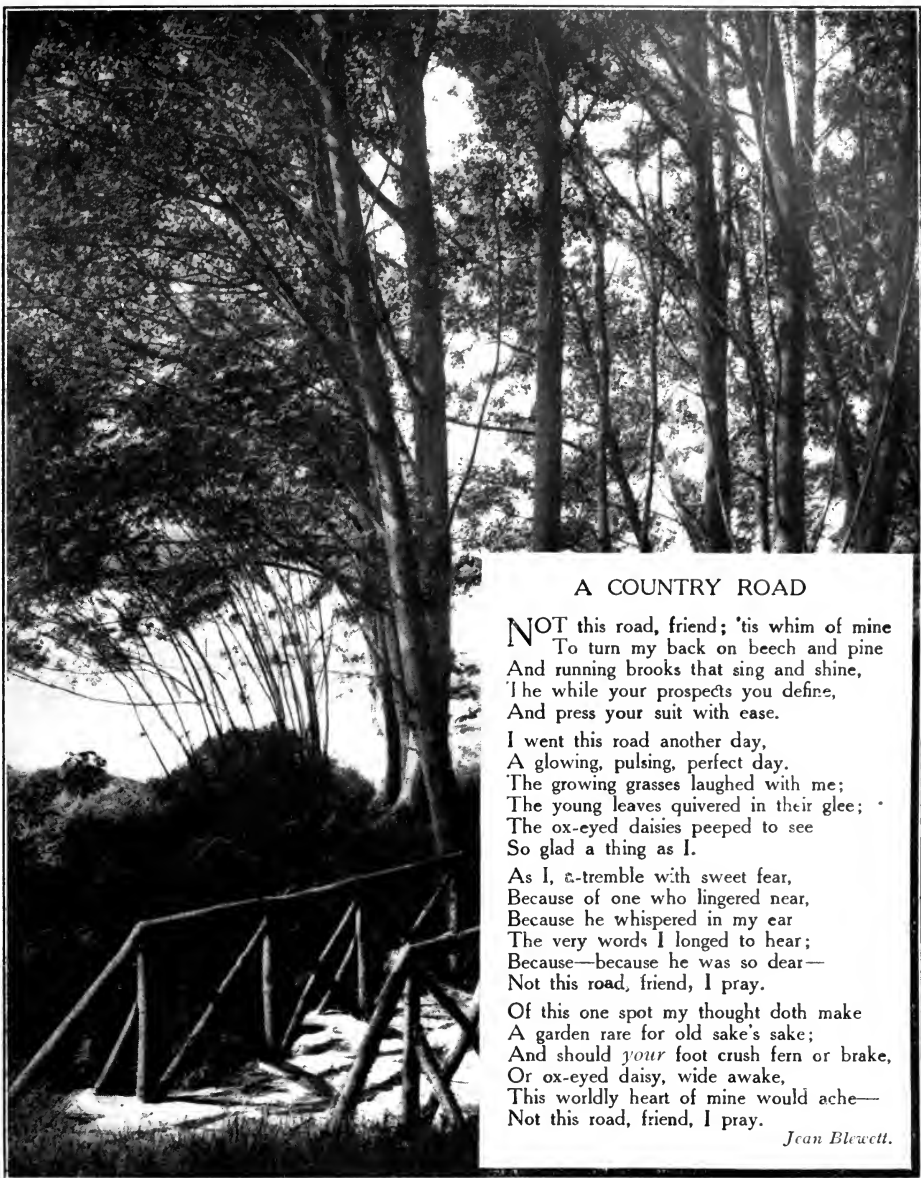
You may take the train to the edge of the Himalayas, to the borders of Cashmir, and see the great ranges which rise to a height of 24,000 feet, and you may visit the Viceroy's summer home amongst the junipers at Simla, and see the offices where the Commander-in-chief works over his great military schemes; and then you begin to understand what a great Empire this is be-



A TYPICAL HINDU RAJAH

yond the seas, and you take off your hat to Clive and the Lord Minto who consolidated what Wellesley had acquired; to Hardinge and Dalhousie and Lord Northbrook, and later to Lords Dufferin and Lansdowne, with his great Commander-in-chief, Lord Roberts; and last, but not least, Lord Curzon, who was at the great durbar in 1903, when over a hundred rulers of separate states, whose united population amounts to 60,000,000 of people, were assembled to testify their allegiance to the sovereign.

It remains for Lord Minto to carry on the rule that has symbolised the unity of the mightiest Empire of the East.



A COUNTRY ROAD

NOT this road, friend; 'tis whim of mine
To turn my back on beech and pine
And running brooks that sing and shine,
'Til while your prospects you define,
And press your suit with ease.

I went this road another day,
A glowing, pulsing, perfect day,
The growing grasses laughed with me;
The young leaves quivered in their glee;
The ox-eyed daisies peeped to see
So glad a thing as I.

As I, a-tremble with sweet fear,
Because of one who lingered near,
Because he whispered in my ear
The very words I longed to hear;
Because—because he was so dear—
Not this road, friend, I pray.

Of this one spot my thought doth make
A garden rare for old sake's sake;
And should *your* foot crush fern or brake,
Or ox-eyed daisy, wide awake,
This worldly heart of mine would ache—
Not this road, friend, I pray.

Jean Blawett.

Poet and Priest

By JAMES B. WASSON, D.D.

Sketch of Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, a Canadian who has won much distinction abroad.

IN the bachelor lodgings in the centre of the most socially conservative section of the City of New York, the region near Washington Square, for many years has lived one of Canada's most loyal and most gifted sons. Arthur Went-

worth Hamilton Eaton, M.A., D.C.L., priest, poet, historian, and general literary man, was born in Nova Scotia, educated in that province and in New England, for ten or eleven years had his home in Boston, and for more than twenty

years has been a resident of New York. Officially, Dr. Eaton is a priest of the Episcopal Church, in which he is a preacher of repute, by native aptitude and sympathy, as in habit of life he is essentially, and so has long been recognised, a devoted literary man. Born in a rarely beautiful town in Nova Scotia's famous central valley, with superb skies, divine fruit orchards, great drooping elms, green dykes, old gardens, mysterious brooks and pools, and a winding tide-river, to stimulate his youthful imagination, he early showed the tendency he has now followed so long. His father, William Eaton, Esquire, represented an important Puritan family who had settled in Nova Scotia after the expulsion of the Acadians in 1755. He was a man of education and the highest worth, at one time inspector of schools for his county, and when he died in 1893 an honoured official of



DR. ARTHUR WENTWORTH HAMILTON EATON

his town. Dr. Eaton's mother, from whom he undoubtedly inherited much of his keen sensitiveness to impressions, his passionate love of nature, his strong genius for friendship, was Anna Augusta Willoughby Hamilton, the youngest granddaughter of a Scottish gentleman who had emigrated to New England about the time of the Revolutionary War, her ancestry otherwise appearing in several of the best families of New England Puritan stock.*

In 1873, Dr. Eaton left Nova Scotia to get his education, and in 1880, in a class, the most famous member of which now is President Roosevelt, was graduated B.A. at Harvard University. After a course of theological reading and study, during which he was also writing much, in 1884 he was ordained to the diaconate of the Protestant Episcopal Church, his advancement to the priesthood coming a little less than a year from that time. For a while he was nominally Rector's Assistant in the old Church of St. Mark's, in New York, but he soon assumed charge of the parish of Chestnut Hill, Boston.

Educated under the mutually antagonistic influences of Calvinistic and Anglican theology, with a naturally sensitive conscience and with a persistent impulse to examine all sides of things, before ordination the young clergyman went through extremely deep theological waters. Taking his final stand from conviction on Broad-Church ground, the ground of Maurice, Robertson, Stanley, Kingsley, Mulford, Allen and Brooks, it was not strange that his brief incumbency of the Chestnut Hill parish should have resulted in a volume called "The Heart of the Creeds, Historical Religion in the Light of Modern Thought." In this book, the first notable literary achievement of the writer, appeared not only evidences of keen spiritual insight, and clear comprehension of the historical development of

doctrinal truth, but as well the fine taste for literary expression that Dr. Eaton had inherited and had had stimulated in his cultured Nova Scotia home. Not only did the chief Broad-Church leaders in the United States give high praise to this book, cordially welcoming it as an important contribution to rational theological literature, but recognised masters of literary style gave its English the highest praise. If the author had never done any other work than this book, his place among thinkers and scholars, and writers of choice English, would be fully assured. "I am glad," wrote an eminent clergyman and scholar, since dead, when the book first appeared, "that the Episcopal Church has a man capable of writing such a book." Said the *New York Nation*: "Mr. Eaton is the exponent of theological tendencies which are very deep and wide, and which derive much of their volume and momentum from tributary streams as far apart as Schleiermacher and Matthew Arnold." "The Heart of the Creeds" appeared in 1888, and the next year Dr. Eaton made his first conspicuous essay in verse with his "Acadian Legends and Lyrics." In 1891, entering the historical field, he produced an interesting pioneer book, "The Church of England in Nova Scotia, and the Tory Clergy of the Revolution." As Nova Scotia is the oldest Colonial diocese of the British Empire, and as the author is intimately acquainted with the history of the Province, it is needless to say that he produced in this laborious work a permanently valuable and eminently readable book. In 1892, in collaboration with another Canadian, Mr. C. L. Betts, Dr. Eaton published a book of short stories which have had some recognition, "Tales of a Garrison Town." In 1901, he carefully edited and published an old Loyalist manuscript written by the mother of one of Nova Scotia's most famous statesmen, the late Judge James William Johnston. In the meantime, also, he compiled and edited several educational works, and by means of a number of valuable genealogical and family historical monographs made himself an authority in the American genealogical field.

From the first appearance of Dr. Eaton's volume, "Acadian Legends and

*It may be mentioned here that Frank H. Eaton, M.A., D.C.L. (also a graduate of Harvard University), Superintendent of Schools for Victoria, B.C., and a governor of Victoria College, is Dr. Eaton's brother. Of his first-cousins the best known is Benjamin Rand, M.A., Ph.D., a sketch of whose life lately appeared in the pages of this magazine.

Lyrics," his place among American poets has been secure. In the years that have elapsed since, not a single anthology of note has appeared in Canada or the United States in which he has not been well represented. Stedman's "American Anthology," "The World's Best Poetry," "Younger American Poets," "Songs of the Great Dominion," "A Treasury of Canadian Verse," "Poems of Wild Life," "Canadian Poems and Lays," and other collections, English and American, contain much of his verse. For sixteen years, however, after his first book of verse, he produced no other, but in 1905 there came simultaneously from the press of Thomas Whittaker, New York, two attractive volumes entitled, respectively, "Acadian Ballads," and "Poems of the Christian Year." Inspection of the author's newly published poems at once revealed the fact that he had steadily grown in his command of the poetic art. "Acadian Legends and Lyrics" was flatteringly received by the press, but though it showed wide sympathy with life, keen love of natural beauty, a rare gift for reproducing events and scenes of the past, and the fine rhythmic sense that must be part of every true poet's endowment, it must be frankly confessed that some of the work in it was crude. In the more recently published "Acadian Ballads," we have a few of the best poems which appeared in the earlier volume, but even these, finely conceived and truthfully coloured as they were, are generally not a little, and for the better, changed. Improvements are to be found, for example, in the well-known musical ballads, *The Naming of the Gaspereau*, *Puritan Planters* (in the earlier volume called *The Resettlement of Acadia*), *L'Ordre de Bon Temps*, and *De Soto's Last Dream*. In this volume we see more than ever how the striking events of Acadian history, in both French and English times, have stirred the poet's imagination, how real the men and women that figured in them have become to his mind. The departure of Howe's fleet from Boston in 1776, the sailing of the New York Tories for Nova Scotia in 1784, the achievement of that remarkable Acadian heroine, Madame La Tour, the devoted friendship of La Tour and Biencourt, the grace of

Lady Frances Wentworth, the friendliness of Lady Falkland—these are some of the inspiring subjects that the author has selected from the rich field of Acadian history, and has once more given life to in his musical, artistic verse.

The mere enumeration of subjects, however, fails to give any true impression of the vivid colour of Dr. Eaton's poetry. Whatever is beautiful in the crisp skies, luxuriant landscape, rich forests, and sparkling seas of his Acadian country, he has reproduced—the white mists of the Atlantic rolling up to the Basin of Minas and wreathing the low mountains that shut in the winding Fundy shore, the rugged face of Blomidon, "grim guardsman of the gateway of the tide," the old gray wharves that line the harbour of Halifax; and, as well, the world-famed apple orchards of the Annapolis valley in their marvellously rich pink-petalled bloom; fields of red clover and white daisies, maple forests in their flaming autumn-crimson dress, old-fashioned gardens, magnificent with spring crocuses, midsummer pinks and bluebells, autumn phloxes and dahlias,—all these contribute to the beautiful setting of Eaton's Acadian verse.

In his "Poems of the Christian Year," the author has shown his power in another special department of poetry. Arranged in the familiar order of the church seasons, with groups of several beautiful poems each for the great feasts of Christmas and Easter, the poems in this volume have all the qualities that make religious verse live. No one can read, for example,

I know a vast cathedral,
With sculptured walls and high,
And windows dight with every light
That decks the sunset sky;

or

Who does not love the tranquil mystery
Of twilight, when the day is almost spent,

or

They speak deep truths, those lilies dumb,
Whose waxen forms our altars hide,
Fresh from Bermudian gardens come
To help us keep our Easter-tide,

without being moved as men are always moved by tender, musical religious verse. In January, 1907, Dr. Eaton published a

fourth volume of poems, this time again of a general character. In the "Lotus of the Nile and Other Poems," we have vivid flashes of light on the inner nature of the man. Some of the poems in this new volume, also, in an incomplete form, are to be found in the author's first book of verse. But everywhere here we discover nature, poetical feeling and finished poetical form. The themes are as varied as the author's life has been fruitful and wide. Travel abroad has given us his fine descriptive poem, "Fountains Abbey," a poem rich in imagination and in delicate poetic thought; the study of historic religions has made possible the strong stanzas on "The Egyptian Lotus," "Foundry Fires" has evidently been suggested by the sound of ringing anvils and the gleam of the glowing forge. But by far the great part of the poetry in this volume may properly be classed as "Nature Poetry." It is nature poetry, however, of the truest sort. One or two poems, like *The Lady of the Flowers* in "Acadian Ballads," are purely descriptive, but there is in most of the verse an intense subjectivity, the subjectivity of Wordsworth and Shelley. The poet feels always the oneness of earth with "the deep heart of man," he perceives in nature

A motion and a spirit which impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

He finds in earth's ordinary processes the changing moods of humanity's immortal mind. The poems are usually not long, most of them contain not more than a dozen stanzas, but one turns from them, as a rule, with the satisfaction one finds only in the finished productions of those who have followed long and faithfully the lyric art.

The range of subjects treated in these poems is wide, the poet is a man whose experience of life has gone deep, he has had strong friendships and ardent loves, he has profound sympathy with children and with the poor, he has threaded the intricate passages of theological speculation, he has suffered disappointment and undergone severe mental pain, but he has had also the most beatific visions and has stood on the loftiest heights. In his verse

there is a certain transparency, by means of which we can learn much of the visions that have inspired and the sorrows that have chastened the writer's inner soul.

The "Acadian Ballads" are not all ballads, some of them, like *Impressions*, *Atlantic Mists*, and *Orchards in Bloom*, are highly-coloured bits of descriptive verse. What a fine picture the poet gives us of the June orchards:

Banks of bloom on a billowy plain,
Odours of orient in the air,
Pink-tipped petals that fall, that rain,
Allah's garden everywhere.

Infinite depths in the blue above,
Glint of gold on the hill-tops gray,
Orioles trilling songs of love
With tireless throats, the long June day.

Fields of emerald, tufted white,
Yellow, and azure, far outspread—
O the measureless delight
In the scent of the clover blossoms red!

Or of the dreamy mists that rise from the
"mighty Atlantic," and move like wraiths
along the steep sides of the "North Mountain":

Up from the sea the white mists roll,
Soft as the robes a dancer sways,
Pure as the dreams that swathe the soul
Of a laughing child, at peace always.

The blue-veined hills at the north they hide
With a veil that hangs like filmy gauze,
And they lower and lift and fling aside
Their matchless drapery, without pause.

Grange and meadow and dyke below
Lie in the sun in calm content,
Hither and thither like wraiths they go,
But their shadowy grace on the cliffs is
spent.

No poet was ever more emphatically the child of his early environment than this one. For many years he has lived in the heart of a great metropolis, but in every bit of descriptive nature-verse he writes, we see that the scenery of his native Nova Scotia holds his imagination captive still. "Eaton, I think," said an English reviewer once, "has been the most happy of the Canadians in treating their national legends. There are few writers in the United States who equal him in this respect," and the recently published volume adds much force to this judgment, uttered twenty years ago. Nova Scotia, at least, of the Canadian provinces, ought

to hold Dr. Eaton closely to her heart, for there is scarcely an epoch in her romantic history that his pen has not commemorated, and with peculiar grace. *The Legend of Glooslap, Poutrincourt's Return to Port Royal, L'Ordre de Bon Temps, The Baptism of Membertou, La Tour and Biencourt, Puritan Planters, The Arrival of Howe's Fleet, A Ballad of the Tories, Lady Wentworth*—all these are poems of high merit in the realm of verses celebrating historical places and characters and events. Long after their gifted author has gone from the world, they will be read with interest and will be gathered into collections of notable poems of places, and anthologies of historical verse.

In the field of subjective verse few modern poems, at least, are better than *Purple Asters*, in "Acadian Ballads"; *God's Manifoldness*, in "Poems of the Christian Year"; and *Lombardy Poplars, The Prophecy of Beauty, Once again the Summer Dies*, and *I Plucked a Daisy*, in "The Lotus of the Nile."

Interest in strong, human occupations is also a characteristic of this poet. The activities of fields, gardens, foundries, whale-ships, wharves, the sea, and city streets, are all signalled in his verse. For gardens and the sea-shore he has a peculiar fondness, the love of flowers is evidently a passion with him, and he seems almost colour-mad.

In such a poem as *The Prophecy of Beauty*, one feels the same sense of beauty that inspired Keats:

Sometimes I think the source of souls must be
The Primal Beauty, we so quick respond
To loveliness in earth and sky and sea—
Green in the majestic oak and fine fern-
frond.

Pure in sunsets, undulate lines of hills,
Ships spreading white wings on the west-
ern wave,
Turbulent currents that turn mossy mills,
The dim cathedral's arch and spire and
nave;

The moon's reflection on the limpid lake,
The plash of oars, the rowers' voices there;
The enrapturing scent that follows in the
wake
Of spring's first movement in the forests
bare.

Who has not often felt a sovereign power
To lift his spirit to majestic pose

In these, or mountain peak, or vine-clad
bower;

In violet blue, and crimson-petalled rose.

Such stanzas strikingly remind one of lines in "Endymion," or indeed, in their choice of epithets, of Milton's "L'Allegro."

When Eaton's first book of verse appeared, the *New York Outlook* said: "In his individual criticism of life, the author's special significance lies. We hope that we may not seem anxious for a pretentious phrase when we term this poetry the cry of the heart of the age. . . . With all its fierce struggle, disease, and damning sins, we do not believe that the heart of the age is pessimistic. On the edge of the gloom is the glimmer of a dawn. This Mr. Eaton discerns, and utters our modern life's varied emotions; and it seems to us that his utterance is as true in its own way as the message of Browning or Tennyson." "Flood-Tide," said another reviewer, "has something of the pathos of Kingsley's 'Three Fishers,' without being in the least indebted to it. . . . *Sometime* is an exquisite lyric, worthy of comparison with Stedman's 'Undiscovered Country.'"

In his later verse Eaton shows the same characteristics of thought and feeling that critics found in his earlier work, but in the meantime he has grown much, if not in poetic feeling, certainly in the art of perfect poetic form. Such exquisite lyrics as *The East and the West, Thou Art My Guiding Star, Where Are Ye Now*, the new version of *The Roots of the Roses*, and *The Still Hour* amply attest this. Take these delicate stanzas as an example:

When the still hour draws near that I must die
I ask that in some western-windowed room
Where I can see the sunset, I may lie.

I love so well the blue and green and gold
That fuse in liquid splendour, ere the gloom
Of evening settles and the day grows cold.

A single rose I crave beside my bed,
For I had once a bush of roses white,
Whose fragrance through my deepest soul
was shed.

Let some one skilled in friendship hold my
hand
For all my life my peace has suffered blight
If none were near me who could understand.

I want no weeping, but I ask a prayer
That God would rob the evil I have done

Of harmful power, and make my influence
fair.

Then as my breath grows fainter, and my
eyes

Dim to the last trace of the kindly sun,
Kissing my forehead, say your last good-
byes.

In the earlier part of this article, Dr. Eaton's incumbency of the parish of Chestnut Hill, Boston, has been mentioned. This incumbency did not last long, for finding literary occupations on the whole more congenial, in a little over a year he withdrew from it and went to Europe, when he returned settling permanently in New York, in the part of the city where he still lives. For many years he has given part of his time to the special teaching of English literature, this occupation being more congenial to him than parochial work. He has, however, continually exercised the functions of the ministry, and during the last year has been one of the Cathedral Preachers of the New York Cathedral of St. John-the-Divine.

Dr. Eaton is a man of varied social

experience. Thoroughly identified with the old exclusive community about Washington Square, he is yet widely known and warmly welcomed the city through, and for many years his summers, completely or in part, have been spent as the guest of well-known cottagers at New York's magnificent watering place, rich Newport-by-the-Sea.

In June, 1905, in recognition of his high scholastic attainments and literary achievements, King's College, Nova Scotia, the oldest Colonial College of the British Empire, conferred on Dr. Eaton the honour of a Doctorate of Civil Law.

Canadian literature is now slowly growing in volume and strength, and the time approaches when the country, great in material prosperity, will have also a worthy national literature. When that time comes, though like others of his Canadian contemporaries he has been obliged, for the most part, to work out of his native land, the name of Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, it may safely be prophesied, will occupy a truly distinguished place.

The Dead Day

BY A. L. FRASER

THE golden day is dead and now doth go

Out through the portals of the evening gray,

And somewhere o'er the hills will be laid low

In strange, far, viewless fields, by each dear yesterday;

Nature doth not that dying smile forget,

For all her face with sorrow's tears is wet.

The Scalping of Wiggy

By J. W. FULLER

Telling how a missing portion of head-gear made one man ridiculous and brought good luck to another.

LOUNGING about the roundhouse doors at the western terminal of one of the great transcontinental lines a group of seasoned railroaders were indulging in a quiet smoke and chat before "turning in" at the bunk-room. A huge *mogul* detached from a heavy freight, which it had just brought in, came throbbing down the yard and rolled slowly into its stall.

"Hello, Bill!" shouted one, as a dark bulk climbed down from the cab. "How in thunder did you get back so soon? Thought your turn wouldn't bring you in till to-morrow?"

"Oh, everybody ain't so slow as you, Jim," returned the new arrival as he walked around to the other side of his engine.

■ "Worked some dodge to get ahead, I'll bet," commented his questioner. "He's most as cute as old Chinny De Bong, down east. Did I ever tell you boys how Chinny did up Wiggy Wallace?"

"No. Cough her up, Jim," responded another, and without further preliminary the story proceeded, for these men of the iron steed waste no words:

"It was back in the eighties, when I was running out of Montreal. One Saturday I was called to haul a heavy freight to Richmond, and I started out feeling pretty much down on my luck; for, like all the boys, I hated to be buried in that hole over Sunday, and as freight was light from that end there seemed precious

little chance of getting out again before Monday. Once in a while there'd be an emigrant special up; but I wasn't counting any on that this trip, for I knew both Wallace and De Bong had gone down ahead of me. I'd heard Chinny called, and his language wasn't exactly what you'd call edifying for a Sunday School. Chinny was as good a driver as ever pulled throttle out of Bonaventure Station; but he was a bit excitable at times, and it seems his little girl was to be confirmed on the Sunday, and he'd been set on being at the church to see the job done. He knew Wiggy was ahead of him, so, though he heard an Allan Liner was coming up the river, it didn't help things, for Wiggy, of course, had the cinch on any special. However, it couldn't be helped, for as I told you freight was mighty light and none of us could afford to let a turn go by.

"Well, I got my train through after a goodish bit of trouble on the way with a hot-box, and pulled into Richmond about dark. I thought it hardly worth while to ask what was on the road, for I'd made up my mind that I was booked for a reserve seat at all the Richmond funerals till Monday; but I saw De Bong coming away from the dispatcher's office, so I hailed him with:

"'Anything doin', Chinny?"

"'Emigran' spesh 'bout four 'clock; but he Mr. Wallace. I keep company wit' you here to-mor'."

"The trip down must have quieted

Chinny's nerves, for he seemed in tip-top spirits.

"I took a stroll up street and smoked a pipe or two before turning in, and when I got back to the bunk-room both Wallace and De Bong were asleep and snoring like good fellows. It didn't take me long to follow suit—I mean as far as sleeping went. We'll say nothing about the snoring.

"Well, long toward morning I heard the call-boy come in and call someone, but as I knew it wasn't my turn, course I just turned over and snoozed again; but pretty soon I heard a rustlin' and a shufflin' around, and somebody mutterin' low-like, under his breath; but being pretty well tired I didn't rouse up just yet. The noise kept up though and in a minute or two someone threw a boot and called out:

"Quit that row, Wiggy, and let us fellows sleep, can't yer? Ye needn't rub it in because we've got to stay here while you bowl back to St. Lambert.'

"Then there was an explosion, and the exhibition Wallace—for 'twas him—give would ha' made the most hardened reprobate want to kick himself for envy. And, mind you, as a general thing he was no swearing man; didn't like to hear it, an' more'n once I'd heard him call the boys down for it. So you may know I guessed something extra special was on, and sat up in my bunk in a jiffy.

"There was Wiggy in shirt and trousers, with one boot on an' the top of his head shining white, an' bare as a billiard ball, dancing up an' down the bunk-room, cursing and shouting that somebody had stolen his *toupeé*—for he was bald and wore a wig; that's why we called him 'Wiggy'. The boys were all sittin' up in their bunks and chaffin' him—all but De Bong. He was still snoring away like a pig.

"I guess it fell in your mouth while you was asleep, an' you swallowed it, Wiggy,' shouted a fireman.

"Wiggy walked up to his bunk an' made a vicious pass, but the fellow dodged.

"None of yer blasted impudence, you young whelp!' he howled. 'If you know where that *toupeé* is, hand it out, or I'll smash yer face in.'

"Come off, Wiggy,' yelled another fellow, 'yer just wild cause you got the bulge on us fellows by that emigrant special. Feel the top of yer head just to see if it ain't there.'

"Wallace made a snatch at his bald pate, while he cursed Sam Hunter for a crazy fool, and everyone howled the more. This sort of thing kept up till the call-boy came in, grinning like a cat.

"Hustle up now, Wallace,' he shouted, 'that spesh'l be 'long right away, an' it's time yer engine was out.'

"Wiggy wheeled round, caught him by the shoulder, and shook him till his teeth rattled.

"You young brat,' he yelled, 'I believe you hid it! Tell me quick where 'tis or I'll kill you.'

"You leave me alone, Wiggy, or I'll report yer to the boss,' snarled the kid, jerking away; 'I don't know nothin' 'bout yer old wig. I wouldn't touch the dirty thing with a stick. But if you don't come along in two minutes I've got to call the next man; so look sharp.'

"Oh, go on anyhow, Wiggy. You look better without the wig any day!' someone said.

"Yes, but he's afraid the missus'll think he's her grandfather,' bawled Sam Hunter, and the row got worse than ever.

"Time's up,' sang out the boy. 'Are you coming, Wallace?'

"You go to blazes!' was all the answer he got. So he walked over and gave De Bong a dig in the ribs.

"*Mon Dieu!* What matter?' yelled Chinny, sittin' up and rubbin' his eyes.

"Yer next for the emigrant spesh, De Bong,' said the kid.

"Go you way. He Mr. Wallace. Why you wake me?' grumbled the Frenchman.

"No, he won't take out his engine. So it's you.'

"Won't take out engine! Why?' shouted Chinny, throwing up his hands in amazement.

"Never mind, but step lively or you won't neither,' yelled the kid; and so De Bong tumbled out and scrambled into his clothes, while Wiggy still kept up the hunt for his wig, swearing what he wouldn't do to the villain what stole it.

"I believe you're the thief, you sneaky

Frenchy!' he yelled, just as De Bong was going out. 'Ye've been too all-fired quiet to be honest.'

"I know not what you talk about, Mr. Wallace,' returned Chinny, 'but I enquire of you when we meet in Montreal, for why you call me thief,' and with a low bow he cleared out.

"Quite a bit longer Wallace kept up the hunt, the boys pretending to help and chaffin' unmercifully all the time. At last there was a war-whoop from Wiggy as he jerked the *toupeé* from out of the mattress of an empty bunk. Somebody had ripped up the ticking, shoved in the wig, and then turned the mattress over so that the slit was toward the wall.

"Wiggy put on his other boot, grabbed his coat and started on a run for the station, and we all after him. De Bong had just backed his engine down onto the train, and was looking out the cab window waiting for the signal to start, when Wiggy ran up shouting and swearing. He hadn't taken time to put on his wig, but held it in his fist; an' somehow or other he'd got the top of his head scratched in the rumpus, an' the blood was smeared over his white pall, lookin' quite ghastly. All together he was a tough lookin' sight.

"'You dirty, frog-eatin' Papist!' he yelled. 'I'll make you sweat for this. You hid my *toupeé*, so's to git my turn!'

"'Keep you cool, Mr. Wallace,' smirked Chinny. 'You now are beside yourself. Could I while I sleep tak' your wig an loose him? You talk no sense. When I in Montreal you meet, we talk 'bout this. For now, good-bye. I hope you the Sabbath day joy at Richmond,' and getting his signal, Chinny pulled out.

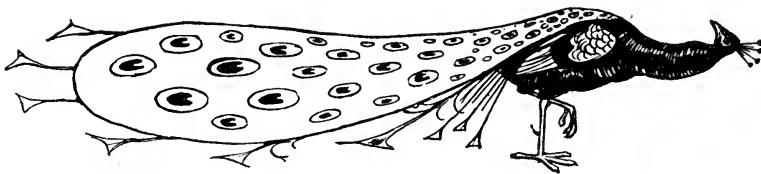
"Poor Wiggy danced along beside him for a rod or two, swearing and shaking his fist with the wig clenched in it until the speed of the train dropped him behind, while Chinny leaned out of his cab window grinnin' and blowin' kisses to him.

"Some of the emigrants roused up by the racket stuck their heads out of the window, and as the last car pulled by we heard one shout out:

"'By Jove, George, I thought we was told the Injuns was peaceful in Canada! There's a bloke what's 'ad 'is scalp taken off clean!'

"We dasen't go near Wallace all that day; and he was sulky with all the gang for weeks afterwards. I heard he went to the 'old man' about it, but of course got no satisfaction, for he couldn't prove De Bong did it. He swore 'twas him though, and vowed to get square some day. He did too; but that's another story.

"Well, I guess I'll turn in now. Good-night, boys."



The Toast of the Archdeacon

By ANDREW COLTISH SMITH

Illustrations by Jack Hamm

A tale of Local Option, in which a wolf in sheep's clothing wins a bride by sacrificing the Temperance Workers.

THE Venerable Archdeacon Mortimer, of Brockville, Ontario, was not displeased that his son Horace had written home from Birmingham soliciting a parental loan of two thousand dollars.

There had always been something about Horace vaguely unsatisfactory to the Archdeacon—nothing really wrong, just a lamentable lack of ballast, and a disposition to look at life from too worldly a viewpoint.

From the first he had opposed his father's most cherished desire, which was that he should enter the ministry, or, failing in that, should study law. Unfortunately the wayward one had shown very little inclination to study anything. He was morally certain that he was not cut out for the ministry, but he had never had any particular objection to being called to the bar—only it wasn't the kind of bar his father meant.

His uncle, when called into conference on the subject, agreed at once with Horace. The boy was never meant for the professions. His limitations were obvious. He might do for a politician, or a hotel man, or possibly a commercial traveller; but a minister—never. The Archdeacon, when they talked it over, couldn't help admitting that it looked that way. So a position was obtained for Horace in the office of a large manufacturing concern in Birmingham, where his father fondly hoped he might one day be advanced to a partnership.

Horace soon found it a long, up-hill road to the presidency of the company, but it was only a pleasant little five minutes' stroll down to the Arlington, where Joseph C. Murphy kept a jovial house. So it happened that he usually gravitated thither, and before he had been long in Birmingham, found himself chasing the glowing hours when work was done in divers ways decidedly objectionable from a clerical point of view, which state of affairs would undoubtedly have turned the Archdeacon in his grave, if he had occupied one. Being of the quick, of course he knew it not.

It was not long, either, before Horace began to realise that his present way of doing things was having a bad effect upon the credit side of his bank account. He noticed it more particularly because he had become suddenly possessed with an intense desire to get rich very quickly because—because—well, the Murphys set great store by an accumulation of this world's goods, and Maggie Murphy was just the best, and prettiest, and sweetest girl in all Birmingham.

His affairs having reached this interesting crisis, it was natural that when the proprietor of the local soft drinks factory wished to sell out, Horace should make a bid for the business, subject to the "governor's" advancement of the funds, which offer was promptly accepted—hence the letter aforesaid to the Archdeacon.

The reverend gentleman, of course,

could not refuse his son. If the manufacture of soft drinks was not a calling which he, personally, would have selected, it was undoubtedly respectable and probably offered greater opportunities than work in a factory office. At any rate, it was a gratifying indication that the boy was disposed to settle down and take life seriously.

So Horace became owner and manager of the "Birmingham Bottling Works, manufacturers of ginger beer, pop, lemon sour, etc., etc."

It was just at the time that the Local Option agitation was developing into a live public question in the city. The Birmingham Band of Temperance Workers were firmly resolved that the bar must go, and said so openly, upon all occasions. The Retail Liquor Dealers' Association were equally determined that they shouldn't. So, as the Rev. Dunkley Simpson, who took tea at Horace's boarding house on the average of three times a week, was the president of the one, and Joseph C. Murphy was the head of the other, Horace just naturally found himself right in the very centre of the fray where the blows fell thickest and the bullets hummed the loudest.

As a director of a soft drinks establishment, the temperance people seemed to take it as a matter of course that he was a strong prohibitionist, and earnestly besought him to go out and smite the Philistines.

"We want you to join the Temperance Workers, Mr. Mortimer," said the Rev. Simpson. "It is your duty. You owe it to your father, to yourself, and to the public. We know that we have your sympathy, but we want more than that. We want you to be a strong and enthusiastic worker. We particularly need young men like you to throw all their vim and vitality into the good cause. As the proprietor of the bottling works, you will occupy a position of certain prominence in the city, and your action will be an example to others. The average young man, Mr. Mortimer, hesitates to come out openly on the side of right—he fears too much the ridicule of his comrades; but if a man like you would make a strong stand, it would give many a vacillating

youth courage to do what he felt to be right."

"Well," replied Horace, "I'll think it over, Mr. Simpson."

"We have a meeting to-morrow night in the old town hall; I want you to promise to be present."

It was at that moment that the first of the great ideas struck Horace. Afterwards he clearly saw in the whole affair the hand of fate.

"I will, Mr. Simpson," he said, "and I believe I will be with you."

He walked home pondering the great idea, with the result that on the morrow two things happened.

In the morning, Mortimer's Mango Punch appeared on the market for the first time; a new drink, as the advertisements stated, containing nothing but the pure flavour of the delicious mango, king of all tropical fruits, and highly carbonised pure spring water drawn from wells drilled through to the solid rock. The last was almost true, seeing that the bottling works were situated in an old gravel pit.

In the evening Horace appeared at the meeting. More than that, he made a speech. His ideas on the subject were a little hazy, and addresses impromptu or studied were scarcely his forte, but some years ago he had been hypnotised into entering a debate at the high school on this very subject, and being pressed he gave them his old speech almost verbatim. It was decidedly of the Rum-must-go and Liquor-is-the-curse-of-this-fair-country order, but he handed it out with fervid eloquence.

The oration would have bereft his reverend father of speech in sheer delight, if he had heard it. In fact the report of it in the local papers of the next day, duly sent home by Horace, actually did so. It is on record that Jos. C. Murphy was rendered similarly speechless by the event, although he was subsequently able to express his feelings fluently.

The meeting was consumed with delight and elected Horace secretary.

It was with some misgivings that he entered the Arlington next day.

"Good morning, Mr. Murphy," he said. Murphy grunted.

"You're a helva man, you are. I pass you up. I don't want anything more to do with you."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"You know well enough. Passing yourself off as a Christian with your speeches and your resolutions."

"Oh, that was nothing but a part of my little game."

"Well, I don't want no games around here. I've seen fellows of your type before."

"Now, look here, Mr. Murphy, listen to me. These people have been after you with an axe for years. Local Option has simply got to come in Birmingham sooner or later."

"I don't see that."

"Well, it has. The thing is to make it peter out as soon as possible, for it's bound to break up in the long run. Now hasn't it?"

"I don't know but it has."

"Well, then, that's what I'm going to do. You see if I don't end it in six months."

This was the second of the great ideas born suddenly of his urgent need of an explanation. Truly fate was leading Horace forward at a giddy pace.

"Humph! How're you going to do it?"

"I'll tell you."

A confidential talk of half an hour followed. At the end of that time, an outsider might have thought that the heart of the president of the liquor dealers had thawed in some measure to Horace, for, as the latter picked up his hat, he said:

"Have something before you go?"

"Thanks, Mr. Murphy. I don't care if I do."

And for the secretary of the Temperance Workers he had something pretty strong.

About a month passed by. The prohibitionists got their machinery into full working order. The fires roared, the water bubbled, the steam hissed, wheels revolved, belts spun, and the smoke spread out to heaven over the whole city. The Reverend Dunkley Simpson buzzed about like a little busy bee. It was definitely announced that the Local Option would go before the people at the coming municipal elections, and the combatants



"The Prettiest Girl in Town"

Drawn by Jack Hamm

tightened their belts and prepared for the final struggle.

Horace spent Christmas at home. The pleasure of the family over his account of the campaign was delightful. They begged him to send the papers from Birmingham every day, and a letter too. The Archdeacon, in an exuberance of joy, gave his son another thousand dollars to put into the pop business. They were all certain of victory in the fight to come.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Horace. "You see the liquor men will spend plenty of money and our people won't. That's the trouble with them—they're too innocent. And anyway they haven't got it. Men are willing to put up money as a business investment and charge it up to the expense account, but when it comes to paying it out on principle—that's a different matter."

"But it isn't right, you know, Horace," said his sister.

"And surely a good cause would never prosper if it countenanced corruption," said his mother.

"Well, maybe," said Horace, doubtfully. "I hope it will carry without."

"Money is undoubtedly useful in such a campaign," remarked his father.

"But it is wrong to use it so," objected Mrs. Mortimer.

"Yes, my dear, possibly. But you must sometimes fight evil with its own weapons. To do a great right, do a little wrong, you know. I would gladly give my right hand to see Local Option carry in Birmingham."

"I never expected to hear you advocate bribery," said his wife.

Mr. Mortimer was silent, but as Horace was boarding the train, he produced five hundred dollars to be used in the good cause.

"And never mention it to your mother, my boy, nor to any one else. I may be wrong in doing this, but I trust you to use it well. So good-bye, and God be with you."

Horace arrived in Birmingham with better hopes; and hastened to see the president of the Retail Liquor Dealers' Association.

"Hullo, Horrid!" said that worthy.

"Mr. Murphy, how are you to-night?"

"Oh, not too bad! Been up home for the holidays?"

"Yep. How's the campaign?"

"Getting pretty hot. I'll make it hotter for 'em before I've done."

"That's where you're wrong. Let the thing go through. Didn't I tell you I would smash it in six months?"

"Yes, but if it don't pass, it will be smashed right now."

"And come back again next year."

"Well, time enough then to get in your good work."

Finding Murphy so obdurate, Horace threw himself heart and soul into the contest. His knowledge of the world and its wicked ways was of great assistance. His uncle had probably been right when he said Horace would do for a politician. Anyhow, with five hundred dollars in his pocket, he showed that he knew how to get out the vote.

As the contest progressed, Murphy be-

came heated to a dull red, and it spoke little for Horace's tact that he chose this of all times to solicit the paternal sanction to his engagement to Maggie.

"No, sir!" said Murphy, bringing down his fist. "I don't know enough about you. You may be all right, but it looks to me like you were playing a double game, and if you are, you're not the man I want for a son-in-law."

"How can I prove my sincerity, Mr. Murphy?"

"When you break up this temperance business, as you boast you will, I'll believe you and not before."

"And you'll give us your consent then?"

"I'll see. Time enough when you do."

And with this equivocal reply, Horace was forced, for the time being, to be content.

There had never been so much excitement on election day in Birmingham, even when the member for the Provincial Legislature got in by a majority of three. The streets about the paper offices were packed before six o'clock. The braying of a brass band on the balcony of the Fenster House indicated the headquarters of the liquor interests. The Rev. Dunkley Simpson, Horace, and the others awaited the returns in the Y.M.C.A. rooms, a silent and a soulful company.

Ward Three was in first, and went liquor by a good margin, but from that time on the city declared most emphatically that the bar must go.

Horace telegraphed to his father at once, and the wires fairly sizzled with the Archdeacon's reply.

The next morning the town was decidedly startled at its own action. To tell the truth, there was no one more surprised than the Temperance Workers themselves—unless, maybe, it was the liquor people.

The hotel men acted with vigour and unanimity. They bundled their guests unceremoniously into the streets and locked the doors. Thus travellers who happened to be in the city were thrown upon the hospitality of the Temperance Workers with a dull, sickening thud.

Then, too, the town dried up. To

the boys it became an arid waste, a barren desert, incapable of supporting life. It was in vain that Horace besought them, through the columns of the newspapers, to slake their unnatural thirst in mango punch. They were inconsolable and would have none of it.

The lack of hotel accommodation soon became unbearable. Merchants began to utter protesting shrieks and a distant echo sounded from the general public. Obviously it was up to the Temperance Workers to set the matter right.

A meeting of that association resulted in the renting of the Fenster House, and its re-opening under the name of the Hotel Vendome. As it was practically the only hotel in town, and was well managed, it at once became a standing refutation of the liquor dealers' assertion that a temperance house would never pay, and the Temperance Workers' cup of joy was as full as the glasses of the opposite faction were empty.

Yet Horace was not satisfied. The beautiful bar, glittering with its cut glass, looked so utterly cold and cheerless. Why should it thus lie idle and forlorn, when up at the works some three thousand bottles of soft drinks were simply shrieking to be used? He intimated as much to the Rev. Dunkley Simpson, as they strolled together through the new hotel. Mr. Simpson approved. A temperance bar would be an innovation, and Horace knew a man who would make a model wine clerk.

So once again that hospitable room resumed its pristine splendour. Pop, ginger ale, birch beer, lemon sour, and mango punch decorated the walls in innocent magnificence. Behind the shining board, Bertie Harrison, clad in virgin white, dispensed the flowing bowl that did no harm to any man.

Horace sought the now dismal Arlington.

"Say, Mr. Murphy, I guess our time has come. I want you to fill me a couple of hundred bottles with something warm."

"Eh? You're not in earnest about that business?"

"Never more so. You fill them up and tell the boys you are sure of. No one else, mind, and Bertie Harrison must



"A Pleasant Stroll to the Arlington"

Drawn by Jack Hamm

have their names. We can't afford to make any mistakes."

So several cases of bottles, labelled "Mortimer's Mango Punch," appeared quietly one night in the Arlington back parlour. Around the bottom of each bottle was a scarlet band marked in big black letters, "Double Export Strength."

On the table was the *Evening Herald* of the day. In it was a news item telling of a new production at the bottling works: "a concentrated solution of the famous mango punch, for export to tropical

countries. The addition of sufficient pure spring water would make two bottles of the sparkling punch. The new departure was another instance of the enterprise of Mr. Mortimer, etc."

The bar at the Vendome began to be a success. The sale of Double Export Mango Punch became enormous. Bertie Harrison found himself quite unable to cope with the evening rush, and, as it would never have done to trust another with the great secret, Horace volunteered his own services free of charge. The committee of the Workers gave him a vote of thanks.

The boys had found at last an oasis in the desert. Horace got a neat profit on tremendous quantities of liquid refreshments, Mr. Murphy quickly disposed of certain stock left on hand by the sudden closing of the hotel doors, and the coffers of the Temperance Workers swelled to the bursting point. Thus everyone was pleased, and everything went merry as a marriage bell until, one day, something akin to the falling of the heavens occurred.

It was about eleven o'clock at night. The bar of the Vendome was still open for business and was doing it. That was one of the advantages of prohibition—intoxicants having been banished, they could keep the bar open all night if they wished. Before it five gentlemen were rapidly absorbing moisture, the odour of which should have been highly offensive to the secretary of the Birmingham Temperance Workers.

One man demanded another glass, but Harrison demurred.

"You've had enough, you know. Go on home. We don't want to give the thing away."

"Allri, Bertie. Just gimme 'nother 'fore I leave you."

"No, I can't, Charlie. You've had too much now."

"No, I ain't. Gimme 'nother. Just one more. Good old Mango Doublex."

"Don't you do it, Bertie," interposed Horace. "He's got too big a parcel now."

"What thells that t'you? Stand back," said Charlie, with dignity.

Then through the open door Horace saw a vision.

"Here comes Simpson," he gasped. "Change that stuff. Quick!"

Five glasses were whisked behind the bar in a moment, and five others appeared to view, innocently filled with birch beer.

"Hello, Mr. Simpson," yelled Charlie, catching sight of the visitor, "come on and have a drink. Jovial old boy. Fill the reverend gentleman's glass with Doublex, Bertie, you old nomad."

"Put that man out," said Horace loudly. "He's intoxicated. It's disgraceful. I've a good mind to have him arrested. Why good evening, Mr. Simpson. You are out late to-night."

"Yes, I was visiting one of my friends who is very ill, and seeing the lights as I passed, I thought I would drop in. Isn't it very late for you to keep open? You must be quite tired out."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Horace, modestly. "We must attend to business, you know. But look at this man," he continued confidentially, coming around in front. "Isn't he a pretty citizen for a prohibition town? He is drunk. The whole room reeks of the fumes."

"I thought I noticed something of the kind."

"I should say you did. It is enough to make anyone sick. I have suspected for some time that liquor was being sold in town. It's disgraceful. It must be stopped."

"Lemme alone. Lemme alone, I say," said Charlie, for Bertie and one of the others were essaying to put him quietly out. "I want 'nother drink. Le' go me, I tell you. You're a lot of hypocrites, every one of you. Say, Mr. Simpson, d'you know what's in them bottles? It's whiskey and good whiskey, too. Mango punch on th' outside and whiskey in middle. Just like me, Mr. Simpson. They're punching me on outside, but I'm all whiskey on the inside just th' same."

"Take him out, Bertie, and put him to bed somewhere. It would be a pity to send him home like this," said Horace.

"Put me to bed? Well, I guess not. You're scoundrel, Horrid! You're sellin' whiskey. Know you are. Those men

are all drunk on it now. Taste it, Mr. Simpson, and see."

"What absurd rot!" ejaculated Horace, as they shoved Charlie out the door.

"Here's my glass, Mr. Simpson. Smell it for yourself," said one of the drinkers, coming forward.

"Drink is the—hic—curse of this country," remarked another, didactically. "Smell this, sir."

"Never mind, boys. Mr. Simpson doesn't believe that fellow."

"Well, but I'd be better satisfied," returned the first man. "Mr. Simpson, I was as bad a drunkard as any man in Birmingham for twenty years, but since he took hold of things I've never tasted anything stronger than his mango punch, and that's the truth."

To please him, Mr. Simpson sniffed at the glass.

"This is innocent, certainly," he smiled.

"You bet. That fellow came here drunk. Do you think Mortimer would have a drop of liquor in his hotel? I guess not."

"No siree," said the other man. "Medicinal purposes only. Liquor is the—hic—"

"Shut up, Lane," said Horace. "It's all right."

"I am very sure he would not," said Mr. Simpson. "And now, since we are here, I think we cannot do better than to drink to the future prosperity of the Hotel Vendome. It is something new for me to stand treat at a bar," he went on, pleasantly, as Bertie filled the glasses.

So, with this innocent libation, the evening was brought to a close, the lights put out and the bar locked.

Horace accompanied Mr. Simpson to his door, and then walked home, feeling like a soldier who has just had his helmet carried away by a cannon ball.



"You're a Helva Man"

Drawn by Jack Hamm

The weeks passed on. All attempts at finding where the liquor was sold were unavailing, and, as the amount appeared to be insignificant, the officers of the Temperance Workers were disposed to be very well pleased with themselves.

As the summer drew on, the city gradually became accustomed to the new *régime*. Then it occurred to the Rev. Dunkley Simpson to celebrate the present happy state of affairs by holding a great picnic. The revenue from the hotel made this feasible on a large scale.

The picnic should be undenominational. Every child in the city should have a whole day out in the country to revel in the beauties of the green woods, the broad fields and pure air. It was altogether right and fitting that the money which had heretofore been used in debasing men's morals should be the means of bringing refreshment and innocent enjoyment to the hearts of the children.

The idea took hold of the public fancy. Horace wrote home and invited the folks to come down. They promised they would. Even the Archdeacon was pre-

vailed upon to deliver an address during the celebration.

Everything was ready. The great day came. The weather was perfect. Archdeacon Mortimer was just bubbling over with joy at this culmination of his son's efforts. For, of course, he was convinced that the whole campaign had been won entirely through Horace's work, and possibly he was not far wrong.

Horace showed his parents and sister through the Hotel Vendome. After they had duly admired its wide halls and beautiful bar, they had a glass of mango

factory at the time but a new hand who had only been working for Horace a day or so. And that was how the variations worked themselves in.

The Archdeacon ordered a number of cases of mango punch and paid for them. They were to be delivered immediately at the picnic grounds.

The new hand did not know much about it, but as most of the punch in the ware-rooms seemed to be labelled "Double Export," he thought he had better send that. So he loaded it on the wagon, and in due time it was landed at the grounds.



"Smell It Yourself, Mr. Simpson"

Drawn by Jack Hamm

punch—not the Double Export strength—and no nepenthe would have been more grateful to their palates.

Then it was the Archdeacon's turn to have an idea. Like Horace's, it came suddenly and carried the distinct impression of the hand of fate.

He would send to the picnic several cases of mango punch, and at the end of his speech he would propose a toast and drink it in that appropriate beverage.

So he quietly disengaged himself from the others and hastened down to the bottling works.

Unfortunately there was no one at the

No one there, of course, knew that there was anything unusual in the innocent-looking bottles. So, while the picnickers made merry with light hearts, they little recked that in their very midst was a bomb, capable of blowing up the Local Option, the bottling works, and the Birmingham Band of Temperance Workers higher than the top story of the Hotel Vendome.

From early morning, every car had been loaded with picnickers. Everybody in town was there—including Maggie Murphy. Horace eventually found her and introduced her to his mother and sister,

not thinking it worth while to mention her father's occupation.

Everything went off grandly. The games were a success. The races were a success. The little lunches in detached groups were distinct successes.

At last came the supper. They were to have this meal all together, and now the cloths were spread on the green grass for some distance along the lake shore.

Supper over, came the speeches. Everybody said something, from the Rev. Dunkley Simpson to the manager of the Vendome. Then came the Archdeacon's turn. He rose to his feet beaming. At that moment a waiter tapped Horace on the shoulder.

"You are wanted at the 'phone, Mr. Mortimer," she said.

The telephone was in the store back of the picnic grounds. It was Bertie Harrison that was speaking.

"Is that you, Horrid?"

"Yes,"

"Well, they've got twenty cases of Double X out there. That idiot at the factory sold it to your father. He is going to give a toast. I am sending out some of the other. See that you exchange it."

"Lord! It's too late. He's speaking now."

"Can't you do something?"

"Impossible. The waiters will have the bottles ready before this."

"Whee-ew! Then right here is where I see our finish. Say, there's a train for Detroit at 7.03. I'm going to take my week's wages out of the till and fly my kite. If you have an aunt or any relations in the States, this message is to tell you that they are very ill. You'd better go and see them."

When he had recovered himself, Horace called up Murphy.

"Say, if you want to see the end of the Temperance Workers, you had better come right out to the picnic. It is due in just about five minutes. I am leaving town to-night, and may not see you again, so I want to know if we have your consent."

"What do you mean? Who?"

"Maggie and I."

"If the other is all up, you have, certainly."

"All right. Thanks. I'm off. Good-bye."

He returned to the table. The Archdeacon had reached his peroration. Horace touched Maggie on the shoulder.

"Come here a moment," he whispered.

They moved back a little.

"Your father has given in," said Horace.

"What?"

"The temperance business is all up. Listen! Watch!"

"And now, in conclusion," the Archdeacon was saying, "I wish I could tell you how proud and happy I am in the thought that a son of mine has held high office in your association, and that he has so largely contributed to the magnificent victory which that association has won. And I think it eminently appropriate that you should here join me in a toast, drunk in a beverage which he has lately originated, which this campaign has rendered famous, and which, I can assure you, is equally agreeable to the palate, and infinitely better both for the body and the soul than the potent liquors of our adversaries. My friends, to the continued prosperity and long and useful life of the Band of Temperance Workers."

Five hundred glasses were raised in triumph. There was a gasp and a splutter, and five hundred glasses came down again with a crash. Everybody rose.

Horace caught one glimpse of his father's face, and on it were compressed all the amazement, horror, shame and indignation of a lifetime.

He turned and made for a car. That same night he slept in Detroit, where the next week, through Mr. Murphy's influence, he got a position, and where Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer—*née* Murphy—at this very moment reside.

Of course, the contrite son and his parents were soon reconciled. For, as Horace pointed out, he couldn't have helped it—it was the hand of fate, and anyway, to warn them would have been to lose his bride.

The Archdeacon evidently thought the explanation satisfactory, for he was understood to answer, as he kissed Maggie's forehead: "If you did wrong, my boy, I see here the best excuse you could offer."

De Nice Leetle Canadienne

BY WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

EDITOR'S NOTE: So much interest has been aroused in the work of the *Poet of the Habitant*, owing to Mr. Drummond's death on April 6, that we are constrained to publish, on request, "De Nice Leetle Canadienne," a favourite poem for reading in public.


YOU can pass on de worl' w'erever you lak,
Tak' de steamboat for go Angleterre,
Tak' car on de State, an' den you come back
An' go all de place, I don't care—
Ma frien' dat's a fack, I know you will say,
W'en you come on dis contree again,
Dere's no girl can touch, w'at we see ev'ry day,
De nice leetle Canadienne.

Don't matter how poor dat girl she may be,
Her dress is so neat an' clean,
Mos' ev'rywan t'ink it was mak' on Paree
An' she wear it, wall! jus' lak de Queen.
Den come for fin' out she is mak' herse'f,
For she ain't got moche monee for spen',
But all de sam' tam, she never get lef',
Dat nice leetle Canadienne.


W'en "un vrai Canayen" is mak' it mariee,
You t'ink he go leev on beeg flat,
An' bodder hese'f all de tam, night an' day,
Wit' housemaid, an' cook, an' all dat?
Not mouche, ma dear frien', he tak' de maison
Cos' only nine dollar or ten;
W'ere he leev lak blood rooster, an' save de l'argent,
Wit' hees nice leetle Canadienne.

I marry ma femme w'en I'm jus' twenty year,
An' now we got fine familee,
Dat skip roun' de place lak leetle small deer,
No smarter crowd you never see.
An' I t'ink as I watch dem all chasin' about,
Four boy an' six girl, she mak' ten;
Dat's help mebbe kip it, de stock from run out
Of de nice leetle Canadienne.

O, she's quick an' she's smart, an' got plaintee heart,
If you know correc' way go about;
An' if you don't know, she soon tole you so,
Den tak' de firs' chance an' get out;
But if she love you, I spik it for true,
She will make it more beautiful den;
An' sun on de sky can't shine lak de eye
Of dat nice leetle Canadienne.



Current Events



By
F. A. ACLAND

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has been again unlucky in his manœuvres as leader of the British House of Commons. His resolution against the House of Lords was studiously moderate, so moderate as to leave entirely unsuggested any idea of the abolition of the House of Lords. A particular day was set down for the discussion of the resolution, but before the day arrived Lord Robert Cecil, a son of the late Lord Salisbury, had introduced a bill which proved to be a paraphrase of the Prime Minister's resolution, a proceeding which, under an old rule of the House, blocked discussion on the motion. Sir Henry appealed to Lord Robert to withdraw, but Lord Robert was obdurate, mainly for the reason that the Prime Minister had not reformed the procedure of the House as Lord Robert and some other active spirits of the Opposition had been urging. Of course it was no more than a trick, and we may take it for granted that next session the procedure of the House will be revised and some of these antiquated methods of blocking business destroyed. In the meantime a second session of the Liberal Parliament has passed, and the best efforts of the Government have been thwarted.



As to the resolution itself, it is not likely that anything practical would have come of it during this Parliament, nor in the next, unless the Liberal Party should be sustained at the next general election by a practically undiminished majority. That this will be the case does not appear to be at all likely. The Campbell-Bannerman Government is faring like most

of its predecessors, and the bye-elections, of which there have been many of late, all tell the same story of increased Unionist votes and decreased Liberal votes, though there have been few actual wins scored by the Opposition. If the process of decay continues the Unionists will win the next election, for it need hardly be remarked that the majority of the Liberals in Parliament is out of all proportion to their majority in the country; that is one of the characteristics of the system of unproportional representation to which we have become accustomed. The Liberals scored their great triumph on the strength of the disruption of the Unionist Party on the tariff question, and with the great protagonist of this new tariff movement removed with almost dramatic suddenness from public life, it is likely that it will play only a minor part in the next great struggle at the polls in Great Britain; in which case the see-saw of British politics would return and the Lords would remain unscathed.



It must be confessed the attitude of Mr. John Redmond, the brother of the Irish Parliamentary leader, and himself a prominent figure in the House at Westminster, is not reassuring. His open declaration of hate on the part of Ireland to England snacks rather of mediævalism. With a Government in power disposed to do its utmost to satisfy Irish aspirations, with a Prime Minister whose sympathies are avowedly beyond those of many of his followers, one might have hoped for some words of a conciliatory character from Mr. Redmond, words that would have strengthened the hands of the

Premier in his uphill fight and tended to remove doubts on the part of some of his wavering followers. Ireland's greatest misfortune is to be represented in Parliament by men who so seldom voice the spirit of modern progress and modern methods. How should we regard the representative of a province of Canada, who, in an effort to secure a revision of the terms of Confederation, as in the case of British Columbia to-day, thus frankly declared a bitter and lasting enmity against the rest of Canada?



Premier McBride does not return to British Columbia without a crumb of comfort. Mr. Winston Churchill is proving a clever tactician, and wonderfully adroit in extricating the Government from difficult positions. His half-humorous defence or repudiation—it is hard to say which it was—of the charge that the Liberals had used the term "slavery" with regard to the employment of the Chinese on the Rand, his argument being that it was perhaps a "terminological inexactitude," suggests something of the cynicisms of Disraeli, as well as something of the brilliancy. In dealing with Premier McBride Mr. Churchill had to be careful not to appear to be otherwise than strictly neutral in the slight conflict between Dominion and Province. Fortunately for all parties the phrase "final and unalterable" in the bill presented on behalf of the Dominion Government and applied to the scheme of settlement of Dominion subsidies to the Provinces contained therein, was found to be out of harmony with Imperial legislation generally, which will, wisely, not undertake to say that anything is final and unalterable. The words were taken out therefore, and Premier McBride or any successor of his is free to continue the effort to secure better treatment. This may not be all Mr. McBride had hoped to secure by going to England, but at least it is better than returning empty-handed.



In other ways, also, Mr. Churchill is proving himself a clearer thinker than many among either his colleagues or his

opponents in the Imperial House. His views are sound and he has the faculty of expressing them with felicity. Take for instance his letter to a resident of Swan Lake, Man., who had written him concerning the attitude of Canadians on the tariff question in Great Britain, and apparently on the general question of imperial unity in its various aspects. On the last-mentioned subject Mr. Churchill wrote: "I do not think myself that the colonies contribute enough towards naval defence, but the British Empire is much too complicated and delicate a concern for us to worry about the equal apportionment of the burden. We must be content steadily—and for a great number of years—to smooth away points of difference between different parts of our Empire, and to improve and strengthen all those forces which make for closer union. How and when that union will come are questions which we cannot possibly answer now; and it is very likely that it will not come during our lives. A hundred years is not a very long time in the history of an empire, and the slow and steady growth of sentiment is much endangered by attempts to force the pace."

This is eminently sane and statesman-like, and in striking contrast with the utterances of those who, like Prof. Leacock, call impatiently for action, action, if not for unity then against unity—that at least is the inference from his arguments. There is no anti-imperialism in Mr. Churchill's remarks, nothing contemptuous of Empire, as is implied sometimes in utterances by Mr. Lloyd-George and other extremists, but a broad and tolerant outlook entirely consistent with a slow and certain movement towards Imperial consolidation. But Mr. Churchill sees the folly of attempting a hurried reconstruction of the Empire, instead of allowing it to develop naturally along the lines of least resistance.



Mr. Churchill can talk in other manner too. Those were stinging words delivered by him the other day at a political gathering in England, with regard to the British press and the recent Imperial Conference. "The conference is over," he said. "The

mischievous-making press, eavesdropping, misrepresenting, dealing in word-pictures and dissolving views, tale bearing, not shrinking from wilful and persistent falsehood, have done their best to make ill-feeling between colonial representatives and ministers of the Crown, and to do them justice, they have not altogether in some respects been unsuccessful. Some offence has been given to the Liberal Party by some statements that have been made in the course of the last month. Luckily the forces of unity which are at work within the British Empire are strong enough to mar the exertions of such mischief-makers, and are one feature of this conference which no amount of machine-made linotype has been able to affect." It is not a very flattering tribute to the press, but those who have followed the British press of late years will readily admit its deterioration to the level almost, and with a few admirable exceptions, of the American standard. In many cases, in fact, it has been frankly Americanised, and Americans are in charge of the news departments if not of the editorial columns.



The statements regarding the condition of Mr. Chamberlain remains conflicting, but so prolonged an illness in the case of a man who has passed his seventieth birthday leaves little hope of his real recovery. Mr. Chamberlain has left his mark on English history, whether or not wholly to the advantage of the Empire it is premature to say. He was what Carlyle would call a "stirring man," and a stirring man is bound to go wrong sometimes unless his faculties are superhuman. But, in the main, Mr. Chamberlain represented with wonderful fidelity the feelings of the British people of his day. When he was radical they were radical; when he forsook radicalism they followed him; when he became an enthusiastic Imperialist they echoed his words, but when he tried to turn them away from free trade his day of leadership came to an abrupt close, and his physical collapse followed with sad swiftness. But his figure has been a commanding one for these

twenty-five years, and his outlook and motives were cast in no narrow mould. He was thorough and downright in his convictions, in an age when few men dare to be positive, and in consequence he became a great leader with many triumphs to his credit. His final failure will not affect his reputation as the greatest Imperial statesman of his day.



M. Nelidoff, the Russian diplomatist who is presiding at the Peace Conference at the Hague, can not be accused of optimism. He gave a rude shock to the idealists in his opening address when he declared talk of the serious limitation of armaments was folly, yet one can at least feel that practical statesmen concur in the view he expressed. It is not quite so clear that his douche of cold water on the proposition to exempt private property from seizure in war times was equally reasonable or equally acceptable to the normal mind. The ground urged by M. Nelidoff was that such an exemption would tend to minimise the cost and risks of war, and would have been liable to increase the chances of war, especially on the part of nations possessed of great wealth open to attack in war time; the allusion to Great Britain is, of course, obvious, but this expression of opinion by M. Nelidoff seems to have met with considerable general disapproval. Undoubtedly among the smaller and less responsible nations the exemption of private property may have a tendency such as M. Nelidoff suggested, but war is a far more serious affair with the great nations, and losses from the derangement of trade and commerce that would ensue from a severe conflict would far surpass those inflicted on private property. The exemption of private property from attack in war would not in the case of such nations as Great Britain, France, or the United States, exercise any appreciable influence in causing or preventing a war. Now, if these nations will allow themselves to be urged to war save on points of honour, real or imaginary, and in such cases, losses and gains cease to be counted.

How unattainable is the ideal of permanent and universal peace at the moment, and how hopeless the agitation for a reduction of armaments is seen in the angry discussion proceeding even at this moment of the Hague Conference, between the United States and Japan, the former being one of the nations foremost in the proceedings at the Dutch capital. Right at the doors of the White House at Washington, read possibly by President Roosevelt at breakfast in the morning, is published a newspaper which thus discusses an international dispute that treated unwisely may well lead to worse than angry words: "Another thing is certain. If this war comes this country will get fighting mad, and Japan will be lucky if the end of it does not witness her relegation to a fourth or fifth-rate power. We have got the money and the men, and what ships we lack we can make." Wars will continue unhappily because for many a year to come editors will continue to print and the public to read without serious demur such evil mischief-making sentences as these. Water will not rise above its level, and human nature seems to have the same property.



The gift of free institutions to Orange River Colony follows almost as a matter of course on the bestowal of a constitution on the Transvaal. There is not in the case of the smaller of the new colonies any General Botha, who offers his assurances of the general good intentions and loyalty of the Boer population. One can only hope that his influence in the Transvaal and the consequent good example of the Transvaal will have its effect on the Orange River Colony. In the latter State the Dutch are in the proportion of eight to one to the British. The press of Bloemfontein, the little capital, is frankly anti-British, the leading journal, *The Friend*, being controlled by Mr. Fischer, who, as an official of the Kruger Government at Pretoria in 1899, drafted the ultimatum that precipitated, if it did not actually cause the war. Altogether the prospects of the Empire in South Africa are not of the brightest. Natal is of course largely British, the Transvaal still

British by a majority concentrated on the Rand, though the English-speaking population is emigrating from the province at this moment; the other provinces are Dutch by a large majority. Should the scheme of confederation urged by Dr. Jameson, the Cape Premier, and discussed not unfavourably by General Botha, be achieved, the outlook for British rule is brighter. The new confederation would have wider interests, and its long sea coast could demand protection from sea power, which it would only possess through Britain. It is hardly to be expected, however, that the Dutch governments which control two of the colonies, and will control three when the voters of Cape Colony who were disfranchised as rebels begin again to vote, will make any serious efforts to promote British immigration, or even to encourage the stay of those British settlers who are there. It is the Imperial Government that will have to make South Africa British, or consent to its remaining Dutch, and if Dutch, doubtless always more or less uncertain in its attitude to England.



The Post Office Department reports an enormous increase in its receipts of British mail since the new postal arrangements went into effect. It is to be noted, too, that some British journals have been especially quick to take advantage of the new opportunity for circulation. In several Canadian newspapers a week or two ago was to be seen a page advertisement from a well-known illustrated weekly. Somewhat curiously, and furnishing a surprising comment on the agitation from this country for British as against American reading that brought about the change in the postal rates, one journal that contained this English advertisement contained also on the page opposite an article headed "Our Trade in North Africa," in striking type, and discussing to the extent of three or four columns, the commerce of the United States in that region, with suggestions how it might be extended. It was a syndicate letter for American journals, but the Canadian journal had got it cheaply, and was apparently content.

Unreasoning and foolish prejudice against the United States is, of course, to be deplored, but still more to be deplored is the attitude that through carelessness or caprice abandons Canada in this way to the United States, and merges its individuality in that of her larger neighbour.



As to the general effect of the new postal arrangements, it is too soon as yet to ascertain what it may be. One result of the increased rates from the United States is to make the better class of American magazines more expensive as well as the poorer publications. This is a distinct misfortune, but, of course, inevitable, since it was obviously impossible to discriminate in favour of certain magazines. Nor must one forget that not only good English publications, but the poorer ones also, will pour into Canada if they find purchasers. There is as much trash on a London book-stall as on a New York news-stand, and it all comes in under the cheap rate. The Dominion Government cannot discriminate in this case any more than in the case of the American magazines. It comes back, therefore, in the end to the "intellectual preference" suggested by Hon. Mr. Lemieux, the Postmaster-General, unless this also is exercised by the Canadian people, the postal preference will prove a delusion and a snare.



British and American periodicals have developed on curiously different lines. There is not in the United States a single illustrated weekly journal that compares with half a dozen such publications in England, the best of them, such as the *Graphic* and *Illustrated London News*, being world famous, and having become practically national institutions. The illustrated Sunday paper, with its frequently unspeakable atrocities, has probably prevented the development of any American publication of a character similar to those excellent journals. In monthly illustrated magazines, on the other hand, the United States stands much higher than England, which has no periodical that compares favourably

with such publications as *Harper's*, *The Century* or *Scribner's*. In the solid class of periodicals, however, Great Britain stands immeasurably higher than the United States, which have nothing, or at least the *North American Review* alone, to set against the *Nineteenth Century*, *The Contemporary Review*, *Blackwood's*, *The Fortnightly*, *The Monthly*, *The National*, and others, not to speak of the too, too solid quarterlies, which, to tell the truth, are not now much in vogue. Of the same type as the first named, are the famous weeklies, *The Spectator* and *Saturday Review*. The outlook of the new Liberal organ, *The Nation*, succeeding *The Speaker*—defunct three months since; on this side we have nothing better than *The Nation*—a by-product of a daily newspaper, and a good deal lower down the scale, *The Literary Digest*, which makes no pretence of original literary merit or interest. Of the mass of inferior publications in both Great Britain and the United States, the less said the better; and we may well pray to be spared from a heavy flow of either.



The fortieth anniversary of Confederation finds Canada in the very heyday of prosperity, with population and trade rapidly increasing, credit sound, and absolutely no burning question left in politics at the moment, if we omit the unfortunate personal element that, for lack of stronger matter, fills the public mind. The star of Canada is in the ascendant, and none can say when it will reach its zenith. Forty years more and where will Canada stand? By that time there should be, at a moderate estimate, at least twenty millions of people in the Dominion, probably over half of them west of the Great Lakes. It does no harm to take note of Mr. Roblin's warning cry about the possible de-Canadianisation of the west, but at the rate English-speaking immigrants are pouring in, and particularly those of British birth, we may feel fairly well assured that the west will become and will remain thoroughly Canadian.



IN THE AFTERNOON

Wind of this summer afternoon,
Thou hast recalled my childhood's Tune;

My heart—still is it satisfied
By all the golden Summer-tide?

Hast thou one eager yearning filled,
Or any restless throbbing stilled,

Or hast thou any power to bear
Even a little of our care?

Wind of the summer afternoon,
Be still; my heart is not in tune.

Sweet is thy voice; but yet; but yet—
Of all 'twere sweetest to forget.

—C. G. D. Roberts.



SUMMER TRAVEL

WE Canadians are not at all pleased when our land is referred to as cold and ice-bound. There are times when we are ready to avow that our snow-drifts are not very deep, and that very few of us have had a frost-bitten experience. But the eagerness with which we make the best of our short, brilliant summer shows how golden are the hours of long afternoons and evenings on river or lake. It is an ideal land in July and August, and we forget all about chilly April and gray November.

Canadians travel much more than they once did in the summer months, but too many of them neglect their own country for the United States or Europe. There are Montreal and Toronto citizens

who have seen Switzerland and Rome several times, but who know nothing of the Bras d'Or Lakes or the Rockies. "But," they urge, "there is a historic charm about the old lands utterly lacking in the new. There are also art galleries and great cathedrals, with all the glamour of an immemorial civilisation." While the truth of these statements is admitted, the fact remains that most Canadians with opportunities for travel will return frequently to trans-Atlantic regions, and seem rather proud of their ignorance of their own country. In recent years, however, the Alaska trip has become fashionable, and, in consequence, Western Canada has fared well in the matter of tourists. The population of Central Canada is too much taken up with local growth to spend much thought on the picturesque charms of Cape Breton or the towering magnificence of the mountains of British Columbia.



LADY MARJORIE SINCLAIR

WHEN Lord and Lady Aberdeen lived at Rideau Hall, their only daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon, was but a slender, graceful young girl, who bore a striking resemblance to her distinguished father. About two years ago, Canadians were interested in the marriage of Lady Marjorie to Captain Sinclair, who had been A.D.C. in Canada, and who was much older than his fair bride. The National Council of Women in this

Dominion observed the event by sending the bride a handsome necklace of Canadian stones, curiously set. Lady Marjorie and her husband are now receiving congratulations on the birth of a son and heir, who is the Earl of Aberdeen's first grandchild.

M.A.P., in speaking of Lady Marjorie's literary taste, says that she was once editor of a paper called *Wee Willie Winkie*. This small journal was edited in Canada, and it was to its columns that Mr. Kipling contributed the famous Limerick, beginning "There was a small boy of Quebec," in reply to the many Canadian protests against "Our Lady of the Snows." Lady Marjorie is thoroughly in sympathy with the political ambition of her husband, who is a strong Liberal, and she is also a graceful public speaker, while showing herself equal to the heavy responsibilities of a political hostess.



TINSELITIS

THE great world of dress, says the *Argonaut*, is threatened with an attack of what has been called tinselitis. Last season the corresponding malady was known as sequinitis, but the sequin as a dress decoration has now given place to tinsel.

An authority upon such matters allows himself to say that women love to glitter. The tinsel fashion began with the postal cards of actresses, in which the jewels were picked out with tinsel. The favourite picture postal card is now a blaze of glittering powder. A well-known French costumer says:

"There is an innate desire in the feminine heart to glitter. The millionairess can indulge in diamonds. 'Tinselitis' will be the pet disease of the enormous number of women who cannot afford real diamonds and will not wear paste.

"The most delicate effects can be obtained on dresses by tinsel powder. We are making a *debutante's* gown for the next drawing-room of white chiffon on which are scattered tiny silver tinsel rosebuds. Gold tinsel poppies on black tulle is also one of the latest designs.

"Many ladies are adding tinsel work to their knowledge of fancy embroidery.



THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY
PRINCESS ALEXANDRIA
AND BABY PRINCESS MAY OF TECK

"'Tinselitis' has also affected millinery, and 'flower' toques are now made, the centre of each blossom being filled with silver, gold, or jet powder."



HUMOROUS TESTATORS

A WRITER in the *Grand Magazine* gives various instances of amusing bequests. Most of these mirth-provoking wills are literally at the expense of the wife of the testator. A Glasgow doctor had a final fling at the wife of his bosom in this fashion:

"To my wife as a recompense for deserting and leaving me in peace, I expect the said sister Elizabeth to make her a gift of ten shillings to buy a handkerchief to weep in after my decease."

A most cruel clause in the will of a Mr. Sydney Dickenson reads in this wise: "When I remember that the only happy times I ever enjoyed were those when my wife sulked with me, and when I remember that my married life might, for this reason, be considered a fairly happy one, because she was nearly always sulking, I am constrained to forget the repulsion the contemplation of her face inspired me with, and leave her the sum of £60,000, on

condition that she undertakes to pass two hours a day at my graveside for the ten years following my decease in company with her sister, whom I have reason to know she loathes worse than myself." Mr. Dickenson could not have been a kindly spouse.

The most cheerful of these queer bequests is that made by an angler, who left £25 to provide an outing for the members of his club at which he hoped good sport would be enjoyed, and no mourning worn. He further directed that his ashes should be carried in a bait can to the river side, and, before a line was cast, scattered from a boat over the surface of the stream.



THE NATIONAL COUNCIL

THE meeting of the National Council of Women in Vancouver during July is an event of general interest to feminine Canadians. To Lady Aberdeen, the Council owed its initial success, and its present dimensions show how well organised the original movement must have been. The National Council has been fortunate in having had for some time as its chief executive, such a broad-minded and experienced officer as Lady Edgar, whose prominence as a Canadian writer has added literary distinction to the presidency.

In Port Arthur, Fort William, Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Victoria and New Westminster receptions are the order of the journey, and when the West undertakes to entertain the occasion is the brightest that hospitality can afford. The social element is naturally prominent throughout the annual meeting of the National Council, and, aside from the deliberations of the organisation, the broadening and enlightening effect of meeting delegates from all parts of our wide Dominion must be an inspiration to further effort.

The work of the Council is done through committees in local, national and international councils. When a local council is formed in any town or city it is "comprised of representatives of the various organisations of women already working for church, charity, art or edu-

cation. Each of these societies is asked to affiliate with the local council by the payment of a small yearly fee, and this entitles it to a certain representation. It is this collection of representatives of the various societies which makes up the local council. The national councils are similar federations of the various local councils of the country."

The question is frequently asked—"What is the work of the National Council?" The answer can be given in the words of Gertrude Macdougall Acheson, who recently wrote an article for the *Toronto Globe* on Canada's Greatest Organisation of Women: "The object of the Council's work is woman's work, for women of every class and creed, and the furtherance of the application of the golden rule to society, law and custom, and this work is done through committees. These committees, through the local councils, search out the facts regarding the objects under investigation, and bring them before the National Council, which takes action in whatever way seems best: by bringing the matter before the Government, before the public through the press, or before any of the organisations interested in or working for the object in question."

This year a protest is brought from the Northwest and Ottawa local councils against immigrants allowing their families to be brought into Canada in winter without some certainty of means of support on their arrival. Last winter a large proportion aided by Ottawa charity was of this class, so, in conjunction with the Northwest councils, who suffered in the same way, they brought the matter before the national executive, and it is now being investigated by the locals.

The quinquennial meeting of the international councils is to be held in Toronto in 1909, when the university buildings will be placed at the disposal of the conference, and at which Lady Aberdeen is to preside. English will be the language generally used, although French and German are also official languages of this gathering. The former conferences have been held in London and Berlin, so the Toronto congress will

form the third. The international council is a federation of national councils now numbering twenty-three, organised in the following order: the United States, Canada, Germany, Sweden, Great Britain, Denmark, the Netherlands, New South Wales, Tasmania, New Zealand, Italy, France, the Argentine Republic, Victoria, South Australia, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, Norway, Belgium, Queensland, Greece and Bulgaria. In the interests of such organisations as the National Council, it is to be hoped that the new universal language, *Esperanto*, will become a general study.



SOUVENIR FIENDS

THE Duke of Abruzzi was pardonably indignant when he found that United States souvenir thieves had despoiled his ship at Jamestown of such airy trifles as a gold toilet set, a few cabinets of silver and many pretty things in the way of china and cut-glass. Admiral Evans has picturesquely stated that an American souvenir fiend will steal anything except a cellar full of water. The subject of snatching souvenirs has been fully ventilated by the New York press, and various interesting statements have been made.

"Hotel men say that some of the larger New York hosteleries lose at least \$50,000 a year by the raids of souvenir hunters and the petty thefts of guests. The hotels with silver and linen of special design suffer the most. It does not take long for the losses to mount into the thousands when towels cost \$6 and napkins \$5 a dozen, and the demitasse spoons 60 cents and the small coffee cups from 85 cents to \$1 each at wholesale. Nor are all the losses confined to the impecunious. Some time ago a housekeeper in one of the big hotels found thirty-five towels belonging to the house in the trunks of wealthy western families as they were about to leave. Another hotel man tried to beautify the women's reception room, but soon gave it up in despair. He lost nine bureau scarfs in a week. A pin-cushion a foot square and weighted with sand was stolen from the bureau. The towels were

cut from the locks which held them to the wall. The souvenir hunter is taken so much as a matter of course by the hotel men that in some of the big hosteleries there is a system of selling certain articles to the guests who ask for them."



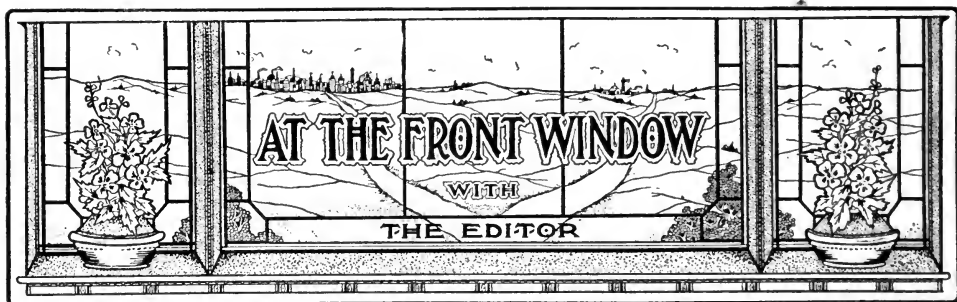
OF THE NOVELISTS

IT is a curious fact, as several United States critics are beginning to remark, that women write all the most popular stories in England, while in America the "best sellers" are written almost entirely by men. "In England," observes one puzzled observer, "the twelve best selling novels are all by women, and considering the power of the modern novel in shaping the inner life of a nation, we may well wonder what these things portend. A list of six American *successes*, prepared at the same time, shows that there was only one female novelist to five of the other sex, and it must be admitted that no ready explanation of this contrast comes at once to mind."

But if one drops the popularity side of the matter and turns to the literary aspect of the case, it is evident that no English woman novelist—not even Mrs. Humphry Ward—is equal to Mr. Thomas Hardy or Mr. George Meredith. Among American novelists, on the other hand, it is difficult to find the man whose work is as finely wrought as that of Mrs. Edith Wharton. Not Mr. Howells, himself, has written better novels. As for Mr. James—but is that highly finished writer American or English? In the monthly magazines of the "States" women are certainly holding their own, even on such serious subjects as Standard Oil and the Tariff.

But when we come to explain the tact of feminine popularity in novel-writing in England and the comparative contrast in a country which is supposed to be a paradise for the independent woman, bewilderment must be admitted. True there was *Mrs. Wiggs* who became famous about four years ago. But *Mrs. Wiggs*, as someone has unkindly remarked, is only the widow of *David Harum*.

Jean Graham.



WHEN a man unnecessarily goes out of his way to slander his native land, one cannot help feeling that there *breathes a man with soul so dead*. The charge can fairly be made against Mr. W. R. Givens, a Canadian who has written for the New York *Independent* an article entitled, "The Canada of To-day." What really makes the article worthy of attention is the amazing fact that it ever passed the editor of so reputable a publication. The main claim in the article is that eastern Canada is not progressing as fast as her people, her position and her resources warrant. Space will not permit of an enumeration of the absurdities and contradictions that distinguish the article, but a few might be referred to as an indication of the wrong impression of a country that can be given by one whose editor is particular in introducing as a native of that country. Mr. Givens first of all blames the fiscal system, and thinks that if Canada would trade freely with the United States, she would be immensely benefited thereby. Seemingly he forgets that it takes two to make a bargain, and that until Uncle Sam removes his tariff wall there can be no free trade with that country. He goes on to call Canada an Old Man's Land, "ruled largely by old men, and running in its every phase of life in a narrow groove, rust on the rails, moss on the sides, and ballasted unevenly and unsecurely."

"Canada is not only an old man's land,"

Mr. Givens adds, "but it is essentially not a place for young men. The field, limited at best, is doubly limited by the really crude and foolish notions that prevail there of 'seniority' and of the rights of seniority. There one always feels, unlike Pitt, that one must actually endeavour either to palliate or to deny 'the atrocious crime of being a young man.' It will not necessarily benefit him that he have ability; he must advance 'in order,' rarely displacing an older man save in the event of death. Of course there are exceptions even in Canada to this rule; but these very exceptions prove the rule, which is applicable to all lines of business, to the law, to the church, to medicine, and, though to lesser degree, to politics. In politics in Canada, as elsewhere, rewards come to those who 'do things'—the word 'do' being here used in the large sense—but for the very reason that Canadian young men are rarely permitted to do things even in politics, being kept in their 'proper place' by their lordly elders, any political rewards that come to young men are few and far between. There are no young men leaders. In politics, it may be ventured, there is scarcely a man of prominence who is not well on to sixty years of age; in law, with one or two exceptions, the same statement will hold true; while in business it assuredly is true. Indeed, one may well wonder if Dr. Osler was not taking a sly dig at his former countrymen and hinting

to them that the young men there be given a chance when he made his now celebrated dictum that a man's best work is done before forty. In Canada, however, it certainly is not done, and for the simple reason, already explained, that the young man has not a chance. Seeing this, the observant young man, when he is old enough properly to observe, promptly shakes the dust of the country off his shoes and gets him to the United States, where a man may be a man before his Canadian time."

That is strange talk from one who claims to be a Canadian. In the field that Mr. Givens calls politics, or, in other words, public life, he no doubt has overlooked such young men as the Postmaster-General, the Deputy Minister of Labour, the Premier of Quebec and a number of his cabinet; Premier McBride of British Columbia, the new Commissioner of the Yukon, besides various members of the respective Provincial Governments and scores of others.

Comparisons are sometimes odious, but nevertheless one can scarcely refrain from a glance at the great array of gray heads that figure conspicuously in public life in the United States. No Canadian who has travelled throughout the Dominion or has kept his eye on positions of prominence, needs to be told that the statement is false that there is scarcely a man of prominence in law or business or medicine or the church who is not more than sixty—it is absurd. Young men in positions of distinction are to be found in commercial and financial life, in journalism, and in religious and educational work; in fact, everywhere.

Then ridicule is made of the fact that a Royal Commission investigated charges against the Alien Labour Act in connection with the Grand Trunk Pacific surveys, a result of which a number of men were deported. Again, Mr. Givens forgets that the Canadian Alien Labour Act is a direct result of a more stringently enforced act of the same nature in the United States. Perhaps his sarcasm would be more seasoned had he, like many reputable Canadians, experienced the humiliation of being held up at the international

border by United States officers and made to pay the head tax.

Mr. Givens has not overlooked the subject of education, and says that no real Canadian spirit or sentiment is produced. He charges the universities, the newspapers and the magazines with lack of duty in this respect, and he says that the university professors come mostly from England or Scotland, knowing nothing about Canada—intolerant and self-opinionative. Apart from the theological colleges, Canadians bulk large on the various teaching staffs, and the President of the University of Toronto itself is a native of Prince Edward Island. At any rate, Mr. Givens should know that only an extremely small percentage of the population of all countries ever see the inside of a university. When he refers to the press of Canada he shows conclusively that he does not know what he is talking about, for he says that independence in Canadian newspaper thought is a thing unheard of. As a matter of fact, independence both within and without party lines is the one outstanding movement in Canadian journalism to-day.

Here is a typical sentence: "Surely the military 'set' will not always dare to presume to lord it over the civilians." The writer must be familiar with the Halifax or the Kingston of a quarter-century ago.

Mr. Givens says that French-Canadians are French first and Canadians afterward and that they openly resent a celebration such as the anniversary of the death of Nelson. Apparently he is not aware that to call a French-Canadian a Frenchman is to insult him, or that at the recent centennial of the death of Nelson the monument to the hero of Trafalgar, which stands in a French section of Montreal (on Jacques Cartier square) and which is the only monument to Nelson in the Empire outside the British Isles, was decorated and a patriotic demonstration conducted at its base without the slightest evidence of resentment from any one.

The article contains other statements and generalities that are as glaringly inaccurate as the foregoing, and, as is said at the outset, it merits attention only be-



HON. ALEXANDER HENDERSON

The new Commissioner of
the Yukon.

cause it was unfortunate enough to pass the editor of *The Independent*.



A NEW MAN FOR THE YUKON

HON. ALEXANDER HENDERSON, the new Commissioner of the Yukon, is a native of old Ontario, having been born at Oshawa in 1863, of Scotch parentage. He is a graduate in arts of the University of Toronto, and he took a course in law at Osgoode Hall. He practised his profession in Whithy for a short time, but about sixteen years ago he went to British Columbia, where he has been distinguished in public life ever since. To his appointment to the Commissionership of the Yukon the *Vancouver World* refers as follows:

"It will be generally agreed that it would have been difficult to find a gentleman better fitted for the post. For Mr. Henderson has not only the legal training almost a first essential for the duties which he takes up—he has been both Attorney-General and County Court Judge in this province—but he has the social qualifications which, even in the most democratic

system, have their practical uses in the art of government. That he will be a popular governor, there can be little doubt; that his will be a wise and judicious administration, none. We congratulate him, therefore, upon the honour bestowed upon him, and the Government upon the happy choice it has made."



FLAG WORSHIP

VERY little gratification comes to any one when a mob rushes into private premises and tears down a flag that is flying in honour of some national celebration in a foreign country. To outrage a flag in so trivial a circumstance, displays the essence of intolerance, gross-breeding, extreme bigotry, and the worst kind of jingoism. Only the greatest enemies of the State would do it. But, nevertheless, every little while we hear that this insult is still practised. It is not an insult to an individual, but, rather, an insult to a nation. It is exactly the same spirit that prevents a rooster from crowing in safety anywhere but near his own straw stack. In private life, when a member of any family celebrates his birthday, it is customary for friends, members of other families, to celebrate with him. Why should not the same spirit prevail amongst nations? Simply because nations have been born mostly with the cost of war and all the animosities that war entails. But, after all is said and done, would it not be an admirable practice, when one nation celebrates the chief event of its history, for other nations to show a sympathetic spirit with them? If the peace conferences at the Hague ever amount to anything really effective, they will have to be backed up by a common national tolerance in small things. Between the people of Canada and the people of the United States nothing but cordial relations should prevail. They have many common aspirations, and their progress should be mutually advantageous. They have had similar and peculiar national experiences, but the fact is too often forgotten. If what are called "flag incidents" are allowed to arouse national animosities, national insults are sure to follow.

THE NEW POSTAL REGULATIONS

CANADIANS who have not been acquainted with the postal charges on newspapers, periodicals and magazines coming from Great Britain to Canada, have wondered why the excellent publications of the old country have not been more generally read and enjoyed in this country. Until the recent change in the postal charges took place, the cost of mailing printed matter had been practically prohibitive, while the same class of literature came in from the United States at just about one-quarter of the cost. It is well known that all intelligent Canadians are interested in the affairs of the Empire and also of the whole world, and they have long recognised the fact that nowhere outside of the high-class periodicals and reviews of Great Britain can information so reliable, so plentiful and so well written be found. But the cost of mailing had always been a bar. Now, however, with the charge reduced from eight cents a pound to two cents, that obstacle no longer exists. Surely, therefore, it is the duty of patriotic Canadians to show their appreciation of the change by patronising the publications that have

heretofore been denied to them. Canadians who have been used to reading United States magazines and reviews will find a refreshing change in the English publications that are now within their means. It is freely admitted on all hands that there is in the old country newspapers and reviews of a high tone that is not generally found elsewhere. Why, therefore, should not Canadians take advantage of the opportunity that is now offered to become acquainted with this class of reading matter? It has been said, truthfully or not, that the absence of British publications from Canada has hindered the growth of Imperialism and checked the spread of true British sentiment. Doubtless it is at least true that their absence has been a loss to Canada in general culture, refinement of expression and loftiness of national ideals. Some of the pictorial weeklies of London are without parallel anywhere, while a number of the publications of comment and opinion are unequalled. It would be to the advantage of Canadians to properly appreciate the change in the postal charges and to see for themselves the advantages that the change offers.



A FINE TYPE OF RAILWAY STATION FOR A THRIVING TOWN. THE NEW G.T.R. STATION AT PARIS, ONTARIO



THE Roosevelt-Long controversy over truth and fancy in stories about animals adds interest to the recent appearance of two books, written by Canadians, that come under that category. The one is entitled "Spirit Lake," by Arthur Heming, and the other "The Haunters of the Silences," by Charles G. D. Roberts. The latter book is more precisely than the former a collection of animal or so-called nature stories. In Mr. Heming's stories the red man figures more prominently than the animals he encounters, and the book therefore is scarcely in a class with those to which it is supposed

that the President of the United States took occasion to criticise. A new Canadian writer, Mr. Archie P. McKishnie, who, by the way, is a brother of Mrs. Jean Blewett, comes into the field of fiction with a volume entitled "Gaff Linkum." Reviews of these books and others follow.



ON NEUTRAL GROUND

MR. ARTHUR HEMING, a Canadian who has been known heretofore mostly as an illustrator and as an occasional contributor of short animal stories to the magazines, has just published an attractive volume entitled "Spirit Lake" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50). The book contains some of the stories that had already been published in serial form, but while each of the chapters is a complete and distinct story in itself, some of the leading characters appear in all. There are seven of them, as follows: "The Spirit Wolf," "The Talking Moose," "The Snow-Wetigo," "The Buffalo Spirit," "The Dance of the Dead Men," "The Lone Dance," and "The Routing of the Raiders." While possessing few claims to literary distinction, the work is nevertheless of value and interest, inasmuch as it appears to be a faithful account of what might ordinarily take place in the everyday life of certain tribes of North American Indians. Perhaps unfortunately for the author, this book falls upon neutral ground between the real and the fanciful. It does not pretend to be what might be called a practical work on



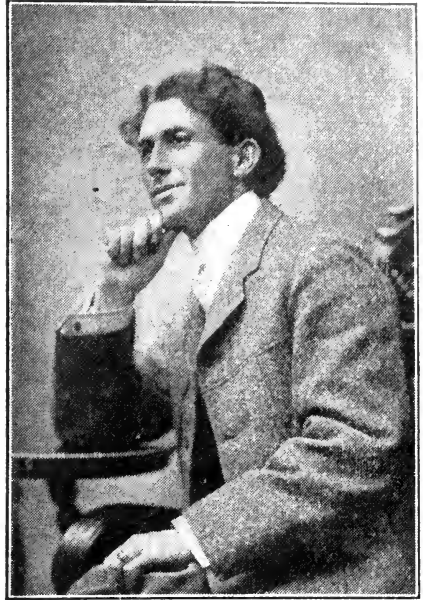
MR. ARTHUR HEMING
Author of "Spirit Lake."

Indian customs and characteristics; and yet that is what it really is. It falls short as a work of imagination, and it lacks idealism and art. In other words it is too true to the real thing to permit it to be classed as a work of art. "The Talking Moose" is the best piece of the book, its departure from the absolute being the furthest. The author has given a good deal of time and study to the life and habits of the red man, and it is almost a pity that he has not, like Hill-Tout, produced as a result an out-and-out scientific book. But, after all, Mr. Heming is more at home when drawing than when writing, consequently the volume contains a number of expressive illustrations. If the writing displayed as much idealisation as the drawing, the book would rank higher as a work of fiction.



A NEW CANADIAN NOVEL

A NOVEL by a new writer who is a Canadian should always be of interest to those who read THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and therefore attention is called to "Gaff Linkum," by Archie P. McKishnie (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25). This is a story of Ontario country life, with the scene laid in Talbotville, about, perhaps, a quarter-century ago. The picture of the village is not clearly drawn, nor indeed is the genius of the community well established, but there are enough glimpses to show that the place and the people possessed the average characteristics of those to be found at that time along the Kent and Elgin shores of Lake Erie. The plot, rather melodramatic in some of its turns, is not convincing, and it is obscured by side issues whose importance is not shown as the story advances. There are, however, several excellent character studies, although it must be said frankly that there are too many characters, some of which dwarf the one that gives title to the book. Gaff Linkum is a lad who was thrust by gypsies into the charge of a man who became an appreciative foster parent. The parentage of the child is, of course, in obscurity, and as the story proceeds, evidences of crooked work are seen in the



MR. ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE
Author of "Gaff Linkum."

movements of some members of a band of gypsies encamped in the neighbourhood. One of the band is a woman known as Di, and it appears that she was a woman of refinement and anti-Bohemian qualities, but that she tolerated existence as a gypsy in the hope of getting possession of her husband's will from the leader of the band. While she is engaged in that pursuit, the leader is awaiting an opportunity to kidnap the lad Gaff. In time the villagers, by whom Gaff is held in much esteem, became aroused to the undesirability of the gypsy encampment in the neighbourhood, and in taking drastic measures to rid the community of it, they rescue the woman Di. This woman turns out to be Gaff's mother. The redeeming parts of the book are the chapters that describe the excursions that Gaff and his boy comrade take together into the haunts of the mink and muskrat, for in these chapters the reader experiences a refreshing contact with nature in some of her most inviting moods. To all intents and purposes the book ends when Gaff's mother is discovered, and the lad remains in much the same environment as he is discovered in at the outset, with a promise

by the writer of a sequel dealing with his later years. If the author has in mind another volume, it is just possible that more prominence to outstanding incidents and less attention to irrelevant matter would effect an improvement on this his first attempt.



"HAUNTERS OF THE SILENCES"

EIGHTEEN of Charles G. D. Roberts' latest animal stories have recently been published in an unusually attractive volume entitled, "Haunters of the Silences" (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.25). Everyone who reads current fiction, particularly in form of short contributions to magazines, is pretty well acquainted with the flavour that permeates Mr. Roberts' work, and therefore little need be said for the book in that respect. There are, however, in this author's latest volume, two distinct classes of story, for some of the stories go beyond man's (as yet) possible means of observation, while others are within human scope. For instance, no man could well witness a battle between monsters in the depths of the ocean, but, as for that, Mr. Roberts clearly does not claim for his stories of that class more value than is afforded by their merits of entertainment. On the other hand, in such a story as "The Summons of the North," precise information respecting the life and instincts of the polar bear might be easily available. "Haunters of the Silences," then, contains stories that are in two distinct classes, and all of them have to do with creatures that inhabit or frequent marsh, river, lake or sea. The volume contains forty-eight full-page, half-tone illustrations, some in colours, and is, therefore, an excellent book for children. It is, in fact, one of the handsomest publications of the season.



A NOTABLE APPRECIATION OF EMERSON

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERY'S contribution, "Ralph Waldo Emerson," to the *English Men of Letters* series (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, 75 cents) is

regarded as the most valuable appreciation extant of America's most gifted philosopher and essayist. The volume is so comprehensive, both in sketching Emerson's life and in criticising his work, that no person who wishes to have a full acquaintance with this model of American writers could well afford not to read it. Mr. Woodberry says: "He (Emerson) was exclusively a man of religion; his other thought is a corollary from his religious premises. It belongs to primary honesty, therefore, to say that he was not a Christian in any proper use of the word; it is a cardinal fact in considering his relation to the religious changes of the time; rather he was a link in the de-Christianisation of the world in laying off the vesture of old religion; but it is plain that no modern mind can remain in his ideas. They were the tent where the Spirit rested for a night, and is now gone; and who can foresee the ways of the Spirit? To those who live in the Spirit, he will long be, as Arnold said, the friend; to the young and courageous he will be an elder brother in the tasks of life; and in whatever land he is read he will be the herald and attendant of change, the son and father of Revolution."



A NOVEL OF THE STAGE

ALL who are interested in stage life and who would see behind the scenes after the glamour of the footlights has been overcome, should read "Felicity" by Clara E. Laughlin (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25). The book affords first-rate entertainment, combining a fascinating romance with what has all the ear-marks of actual experience in the theatrical world. It is the story of a young woman whose success on the stage is shown to have been due to hard work and an earnest endeavour to perfect herself in her art. It teaches that, after all, and contrary to the other recently published accounts, hard work is what counts on the stage as well as in other pursuits. No attempt is made to minimise the deplorable side of stage life. The heroine herself is led into an undesirable marriage with a handsome but worthless "leading

man," who is killed in an accident, and she then marries one who is more in sympathy with her own temperament.



A HIT AT SOCIALISM

A TIMELY volume, one that, if it does not serve the function of corrective, should at least be a check to rampant socialism, has appeared with the title "True and False Democracy," by Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1). The author sees in wealth the means of obtaining leisure, the outcome of which he takes to be *civilisation*. Therefore it would be folly to destroy wealth. He believes that the United States is in sore need of an aristocracy of intellect and service, for the people "have only the President to speak for them and do their will." He observes that "Socialism is primarily an attempt to overcome men's individual imperfections by adding them together, in the hope that they will cancel each other. He says that is not only bad mathematics, but worse psychology. False democracy shouts, Every man down to the level of the average. True democracy cries, All men up to the height of their fullest capacity for service and achievement. The two ideals are everlastingly at war."



HIGHER EDUCATION IN ONTARIO

WHEN one takes into consideration the fact that the history of the University of Toronto is practically the history of higher education in the Province of Ontario, one does not wonder that it was considered advisable to publish a history of that university. The volume was recently issued from the press of the university library, under the title "The University of Toronto and Its Colleges, 1827-1906." From a mechanical standpoint, it is an excellent production, the printing, binding and illustrating being first-class, while some of the colour reproductions are very fine. Editorially, it is likewise full of merit, the general editorship of Prof. Alexander of University College being an assurance on that point.

The contributors' list includes well-known names such as Chancellor Burwash; F. A. Mouré, Bursar of the University; Prof. R. Ramsay Wright, Prof. Alexander, Principal Hutton, Dean Reynar, Provost Macklem, Prof. J. McGregor Young, Dr. A. Primrose, Prof. Ellis, the late Principal Sheraton, the late Principal Caven, Prof. F. H. Wallace, and Ex-President Loudon. The contributions of these gentlemen are extremely valuable, and to all graduates of the University of Toronto, or of any of its affiliated colleges, this book should be a splendid acquisition. Even to the ordinary person interested in the growth of education it should be of inestimable value.



NOTES

—It would astonish most persons who are not acquainted with the fact, to know how many men and women in all walks of life write for publication and yet how few of them possess more than a very crude idea of the essentials of the art. Punctuation is perhaps the most misunderstood essential, largely because most beginners seem to think that there are precise rules, but that they have never been able to locate them. Mr. J. D. Logan, A.M., Ph.D. (Harvard), is the author of a little volume that has just been published under the title "Quantitative Punctuation," an essay in the pedagogy of English composition (Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents). The common sense displayed in this work is apparent at the outset, when the author admits that in "almost all matters of English grammar and composition there is no such thing as absolute right or wrong; there is only good or bad, better or worse." Dr. Logan goes on to give the guides to punctuation, and to point out the newer methods in general practice.

—Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, whose verse has frequently appeared in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, has won a prize of one hundred dollars for a historical poem to be published in the *Christmas Globe*. Mrs. Mackay is a resident of Woodstock, Ont. References to her work occasionally appear in some of the very best reviews.

What Others Are Laughing at

LIMERICKS OF THE WEEK

THERE were once some Colonial
Premis.
Who were famed for post-prandial gems;
Being taxed with free food
Their zeal was subdued,
And they couldn't set fire to the Thames.

There once was a caustic R.A.
Who painted grand ladies all day;
To Lady Sassoon
He appeared as a boon;
Of the rest, when he liked, he made hay.

A wonderful athlete called Miles
Cooked cabbage in forty-four styles;
The result of this fad
Was exceedingly bad:
Jay Gould has a corner in smiles.

There was a young Beerbohm named Max
(For telegrams: "*Brummel, Carfax*");
Though demure and discreet,
If swelled heads he should meet,
His pencil turned into an axe.

There was once a Professor named Raleigh,
Who with Shakespeare grew awfully pally;
When they asked Sidney Lee
His opinion, said he:
"This rot is exceedingly bally."
—Punch.



OBVIOUS

Said the oculist to the old man who
came to have him find what the trouble
was with his eyes. "I see nothing." "I
don't either," answered the man. "That
is why I came to you."—*Silhouette*.



"If it was not for your viskers I'd slap you
in the fa-ace."—*Life*.



SIFTINGS FROM THE ZAZOOSTER

"How did the deaf and dumb wed-
ding come off?"
"Very quietly."

SEED: "I've got a suit for every day in
the week."

BIRD: "I never saw you wear any but
the one you have on now."

SEED: "That's the suit."

HE: "Don't skating on the ice make
you tired?"

SHE: "No; it's the only chance I have
all day to sit down."

DOCTOR: "Do you sleep well?"

PATIENT: "Yes, indeed. I fall asleep at 9 o'clock every night, and don't wake up until 7 the next morning."

DOCTOR: "What business are you in?"

PATIENT: "I'm a night watchman."

KILLE: "Did your poor uncle leave much?"

BILLE: "Only an old clock."

KILLE: "Well, there won't be much trouble winding up the estate."

SCROP: "Johnson and I had an awful row last night. I called him a liar and he said I was no good."

WRAP: "That's the first time I ever knew either of you to tell the truth."



DOCTOR AND HEARSE

A Washington physician was recently walking on Connecticut Avenue with his five-year-old son, when they were obliged to stop at a side street to await the passing of a funeral procession.

The youngster had never seen anything of the kind. His eyes widened. Pointing to the hearse, he asked, "Dad, what's that?"

"That, my son," said the physician, with a grim smile, "is a mistaken diagnosis."—*Sunday Magazine*.



HOLIDAY JOYS

LITTLE BOY (with pail and spade): "Say, Dad, when will we be at the sands?"—*Punch*.



T.S.A.

THE BATTLE HIM OF THE REPUBLIC

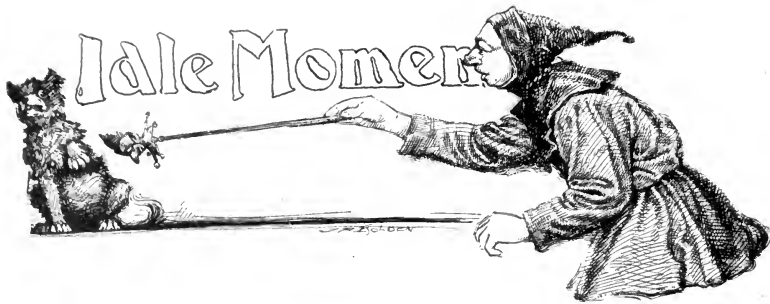
—*Life*.



EVERYBODY PAY UP

A NEGRO preacher, whose supply of hominy and bacon was running low, decided to take radical steps to impress upon his flock the necessity for contributing liberally to the church exchequer. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon he made an impressive pause, and then proceeded as follows:

"I hab found it necessary, on account ob de astringency ob de hard times an' de ginerall deficiency ob de circulatin' mejum in connection wid dis chu'ch, t' interduce ma new ottermatic c'lection box. It is so arranged dat a half dollah or quahtah falls on a red plush cushion without noise; a nickel will ring a small bell distinctly heard by de congregation, an' a suspendah-button, ma fellow mawtels, will fiah off a pistol; so you will gov'n yo'selves accordingly. Let de c'lection now p'ceed, w'ile I takes off ma hat an' gibbs out a hymn."—*Independent*.



BAY, BAY, BAY-BEE

THE Madawaska flows between pleasant green hills in the eastern part of old Ontario. Sometimes the hills crowd in, and then the river flows dark and swift between. But never for long do the hills crush the river so; most of the time they recede and leave it to sparkle and flow lazily in the sunshine, with broad flats on either side.

The old village of Pakham is scattered on one of these flats. At the head of the village are the roaring rapids, at the foot of which is a big eddy, regarded with dread and wonder by the village children; for their elders tell them if they are drawn in there, never more will they be seen by mortal eyes.

Here the capricious water runs to the left someway, even attempting to cross the village street, but, foiled by a long stone wall placed at an angle, it backs out swiftly behind an island, flows over a dam and finds rest in an immense bay below. Here Jack lived. His cottage home was sheltered by two immense willows; the garden lay along the bay. On an afternoon in August (Jack's mother said it was "just frizzling"; he thought it was delightful), he sat by the roadway, that clung close to the foot of the hill in front of his home, squeezing the white dust between his toes and patting it into mounds and race-courses.

Often he stopped his aimless work to

gaze at a brilliant canary on a near-by downy thistle, piping:

*Bay, bay, bay-bee,
Bay, bay, bay-bee-bah.*

Jack vaguely wondered if it had lost its baby, and why it did not busy itself searching for its child, instead of perking at him. He was still in this dreamy state when a shout behind and a stone whizzing in the dust before warned him that someone was coming. Who it was, he knew without raising his eyes, for Peter and Marie were always dramatic in their actions.

Jack was very much attached to his French-Canadian chums, for was not Marie as good a sport as any boy? She could make a stone skip nine times on the water, climb any tree that was climbable, and a few that were not, and also paddle the log dug-out as well as he could himself; which raised her high in his esteem and affection. As to running, why she flew—no one in the village could catch her if she had three steps start.

And Peter (at home he was *Petit Pierre*) was amiable and shy, mostly shy.

Marie flopped down beside Jack in the dust.

"Heggies!" she exploded, "mother nearly caught us coming."

"But we hid in the woodshed until she passed," gasped Peter, quite out of breath from running.

"Where will we go?" queried Marie, impatient to be on the move.

"Oh!" exclaimed Peter. "Let's go up the creek in the bush and watch for squirrels and minnows, and—"

"Minnows?" (they pronounced it minnies), broke in Jack, "why, the creek is dried up."

"Yes," said Peter, "but there are holes, such deep holes. Me and Marie saw them on Sunday, with fish in them."

The children were very fond of nature. In the spring the violets by the creek were eagerly watched for. Later the hepatica and trillium were gathered, while the birds and squirrels were lovingly welcomed back. To throw a stone at them was a sin, so Father Murphy had told Marie; and she saw to it that her companions threw none. But no persuasive pictures of the cool shadows of the woods would entice Jack there to-day.

"No," said he. "Let's go to the island. I'm sure we could wade out to-day."

Up jumped Marie. "Golly! yes," she cried, "we'll be first out to it this year."

"But," objected careful Peter, "mother'll see us and we'll be tied to the stove-leg."

"No," replied Marie; "you know she is making raspberry preserves in the kitchen, and will not see us pass on the front road."

So up jumped the boys and legged it as fast as possible after the fleet-footed lass, who turned her head and shouted: "Last there is a duffer."

A minute's chase up the road, raising clouds of white dust, brought them to the bend in the river and to one end of the stone dike opposite the island. There lay the island, so fresh, green and diminutive, but crowded with tall trees, and a thick underbrush. Only in midsummer can it be approached, when the water is low. Even then the current is swift and treacherous as it runs over the stony bottom. Straight in front of the near end of the stone dike the water was shallowest, and here the children stood on the shore, anxiously searching the

clear water and trying to follow the highest ledge of stone running to the island. It could be seen all right, but here and there were spots deep enough to make the eager young folk think twice before venturing.

"I t-think it's too deep yet," faltered Peter, the first to break the silence.

Marie began to slowly wade along the ledge, raising her short skirts as the water came higher and still higher. Suddenly becoming conscious that her dress was trailing behind, she screamed, turned around and in her frantic efforts to return, dropped her skirts, raised her arms and came through the water like a rabbit through a snow-bank.

"Oh! oh!" shouted Jack, laughing and dancing on his toes.

"Fraidy cat! fraidy cat! Got her tail wet," he exclaimed, with scorn.

"I'll show you how to go over. Girls ain't no good anyway," he vociferated. So saying, he rolled his knickerbockers high about his stout little thighs and waded boldly out. Soon he came to a standstill. The water reached to his knickers, and he was not half-way across. Besides the swift current was becoming harder to keep steady in. His upstream foot had developed an extraordinary affection for the downstream one; that was a little embarrassing.

"Come back, Jack," called Peter.

"Get your pants wet," warned Marie.

That last call settled it; out he strode recklessly. The rock slanted up. Good! That was better. No! Down it went again. An incautious step, a slippery spot—and Jack, with outspread arms, was floundering in the rushing, carrying swirl of the sparkling water. Too swift to sink in, too swift to regain his footing in, he bumped along rapidly with the current. He had the presence of mind to keep his mouth shut during his immersion, and in a moment or two the strength of the current slackened enough to allow him to gain an upright position.

As soon as Marie saw Jack stumble and take so peculiar a flight through the water, she turned and ran to the end of the stone dike, mounted it, and raced down with the river until she came up

to the now spluttering boy, standing in the water below.

It is a little hard to keep a brave face on things when one's clothes stick like the paper to the wall, and when rivulets are coursing down one's nose. But Marie's sympathy and native politeness would not allow her to remark that "possibly his trousers might be damp."

Instead, she said to the now boldly-smiling boy: "How are you going to get out of that?"

"I don't know," said Jack, complacently. "It is too swift to go back."

"And too deep to go to the end of the wall," put in Peter, who had now come upon the scene.

"I'll tell you what," flashed Marie; "we'll make a monkey ladder, like we read about in the story book."

"But we have no tails," objected Jack.

"Don't need 'em, stupid!" she answered.

Instantly laying herself flat on her stomach, she ordered Peter to the road behind her, with instructions to hang on to her ankles with his full weight like an anchor. Then she reached her hands down to the now comprehending boy, who, standing tip-toe on a very accommodating stone, could just grasp her hands.

It was only a moment's struggle for the nimble-toed urchin to mount the rough sides of the low stone wall, once he had a firm grip on Marie's hands.

But poor Marie! "Oh, Heggies!" she cried. "I feel all stretched out. I'm glad I'm not a monkey for keeps."

What to do with the sopping Jack never entered their minds. They had had wet clothes before. Had not Marie herself taken an unintentional dive out of the log canoe when pulling water-lilies? So down they sat in the blazing sunshine, and discussed the probability of their being able to cross to the island to-morrow.

Behind them on the roadside thistle tops the yellow and black canaries still cried for the lost *bay-bee*, *bay-bee*.

J. Alex. Riddell.

HARD LUCK

HE (reading paper): "Here's a note about an accident at White's house. The servant girl put some gunpowder into the fire and was blown through the roof."

SHE (sympathetically): "Poor Mrs. White has so much trouble with her girls! They are always leaving her without giving notice!"



ALL IN VAIN

BRIGGS: "Jones is running on the Independent ticket, isn't he?"

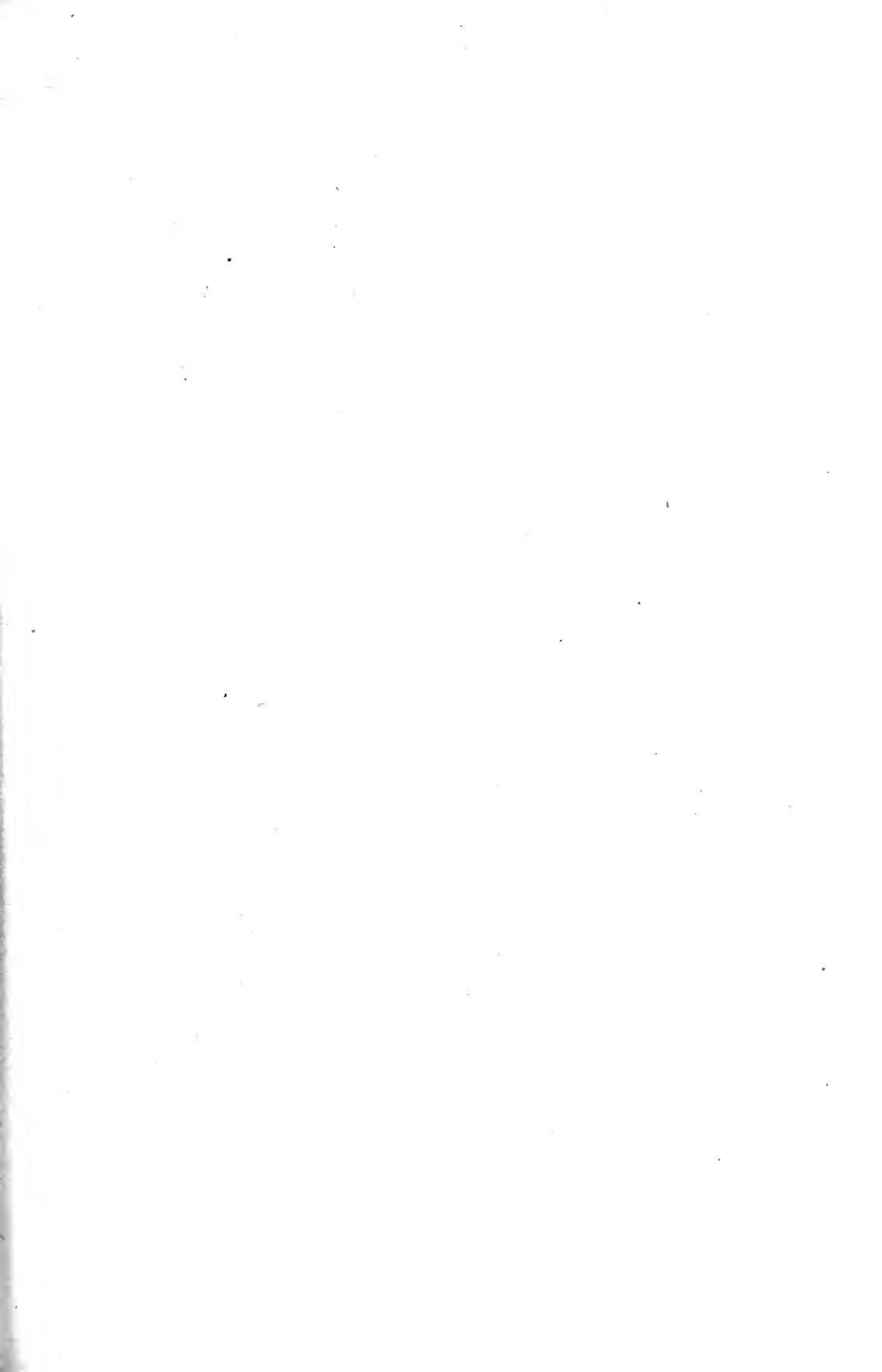
GRIGGS: "Yes—he had to make pledges to both sides."



VANITAS VANITATUM

Oh, I have a dolls' house all complete,
And a brand new shovel and pail,
And Babe has a pig that waggles its feet,
And a cow that waggles its tail.
And Cis has a gun and a phonograph,
And Sue has a clockwork doll;
But we're none of us in it, Oh, not for a minute,
With the Kid with the parasol.

—M. L. C. P.





A ROW OF GRAVENSTEIN TREES IN BLOOM

For descriptive article, see page 441

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No. 5

The Genius of the Canadian Club

By J. S. WILLISON, *Editor of*
The Toronto News

*A trenchant, comprehensive consideration of a movement
that has attained national importance.*

IT is now eight or ten years since the Canadian Clubs of Toronto and Hamilton were organised, but perhaps it is only within the last three or four years that the movement has become seriously influential in the public life of the country. For a time it was uncertain what character the Clubs would develop and just how their work would be performed. In some cases there was a disposition to make the Clubs a medium of propaganda and to undertake the prosecution of certain definite municipal, provincial or national reforms. It was discovered, however, that this would tend to division on the lines of party, and certainly there was no need for greater accentuation of party opinion or of fresh opportunity for partisan debate. The aim of the founders of the movement was to stimulate Canadian sentiment and to unite the people in a common loyalty to the country and its institutions. It has developed, therefore, that generally the programme of the Clubs is concerned only with public addresses by representative Canadians or dis-

tinguished visitors from Great Britain and other countries. In most cases the speakers deal with subjects on which they have become experts and thus the outstanding effect of the movement is to stimulate mental activity and to broaden and deepen the popular intelligence. Moreover, all political and sectional differences are set aside; west answers east; the creed of the social or religious minority is frankly declared; the resources and characteristics of various divisions of the country are described by men of eminence in politics and in commerce, in the churches and in the universities; prejudices are softened and ignorance dispelled; men speak the thing they will, so long as they speak with courtesy and dignity; and the whole intellectual atmosphere is invigorated and the national spirit stimulated and strengthened.

The movement has taken very much the form of the old Lyceum Lecture Courses, which were a distinguishing feature of American life thirty or forty years ago and by which men were brought

to seek knowledge, to love books, to cherish ideals, and to honour public service. No one can doubt that the new movement, like the old, has great social, political and national value. It is in its national aspect that it is chiefly distinguished from all other movements which have taken form in our community. It is bound to have far-reaching effects in determining the temper and the character of the Canadian people. It will develop national spirit, breadth of mind, and a liberal and tolerant disposition. No sect, no school, no party has all the truth, and it is only by keen debate, by the clash and conflict of opinion, by frank speech and fearless action, that our institutions will be wisely fashioned and established upon sound and enduring foundations. The pioneers of the world's progress have been the men who would not conform, who had the courage to attack abuses, who dared to plough the lonely furrow and to face coldness, suspicion and misunderstanding for the faiths which they cherished and the causes which commanded their enthusiasm and their devotion. For all such the Canadian Clubs are an open forum, and any movement which encourages free speech and independent thinking must make the masses of the people more tolerant and more robust, must tend to steady the public judgment and must give character to the nation and stability to its institutions.

Not in party, but in the madness of party, lies the danger to free institutions. It is clear that the madness of party must be checked and moderated by a movement which ranges men of all parties and of all creeds around a common table and disposes them to listen to diverse views on the vital issues which constitute the complex life of the community. It is thus that the air is clarified, convictions settled and the truth established. To love truth is better than all blind sacrifices. To be jealous for the country's honour is the crown of citizenship. A few years ago Mr. John Morley, a great unorthodox lover of truth, received an honorary degree from the University of Toronto. In the speech which he addressed to Convocation he said, if memory serves me,

that he had known only four sincere lovers of truth. No doubt he meant that he had known only four men who would follow the truth as they saw it, regardless of all preconceived notions and prejudices, and however utterly the light on the way should put their most cherished illusions in the shadow. There was much speculation as to who these four men could be, for Mr. Morley did not gratify the curiosity of his audience. There is reason to think, however, that he had in mind Sir Leslie Stephen, Charles Darwin, John Stuart Mill and Henry Sedgewick. Such men are rare, and Canadian Clubs are permitted to hear few, if any, of the type. But we get near the truth by such frank and honest discussion as the Clubs encourage, the arrogance of ignorance is restrained and men are driven to the books where is fulness of knowledge, and so grow clearer in vision and become more amply and more solidly instructed in many of the subjects upon which they must pronounce in the orderly and regular discharge of the functions of citizenship.

The Clubs have no primary concern with questions of destiny. They carry on no propaganda for federation within the Empire, or independence outside the Empire. They are schools of citizenship, not agents of revolution. They are not looking for a new flag, but aiming to inspire a deeper and truer reverence for the flag which now claims their allegiance and which represents the splendour of British achievements and the glory of British traditions. If the movement means anything it means love for Canada, pride in its institutions, concern for its future. It is breeding a temper which will be intolerant of corrupt administration, and critical of dishonest party manœuvres. It is breeding a temper which will flame up at any diplomatic sacrifice of treaty rights or territorial interests. It is breeding a temper which will be impatient of sectional quarrels and superior to mere provincial considerations when great national questions arise for settlement. May it breed likewise a temper which will prove a bulwark against haste and panic when international peril impends and the whisper of peace is silenced by the shrill

screaming of demagogues and the loud clamour of passion.

The national spirit grows slowly and often feebly in a federal commonwealth. It was so in the United States, as witness the State jealousies and faction quarrels of the first years of last century, the southern nullification movement, the awful tragedy of the civil war. It is so in Australia. It has been so in Canada. It will be so in South Africa. Here, too, as in the United States, we must assimilate an enormous foreign immigration, and moreover we have two races and two religions of not unequal strength. There is, too, a great physical gap between the east and the west, and serious natural barriers to close community of interest. In face of these difficulties the harmonising and unifying influences which proceed from the Canadian Clubs have profound national significance. Already these Clubs stretch all across the continent. They are planted at Victoria, at Vancouver, at Winnipeg, at Toronto, at Ottawa, at Montreal, at St. John and at Halifax. Speakers from old Canada go east and go west. The men from the outposts come into Ontario and Quebec.

They all speak the common tongue of Canadian patriotism. They contribute mightily to the unity and stability of the commonwealth. Thus we are fashioning leaders for emergencies of the future and welding the whole people into a common nationality. It may be said that a Canadian Club in Canada is as irrational as would be a British Club in Britain, or a French Club in France. But there is a difference, and a difference great and far-reaching. This is a nation in the making, with racial and sectional problems, and a great mass of new-comers from other lands, not a few of them wholly untrained in the privileges, duties and responsibilities of citizenship in a democracy. It is therefore of tremendous importance that a national spirit should be nourished, and devotion to this land and its institutions burned deep into the souls of its citizens, whether they be native born, the offspring of our mighty neighbour to the south, or the progeny of European countries. The Canadian Clubs have not come too soon, and whatever may be the future of the movement, the results of the moment are altogether {healthy and beneficent.

Farewell

BY WILLIAM WHITNEY

FAREWELL! We breathe it soft and low,
 The while our hearts are riven with their grief;
 Our aching senses yearn as loved ones go
 For earnest toil to find relief.

We think of all whom we hold dear,
 Whose partings were to us so fraught with pain.
 There's comfort in the fancy they are near,
 E'en tho' the thought we know is vain.

Farewell! My heart goes out to thee,
 My lips frame words that are too hard to tell.
 It may be that the cruel Fates decree
 We may not meet again. Farewell!

The Spectator Experimental Company

By MRS. CLARE FITZGIBBON

An experiment in soldiering that promises beneficial results even in time of peace.

“WHAT on earth is *The Spectator* Experimental Company?” was the remark of a friend of the writer, when she spoke of a proposed visit to see this corps at Hounslow.

“Is it a new Canning Company, or is it something in the way of promoting education by means of demonstrational methods?”

As a matter of fact, *The Spectator* Experimental Company is neither one or

the other. It is the endeavour of the editor of the London *Spectator* to demonstrate by the experiment in question that modern industrial conditions need not necessarily interfere with the systematic training of the industrial population in the art of defence, if this system is so adopted that it meets the needs of the urban as well as the rural population of the kingdom.

The workman in the large factory who is asked to leave his occupation for one month during the year—and this would occur for five or six years in succession—is not looked upon favourably by the employer of labour, and *The Spectator* experiment is calculated to show that if a youth, say at the age of about eighteen or twenty, would give up six months in the first place to acquire a thorough knowledge of military exercises and military practice and theory, he would only need one week in the year, for five or six successive years, to keep in a proper condition to serve his country when called upon to do so.

The idea is that almost every man working under modern industrial conditions could, with ease, spare a week out of his working year, and with his company keep up the knowledge and practice of military affairs that he had acquired during the first six months of training.

Colonel Pollock, who has charge of the hundred young men in the company at Hounslow, undertakes to turn them out after six months' training in a condition



MR. ST. LOE STRACHEY

Editor of *The Spectator*, and originator of *The Spectator* Experimental Company.

to be matched against any one of the best infantry companies of the line. No men who have had a previous military training are allowed to join; they must be raw recruits in the truest sense of the word. While this experiment has been inaugurated by the editor of *The Spectator*, the money necessary, amounting to several thousand pounds, has been subscribed by individuals interested in the scheme. The idea is one which Canadians should be well able to understand, for the militia regiments in Canada are largely composed of men whose civil employment is in cities rather than in country districts.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey, the editor of *The Spectator*, believes that the whole military system of the United Kingdom must hinge upon a body of men, which we would designate in Canada as a citizen army—men who are civilians during the greater part of their existence, and only full soldiers in time of war and national emergencies. When one looks at the question dispassionately, it seems incredible that Canada has an elementary system of education for either the classes or the masses of the people which does not include a certain amount of military training, especially for boys from the age of eight to fourteen. Every system of education that might be considered thorough must be founded upon the knowledge of responsibilities as well as the privileges of citizenship.

It is of little use for a man to become a factor in the mighty force of a nation's commercial production, if he is a useless individual when he is called upon to protect that which is the result of his own energy and skill, in the event of that production being threatened by invading forces from hostile countries.

The rights of the labouring man are protected by organisations and labour unions, but legislative measures alone will not protect the population of labour when it comes to a struggle between nations. There has always been, if one reads the history of England aright, a certain regrettable distinction and barrier between the civilian and the soldier in the regular army. Over-militarism in communities is apt to produce friction, but every Canadian can testify as to the



LT.-COL. ARTHUR A. W. POLLOCK

Editor, *United Service Magazine*, Commander of the Experimental Company at Hounslow.

consolidation, the good comradeship, and the increased intercourse between the classes which militia regiments have brought about in urban as well as rural communities. There is a call for higher efficiency in the militia forces, as there is a call for efficiency in all branches of labour in the civil world.

This is the outcome of the education of the masses of the people who are gradually learning to appreciate what efficiency means. Business men who become part and parcel of the citizen army bring business principles into organisations which may have been conducted in former times upon anything but a business basis. They should be able to detect where lies the waste of energy and effort, as well as the waste of funds; and the inability of the War Office officials to reduce the expenditure of money and to re-adjust the system of military defence to the needs of the hour is perhaps due to the fact that, as a class, they have had



A VIEW OF THE CAMP OF *THE SPECTATOR* EXPERIMENTAL COMPANY

but little training in true economic principles, and are able to understand but little of the industrial revolution which is changing the whole social system of the civilised world.

The Spectator experiment aims at the substitution in the ranks of the militia of the highly skilled labourer, in place of the casual labourer; the idea being that if the militia system were so readjusted as to meet the conditions of the industrial population it would prove the pride and joy of the men who are already skilled in civil employment. Therefore the question at issue is, Will six months' training between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four, with the addition of a week's drill in camp every year for five or six successive years, and the aid of steady practice at the rifle ranges between whiles, take the place of the one month's annual training which is exacted at the present moment?

All those who have had any experience in training in any branch of work will unhesitatingly assert that six months' continuous training, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four, is worth treble that of the one month annually for six successive years.

An analysis of the trades of men who now form *The Spectator Company* is interesting reading. There are ten under the head of labourers, three with no trade or calling, twelve clerks, four electrical engineers, and a certain number of footmen, engine-cleaners, barmen, butchers and waiters. One finds only one carpenter, two fishmongers, a lonely tailor, and but one surveyor. Nevertheless, almost every trade one has ever heard of is represented in the corps. Out of the hundred men thirty-three of them go back to their trades; thirty-seven are undecided; ten join the police; but only eleven intend to join the army; two go to sea, and two abroad.

A list of questions submitted to the men received answers from each individual. One of the questions was as to the object of each in joining the company. The majority of the answers given seems to prove that the greater part of the men considered their "chances" of getting good civil positions would be improved by giving up the six months to military training, as they say there is a desire on the part of employers in many branches of work to have well-set-up men. The

answers as to why they did not join the militia tend to show that they are inclined to look upon that body as being filled with loafers and roughs, and a lowering of their social prestige is the usual obstacle to their joining. Others say that it would be impossible to work at their trades if they were to devote a month's time to the militia training.

No weaklings were accepted by Colonel Pollock, yet there were many men who gave their reason for joining as the belief that it would benefit them physically. This is rather interesting, having regard to the fact that they have a far harder training to undergo than that of recruits or the militia in the line regiments.

To any one who has studied, even in a slight measure, the problems of finance, such a training appears likely to be of immense value to the small wage-earner in large cities. There are thousands of lads who, from one cause or another, leave school before they have reached the highest standard, and who are more often than not mentally and physically unfitted to take positions which would bring them in a real living wage. They become tail-board lads, hanging on to the ends of vans, frequently subjected to the roughest treatment, working from dawn until well into the night, lifting weights heavy enough to send them into the public ward of a hospital, and at the age of seventeen they are too heavy for their work. Thrown out of employment, without a trade, they naturally go to swell the ranks of casual labour. Six consecutive months of training, where food, clothes and board would be theirs, where they would enjoy mental, as well as physical exercises, might probably be their salvation, and they would return to work and labour with their foot a step higher on the rung of the social ladder.

One is perfectly aware, however, that the question will be asked, When are those men who have their training from seventeen to eighteen, or from eighteen to twenty-four, to learn their trade? What of the six months spent in military training? Is it not more important that they should spend their time in acquiring knowledge of a trade or occupation which is to bring them steady employment?

The question is a difficult one, but the writer is inclined to feel that were the elementary school curriculum to include a certain amount of drill and target practice, as the six months' training would do, it would have an additional value, giving to the sons of labouring men what the scions of wealthy houses acquire in their university career—that rounding off in both physical and mental growth which is of enormous importance in ensuring the best results in modern life.

But to go back to the subject of the *Company* at Hounslow, which the writer saw on the first field-day—a rather rainy afternoon in June. The khaki-clad soldiers were drawn up in the square formed by the ten huts in which were their temporary quarters. A small group of the subscribers to the fund for the experiment, several of the authorities from the War Office, and a few ladies who had braved the rain were present. There is little that a rank outsider is able to gather from a function of that kind, with the exception of the fact that the men were undoubtedly keen, and went through their evolutions with the greatest possible enthusiasm.

The weather cleared slightly, and there was an assault upon the barracks by an invading party, which attacked with vim and dash, while the defenders lay prone in shallow ditches or sniped from behind half-open doors and windows. This mimic battle seemed to delight the men taking part in the defence, but, to tell the truth, in the back of one's mind came the recollection of paragraphs, disturbing in their character, about lamentable mistakes made in serving out ball instead of blank cartridge, and one longed to crouch down beside the *pro tem* Tommy stretched in the shelter of the shallow ditch. It was interesting to watch the faces of the men during the march past, which took place at the conclusion of the field-day.

Colonel Pollock was reported to be greatly delighted at ultimate results of the musketry practice of the men; thirty-one marksmen, and fifty first-class shots are the proportion in that company of one hundred men, and he asserts that the figures of merit, 194.84, exceed his most sanguine expectations.

The Commandant of the School of

Musketry has pointed out that 180 is considered good as an average, and while one-third of the men of *The Spectator Company* have not qualified, they have made 194.84. Colonel Pollock mentions as an interesting fact that the best scores have been made in snap-shooting. The Wilkinson sub-target, and Bar-Stroud range-finder have been used almost exclusively in the musketry course.

The meaning of *The Spectator* experiment is one that goes much deeper than the training of men for warfare. It strikes at the weak point in our system of public education. It aims at a standard of efficiency, at the just balance between the development of the mental and physical alertness of the rank and file of youths throughout the kingdom. It presents a chance for the average youth which today does not otherwise exist for him. If there is one thing that strikes the Col-

onial from overseas in the deportment of the average British lad, it is this lack of alertness of movement and expression. Climatic conditions may have something to do with it, but if this is the case, all the more reason that education and military training should be arranged so as to counteract the defect.

A man foremost in the world of journalism has inaugurated this experiment, and without taking undue credit for the profession of which the writer is a humble member, one may safely assert that all great educational upheavals have been inspired by the men who keep in touch with matters which affect, in some particular, every class in society; and the underlying motive of this experiment is not only the defence of the kingdom by the rank and file of its people, but the defence of the race from the forces which threaten its degeneration.

Spoken in Jest

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

IT is held that the older a fool has become,
The bigger the fool he will be;
The which I surmise has occurred to the wise,
Because practice makes perfect you see.

We are told it is money that moveth the mare,
And maybe the saying is so;
But the absence of speed in the said Mistress Steed
Can make any bank account go.

That a bridge is not meant to be crossed it would seem
Until to the bridge we have come;
But the ethical lore of crossing before,
Is a subject on which all are dumb.

That the finest of feathers make very fine birds,
Was evolved by the wisest of heads;
But I would remark, just by way of a lark,
That they also make very fine beds.

In reading these sayings, though silly they seem,
I would have you recall the behest,
That words not a few, undeniably true,
Have sometimes been spoken in jest.

Ronny

By H. N. DICKINSON

*An impression of a great struggle between fraternal love
and duty to a cause.*

WE left school in 1899, and he was shot in South Africa two years later.

He, Ronny, my old chum and school-fellow, bore a name famous in Scotland and in England, too. He and his brother were orphans. I have often stayed with them in their Scottish home where they and their mother lived together. She would talk to me—she still does—of the happiness of their home and the delightful affection of the boys. She did not know, as I did, how much more than mere affection bound the brothers to each other. Ronny used to call his brother and himself “The Firm.” He was the elder, and knew himself to be the senior partner. His heart’s longing and desire, known to me and to young Duncan, native in his blood and with him from the mistiest days of childhood, was for the Firm to win success and build up anew the great name it carried. I could tell stories—to their mother I tell them still—of the many wondrous things they were to accomplish in the world. Ideas took shape. Ronny was to fight on land, and Duncan on the sea, till a field-marshal and an admiral could gaze upon a splendid past and rejoice in the light of glory that they had thrown round the name of their fathers.

But this is a story of school-days. We were seventeen, Ronny and I. The time is strangely little distant from the present, when one thinks of the many things that have happened since those days.

On a summer morning I went to him in his room to discuss the affairs of that

famous day. I saw him slam the drawer of his table. In his customary way he drew himself to his full height, threw up his head, and put his hands in his pockets. His eyes met mine aggressively as ever, and he made some facetious speech. But he was pale. His cheeks and lips were white, and I was annoyed at this, though not surprised. Pale he might well be on this day of crisis, yet it was not usual for him to show emotions of that kind. This was the day when the final of the house fours were to be rowed, when our house was to head the river, the first time for years. We had won in the heats, and to-day we were to win the final race. Upon Ronny was the strain of it, and upon him would be the glory. He stroked our boat. He was its life and soul, and the critics found him unassailable. He set a stroke that was the wonder of the school. All this he did for the honour of his name, while Duncan was a midshipman far away, and did it, though his form was spare and slim, his weight small, his whole appearance widely different from that of the typical athlete or rowing man. If he were pale and tense to-day, it was natural. Yet I was annoyed. I did not tell him of it, for I was ever a wise guardian where he was concerned. I gave him chaff for chaff, nonsense for nonsense, till the fire of his spirit reached my heart, and in spite of anxiety and painful excitement I was gay and merry like himself.

We were nearly due at dinner. Now, as usual, his mind was wildly active. From

genial chaff he passed lightly to business, and shot out his instructions. Like King Richard in the play, he deluged me with last commands before the battle. I was to say this thing to one, that to another; to watch the conduct of persons A and B, give messages to B and D, tell Johnny Long that Ronny could not possibly have tea with him to-morrow. Those things on the table I was to put in Fournier's letter-box on my way to cricket.

We walked together into the dining-hall, late and dignified. Mine was the dignity of age and standing, but in him was the added magnificence of a light, slim figure, wondrously erect, and an uncompromising insolence of bearing. From the stiffness of public life he melted, as we sat down, to a beaming graciousness, idiotic merriment, pure human liveliness of a boy among boys. I thought the race was on his mind, but it did not check his concentrated flow of nonsense. It happened once that they talked of something that did not catch his interest, and I said to myself, the race, the race. For he was pale again, and anxiously strained in his expression. "The Poet," our good housemaster, was looking at him then, reading anxiety, like me. Next it was of the Poet that they talked. It was no good, they said, this playful plan of the bright youth next to Ronny. He could never do it. Did not the poet sleep with the key under his pillow? "Under his pillow! No," said Ronny, suddenly aroused, leaning forward and flashing with his teeth, smiling his most engaging of smiles. "No; he ties it on to his big toe!" Let no one criticise the humour who did not know the humorist.

Our ways parted, for even on me, a *dilettante* cricketer, duty had some call that afternoon, and so my narrative breaks off. But I am sure that Ronny carried himself as usual, that he swaggered down to the river like a conquering highland chieftain, defiant of the outside world and frolicking like a spoilt pet among his friends, mocking at authority, perhaps, or spouting impromptu parodies of certain gems of verse and prose. I never heard anything to the contrary, and there were more than one who would have marked it had his spirits lacked their buoyancy

or his legs their majestic strut. Appearances and the honour of the Firm were saved; yet I was certain that an unaccustomed stress had hold of him.

The Poet thought so, too. With the Poet I walked down to the river later in the day to see the race, and he talked of Ronny. "Was he over-anxious?" he asked. "Was he well? Was he sleeping properly, in good spirits, free from any trouble?" I asked the cause of these inquiries. "The boy is living on his nerves," he answered, "and were the race not coming off to-day I should be anxious for his health. Mind you keep a sharp watch on him for the next day or two."

I left the Poet and went on with other fellows from the house. We crowded to the starting place, and who can say what excitement we were in. There is the feeling of the seconds growing fewer and fewer, the sound of the crisp voice calling out their number, the inevitable approach of the signal, the certainty of the moment when it is to come, and the shock which its arrival causes, nevertheless.

But I am not concerned with the circumstances of the race. There was excitement for us all, but there was an added thrill for me. There were, all around me, as we stood, and as we ran, faces of boys in great eagerness, faces ugly and handsome and dark and fair. There were others besides Ronny rowing their hearts out, and worthy to be watched. But I had eyes and thoughts mainly for him. With sufficient knowledge to appreciate the matchless prettiness of his style, to delight in the extraordinary pace he set, I was principally occupied in marking how he seemed different from the others, far slighter in build, lighter, less muscular, carrying on with a strength that was more of will and nerve than of sinew or physical power. We won, of course, and of course it had been Ronny's doing from beginning to end. Everyone knew that, had known it for weeks past.

The end of a boat race is certainly not a very alluring sight, though it has something that is interesting to anyone who cares for the points and mettle of the human animal. It distressed an old gentleman who was near me as we stood

yelling and cheering on the bank. He spoke to me, when he could be heard, about ten years coming off one's life and other similar misfortunes. He pointed to Ronny as an instance, among others. He said he did not look fit for these exertions. He remarked on his attitude of collapse, the distressing heaving of his body, the discomfort, to say the least, of his expression. Some others had thrown their heads right back, and some had fallen forward on their oars. But I triumphed over my lugubrious friend when our four suddenly drew themselves up and paddled off amid fresh cheering.

I went presently to the rafts, wishing to find Ronny and the others and scatter congratulations. The four were changing their clothes, and Ronny was in tumultuous spirits. Clearly the race had not been too much for him. As the Poet was loitering outside, I went and told him of this, and for some time we stood together talking of the victory. We discussed the house supper there was to be in celebration of the event, and presently I returned to the four. I was puzzled.

Ronny, already changed, was standing apart from the others, with his hands in his pockets, looking absolutely blank and dazed. His eyes were fixed on nothing. His mouth hung open. It was the expression that I had seen for a moment at dinner. I spoke to him, and instantly he woke up and swung round on his heel and said something cheery enough. He looked through the doorway and saw lots of people coming in. He was altogether himself again.

On our way back to the house—and it was a real triumphal progress—he carried all before him. Everyone's congratulations he met with the serenest graciousness. He expected applause; he got it; he accepted it; he obviously liked it. He did not attempt to say that the success was everybody's doing but his own. We overtook a couple of little fellows of the lower school, one of whom was a cousin of Ronny's, and Ronny took hold of his elbow and brought him along with us in the face of the world. I think that small action will not fall into oblivion this side of the grave.

Just before the house supper, I found

him alone in his room, with his face very clean and his hair very carefully brushed.

"Ronny, you are absolutely dead-beat," I said.

"Am I?" he muttered, dazed and abstracted.

The next instant he burst into a torrent of furious abuse that astonished even me. He was a great master of abuse. Give him the occasion and he would level it at high and low with all his sporting energy. So much had my observation annoyed him that he marched out of the room as though I had been a presuming junior master daring to rebuke him, and he was still a picture of insolent defiance as we went in to supper in the hall.

This was the zenith of his career at school. He was central figure and distributor of honour and the focus of all eyes. If an ambitious schoolboy wanted a glorious part to play, I suppose he could not have found a better than Ronny's. It would have been a terrible pity if he had been weary, or sulky, or contemptuous. But he certainly was not. Among my speculations I gave most credit to the idea that he had had severe toothache all day long, and did not want to show it. He was just as wildly gay and fatuously imbecile as I could wish. His wit was well up to its own mark. He kept us laughing at his mimicry, expostulating with him about his imprudent remarks, howling down his observations on the Poet's guests, yet egging him on to more and worse excesses. This was all as it should have been, but what I noticed was the ceaselessness of it. He never stopped or rested. If he found himself for one moment unemployed, he seemed to be itching to be off again. It was not natural.

At the end of the meal the Poet proposed his health. Ronny made a little speech in reply, quite regardless of the low mockery which was unkindly levelled at him by us who were sitting near. I am afraid he had little of the ingenuous modesty of youth. He spoke without the slightest diffidence or hesitation. He said the house had had a great triumph. It had not had such an honour since the new bathrooms were put in last year. He alluded to the Poet's kindness in provid-

ing this banquet. We had a very good sort of housemaster, he said. If he would use his influence to procure more whole-holidays we should think him better still.

We sang songs, gleefully followed the Poet's example in smashing our glasses, and the party broke up. There was then a merry gathering in Ronny's room, and his spirits here again were splendid. There were others present, not of our immediate circle, and to them he was engagingly gracious, as was always his way when he met them face to face. We made a tour round the house collecting bits of paper, unbending our dignity to great and small alike. All the house knew then what it was to be near our hero. They could see him in his mood of effusive geniality and perhaps that night some jealous ones forgave him for the arrogant insolence of his week-day bearing. Returning to his room, we piled the paper on the table and made a bonfire of it, dancing round it hand in hand.

That was the end of the day of Ronny's greatness. The crowd gradually dispersed. Some half-dozen fellows stayed for a time, and if they were lively, if they were cheerful and boisterous and loud, they were not more so than he. But it was time for them to go to bed, and one by one they went away.

Surely the venerable timbers of that house have never cracked and shaken to a scene more splendid. If future generations have it in them to acquire something of the joy and spirit we let loose that night on the atmosphere of the place, they will do well.

The last of the boys had gone, and they would be in bed more or less within the time-limit set by authority. But my part was to stay a little longer. Ronny's chum was obliged to put other claims before those of school rules, if he would have peace and satisfaction. He must also take the consequences with Ronny's unfailing equanimity. I remained sitting in the window, and I watched him leaning his straight back against the mantelpiece—the hero whose rest was won. He was flushed and had an unnatural blazing brightness in his eyes. How tired he would be to-morrow! Excitement had kept him going, but I saw that his physical

exhaustion was terrible. I wondered at his splendid nervous energy.

My heart beat hard, my blood surged, as I watched him, victorious not only over his rivals on the water, but over every circumstance of the day. All along a blatant personal pride had possessed me as I thought of him, and of what else had I thought that day? Was I not the friend of the hero, and was not pride my portion? But now I was humble, and from pride I melted to utter admiration. I was sorry for his obvious exhaustion; I could not see a reason for it, and yet it madly pleased me. For I asked myself what thing it was upon earth that would cause those eyes to flinch, or bow that head, or make those lips say die. Lord! what scenes imagination used to fashion in my lonely hours with my hero in the midst!

But I was not altogether a heartless sentimentalist. He would hate it if I spoke about his health again. But there were other things. I knew that a word from me would give more pleasure—a different sort of pleasure—than all the plaudits of our little world. There was the family, the Firm, and the sailor boy Duncan, who was far away. Of Duncan I would speak last of all, as I left the room, and Ronny should go to his bed to the music of that dearest name under the sun.

All this I did, while he answered shortly and crisply. Was he pleased? Was he too tired to enjoy congratulations from his chum? Why, his exhaustion was increasing every minute. I was alarmed. The brightness was quickly vanishing from his eyes. Pallor came on his cheeks. Heavy dulness overspread his face. He sat down on the round-backed chair and crossed his arms on the table in front of him. My hot imagination seemed to see lines marking themselves on his face, yet still he held up his head and clearly and steadily watched me as he listened. Gaiety had deserted him, though sheer endurance lasted. I resolved to leave him quickly, and let him go to bed. I had thoughts of the matron and of brandy.

"To-morrow," I said, "I'm going to write and tell Duncan all about it. I'll make a better story of it than you would, you know."

His head had drooped a little, but as I mentioned Duncan he tossed it up again, and again there was a spark of brightness in his eyes. He roughly opened the drawer of the table—the drawer I had seen him shut as I entered the room that morning. He brought out a letter in his mother's writing, and threw it to me. And he watched me, pale, grim, defiant, as I read it, till the last fragment of its meaning was beaten on my mind, and I looked at him again.

Then, when indeed night had fallen and the last echo of the battle was silent,

when he had won fame for the family, honour for the Firm, victory for his house, and glory for the Being who rejoices in the strength and spirit of his master-works—then, having held out until this utmost limit, his back was bowed and his eyes flinched at last, his lips parted in silent misery, and his head fell forward on his arms.

Duncan, too, had had his day of greatness. He had led a little slave expedition on the coast of Africa, so their mother's letter told me, and had done no less well than Ronny, and had been killed.

A Song of the Woodland

BY LOUISE C. GLASGOW

OH! a song of the woodland shade,
And a dream of a woodland maid.
In the golden summer weather
Youth and Love will rove together—
Heigho! for the woodland shade.

Under the trees a little tent
Deep in the woodland shade.
Here's a lilt, here's a song for the days so long,
For the soft-scented breeze, and the whispering trees,
And hey for the woodland maid.

Under the tent a dream of bliss
Deep in the woodland shade.
Shy brown hands whose impress is a soft, warm caress;
Ling'ring glances that meet, and a kiss thrilling, sweet—
And ho for the woodland maid.

Folded and gone the little tent
From out the woodland shade.
Here's a sigh, here's a song for the days so long,
For the eyes' mist of rain and the heart's mead of pain—
Heigho! for the woodland maid.

Oh! a song of the woodland shade,
And a dream of a woodland maid.
In the golden summer weather
Youth and Love will rove together—
Heigho! for the woodland shade.

Civil Service As It Was

By J. E. B. McCREADY

*Personal reminiscences of a time when the "axe" hung
over every man subject to the spoils system.*

THE civil service as it was at the beginning of things in the Dominion was the civil service of old Canada, and it seemed to the Maritime representatives that the three big buildings at Ottawa were packed full of highly paid officials and clerks, very few of whom were from the East. An elderly messenger down stairs and I were the only permanent employees from New Brunswick in the large staff of the House of Commons. Maritime ministers and members alike felt that this was a hardship. Some of them set up a claim that the entire official staff at Ottawa should be apportioned on the same basis as the Senate, one-third from Ontario, one-third from Quebec, and one-third from the Maritime Provinces. A number of the New Brunswick members made my room, Number 33, their headquarters, and there was much talk among them over the inequality which prevailed in the distribution of offices. Charles Connell, M.P. for Carleton, N.B., had made the tour of all the offices in the Commons and questioned each occupant as to his official duties, his pay and other particulars, which attention some of the persons visited were rather disposed to resent as an intrusion. Others took it jocularly and laughed over the strange catechism to which they had been subjected. D'Arcy McGee came in one day while the matter was being discussed, and rather agreeably surprised us by admitting that the Maritime Provinces

were entitled to one-third of the offices. "We want to treat you generously," he said, "but vacancies cannot be made all at once. As vacancies occur they ought to be filled from your Provinces." He had a copy of the *St. John Telegraph* in his hand, in which this topic was discussed, and had been reading the Ottawa correspondence. As a newspaper man he was also interested in others of the craft. He called my attention to the Ottawa letter. "I am told you wrote that," he said, and on my admitting the fact, he laid his hand upon my shoulder and smilingly said, "Keep on writing." Two weeks later he was dead. Many times since I have recalled that friendly touch and those kindly words.

Mr. Tilley had been able to place some of his friends in the Customs Department, of which he was now the head. Mr. Mitchell had a freer hand in the new Department of Marine and Fisheries. But, as I have said, the civil service was that of old Canada and the new men from the East were not in all cases made very welcome in the official preserve. From the first, however, I found my new chiefs and fellow-clerks as cordial and friendly as could be desired. W. B. Lindsay was Clerk of the House, and a very capable and considerate chief he was. He was short and stout in physique, and of an imperious will but kindly heart. Alfred Patrick was Clerk Assistant, afterwards Clerk; Dr. G. W. Wicksteed, the Law Clerk; Frank Badge-

ly, his assistant; Dr. Alpheus Todd, the Librarian; his brother Alfred Todd, Chief Clerk of Committees; Henry Hartney, Chief Office Clerk; Dr. Wilson, M. Dorion, and F. B. Hayes, in the Translator's branch; W. B. Ross and A. G. D. Taylor, Clerk and Assistant Clerk of Journals; Farquhar McGillivray, at the head of Routine and Records; Messrs. Poetter and Fanning, over the Votes and Proceedings; the venerable Thomas Vaux, Accountant; H. B. Stuart, Chief Writing Clerk; and so on. Among the juniors, beside myself, were Harry Smith, now Sergeant-at-Arms and a full-blown Colonel; W. C. Bowles, Harry Lindsay and Charles Panet. At my last visit to the House a few years ago, I was saddened to go over the list and find how many were dead. All those who were living were also "something far advanced in state." Let me say here, after the lapse of a generation since I served with them, that a more capable, genial, kindly and courteous body of public officials could not be desired. The work of the sessions is very trying upon the Commons staff, during the long hours and late night sittings, and it ought to be generously paid for.

There were evening entertainments in those days about town, in connection with various church and literary societies, and at these the entertainers, readers and vocalists were sometimes supplied from one of the learned professions, or from one of the public departments. At one of these, called a "House of Commons night," Sir John Macdonald presided, and had about him on the platform the heads of the Commons staff. Sir John made a little introductory speech in which he spoke very appreciatively of the civil service in general and of the parliamentary officials in particular; said he was proud of them all for their ability and fitness; that with their great responsibilities there had been no case of default among them; that he felt they were the equals of any like body in the world, not excepting the civil service of the mother country; and finally that he was the more proud from the fact that he had been responsible for the appointment of so many

of their number. Then turning to the men about him on the platform he addressed each one in a complimentary sentence, and as each arose one after another in acknowledgment, the tableau was a very effective one. He endorsed Mr. Lindsay as a master of two languages and of parliamentary procedure; Dr. Wicksteed as "knowing all the law"; Dr. Todd as having "not only an American but a European fame"; and so on. Such praise from so high a source, spoken so heartily, and with so much discrimination, went straight to the hearts of those addressed, and in some cases brought tears to their eyes. In the civil service Sir John always had a devout body of worshippers. Who was not proud on that night to belong to the Commons staff?

The Committee on Fisheries and Navigation was my first committee. It was got up by "Commodore" Fortin, also called Dr. Fortin, the giant member for Gaspé, and was composed of some twenty-five members, chiefly from Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Mitchell, the Minister of Marine, had intimated to me that the Commodore was himself ambitious to be Minister of that department, and failing in that ambition had set up this committee as a side-show. Be that as it may, perhaps I shared a little of Mr. Mitchell's prejudice. Moreover, I had been warned by some of my fellow-clerks not to undertake committee work if I felt in any way uncertain of my nerves, as members of the House were very exacting at times. "The fear of man which bringeth a snare" is not usually the particular weakness of a newspaper reporter, and I rather relished the approaching meeting with the great men at close quarters. Mr. Todd, the Chief Clerk of Committees, instructed me in my duties, and also feared that I might find the members hard to please. He admonished me to keep them to the rules as closely as practicable, and to report to him as soon as the meeting was over. So the members of the committee were called together and the new clerk was there to receive them. Half a dozen of the Quebec members were the first to

come in—Premier Chauveau, Dr. Fortin, Dr. Robitaille (later Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec), Mr. Simard, of Quebec County, and others. They nodded to me and went on talking in French. I knew little of that language, but soon made out that they wanted and must have a French clerk. This decided the acting clerk to be very insistent on the procedure.

Up rose Dr. Robitaille and, seconded by Mr. Chauveau, nominated Dr. Fortin to be chairman. He was about to put the question, when I reminded him that there was not a quorum present. Three or four at once called out that seven was a quorum. I told them that until the committee was organised it required a majority of its members to constitute a quorum. They had apparently never heard of such a rule. I quoted the authority, and then sent a messenger with a list of the members to bring in the tardy ones. Then Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Anglin and others came in and wanted to know what was the matter. Dr. Robitaille repeated his motion, and was again about to put the question, when I told him the committee could not properly proceed to business till the order of reference had first been read. I proceeded to read it, and then added incidentally that I was instructed that until the committee was organised, it was the duty of the clerk to preside. If now they had any motion to make they would please to address it to me. I half expected that they would not submit to this, but had in mind a certain meeting with the New Brunswick Government, before recited in these sketches, in which a little audacity had proved moderately fruitful. But Dr. Robitaille proved patient to a degree, and rising for the third time and addressing "Mr. Clerk" with mock deference, proceeded to nominate "Pierre Fortin, Esquire, Member for the County of Gaspé, to be the chairman of this committee." I put the question and declared Mr. Fortin duly elected.

Before the meeting was through Premier Chauveau came over to my desk with a resolution that he was about to move, and which he had written in rather

circumlocutionary English. He asked me to make it read right, and I edited his copy for him. Thereafter I served that committee for five years without a word of difference between us, and never heard any more about them wanting a French clerk. And a more pleasant and agreeable company of gentlemen one need not hope to meet than those whom I had first encountered, as related. When I reported to Mr. Todd, he was much interested, interrupting the story with frequent ejaculations such as, "Did you do that?" "I am so glad you did that," "I would not have dared to do that," and so on. Mr. Alfred Todd was an excellent man, a capable and painstaking official and a good friend to me always, but he had more reverence for members of Parliament than is common among newspaper men. When he met a member he always saluted him with great deference, and he expected like observance from a messenger.

Mr. Mitchell, too, was much amused with my account of the first meeting of "Fortin's committee," as he called it. But later when that committee began to send him all sorts of memorials and recommendations on pilotage, and the protection of oyster beds and technical remonstrances against the use of "bultows," and purse seines, he grew weary. Once I had to send out a long series of questions to the leading fish merchants and fishermen all over Canada, asking them all sorts of questions about the fisheries, and to compile their answers with other matters in a report. When I asked my chairman for instructions in regard to the scope and nature of the report he gave a suggestive shrug of his shoulders. "Make it voluminous," was all he said. I did so. There were 600 pages of foolscap in that report. The Commodore spent laborious days in perusing it. He, the writer, and the proof-reader were, I think, the only persons who ever went through it all. When the proposal to print it came before the committee, the chairman strongly insisted that it should be published in full. Prudent Alexander Mackenzie had asked my opinion privately as to whether it was not rather bulky, and I told him

there was four times too much of it, but that I had followed instructions. So the voluminous report was printed as an appendix to the journals of 1869—that “new set of journals” which D’Arcy McGee had eloquently told us “were to form the noble records of a great people.” My next committee was called to inquire into the administration of justice in the judicial district of Ottawa; in other words, to take the initial proceedings in the impeachment of Mr. Justice Lafontaine of the Superior Court of Quebec. He had in his time been a land agent, later a politician and then a Judge. The charges covered a good deal of ground and were intended to show that his lordship ought never to have been appointed to the bench, and had done some things as a judge for which he ought now to be removed from office. The proceedings were altogether new to a Canadian Parliament, no judge having ever been impeached in this country. A committee of the greater lawyers and others, Sir John Macdonald, John Hilyard Cameron, Edward Blake, Lucius Seth Huntingdon, Stewart Campbell, Alexander Morris, Luther H. Holton, John Henry Pope, A. W. Savary, and half a dozen Quebec members, with Alonzo Wright, the King of the Gatineau, had been named to investigate the charges. By instruction I called them together for organisation, but had no expectation of serving as clerk to the committee during the investigation. Of course, I must remain in attendance until relieved by another clerk. They organised forthwith by appointing Mr. Cameron chairman.

Then, after a brief consultation together, Mr. Blake came over to my desk and courteously inquired whether I was a professional man. He was informed in the negative, and that I was only waiting to be relieved, but that I fully concurred in the opinion of the committee that in view of the nature of the inquiry they ought to have a lawyer for a clerk.

“Send for the Clerk of the House,” said the chairman. I despatched a messenger to call him. Presently the messenger returned, reporting: “He is

at his luncheon, sir, and can’t come.” This for the moment ruffled the serenity of the great men. “Will you go, Mr. McCready, and tell Mr. Lindsay to attend the committee at once.” I went to his office, pushed into the inner room where he was eating, and briefly delivered the peremptory order, at the same time explaining the circumstances as well as I could. Mr. Lindsay with a frown dropped his knife and fork, and as we went up the stairs together his anger was also mounting higher. He entered the room erect, almost defiant. Oh, the things we do and say when we are angry! He bowed in silence to the chairman, who broke out: “I want you to know, Mr. Lindsay, that when a committee of the House sends for you they don’t propose to wait till you eat your luncheon. *We* have not had *our* lunch as yet. You knew the nature of this inquiry, and that it is to impeach a judge. You have half a dozen lawyers on your staff. Mr. McCready may be a very good man, but he tells us he is not a lawyer. Why did you not send a lawyer to serve the committee?”

Thus sternly rebuked, Mr. Lindsay hotly replied: “I have given you the best man I have. If you will go on with the clerk you have and he fails you in any particular, I will be responsible.”

“That will do, Mr. Lindsay,” retorted the chairman, and the irate Clerk of the Commons strode out of the room. I was amazed, astounded. With my very little experience, almost any member of the staff was more fit than I to undertake what seemed a difficult task. I knew that it was not Mr. Lindsay, but his momentary anger under trying circumstances, that had spoken thus, and had put me in a position where now the chairman, if not the entire committee, would feel like making me seem less capable than I was. But sometimes courage rises with an emergency.

The chairman turned to me stiffly: “You will go to the library and bring us forthwith the authorities upon proceedings in impeachments.” The librarian, good Dr. Todd, helped me. We had soon loaded up two or three messengers with books, and they quickly deposited

them on the committee table. Sir John Macdonald calmly took from the pile Mr Todd's work upon Parliamentary Procedure, and turning to Mr. Blake said pleasantly: "Blake, we think we know a little law, and yet in the present case I should be quite at a loss without this book, written by a layman." It was nice of him to turn to me and smile as he said that last word, "layman." Mr. Blake assented. All others now seemed quite mollified except the chairman. After arranging what was next to be done the others went out, he alone remaining bent low over the table and writing rapidly that small, crooked hand which was one of his characteristics. At length he straightened up, and beckoned me to him. "Here are a list of witnesses," he said, speaking rapidly (there were about a hundred names). "Deputise whom you choose to serve them. This is the summons for the Judge. Have copies made of it in English and French. Make personal service upon the Judge as speedily as possible, and attest the return of service."

He rose to leave. I had never served a legal paper in my life. I must needs gain time, get some information or explanation. "Attest the date of service?" I began, rather lamely.

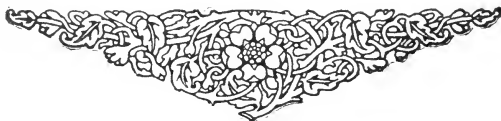
"The hour, the minute!" he called back over his shoulder, and he was gone. The next half-hour belonged to the translator and the copying clerks. The papers ready, compared and signed, I drove to Aylmer and called at the Judge's residence. He led me into his sumptuous parlour where I handed him the duplicate summonses. He glanced at them and naively inquired, "Is that all?" It was then twenty minutes past four o'clock in the afternoon, and in my sworn return of service I was particular to note the exact time to the minute.

When next the committee met that return was before them. A smile went round as attention was called to this seemingly unnecessary detail.

"I ordered that," said Mr. Cameron.

Judge Lafontaine did not attend the committee in person, but appeared by counsel. There were a number of lawyers on each side. Mr. Blake took down most of the minutes of evidence, writing rapidly in half-inch letters. I remember that once he began a line on the foolscap page with the word "investigation." All that he put down on that line was "investiga—" and the "tion" went over to the next line. Memory here recalls the autographs of some of the eminent men of the time—the copperplate beauty of the Old Chief-tain's "John A. Macdonald"; the diminutive signature "F. Hincks," which a dime would cover; the clear-cut letters, all neatly formed, that made up "Alexander Mackenzie," as he wrote it; the bold, fragmentary "R. J. Cartwright"; the "Charles Tupper" that seemed as if scratched with a nail upon a slate; "E. Blake," that might have been traced with a small crowbar dipped in ink, and the graceful flowing lines which bespeak the "Wilfrid Laurier" of to-day. But this is a digression.

To return to the committee. We got along smoothly, even pleasantly, after that first day. As prorogation drew near, Mr. Cameron called me to his side one day and, remarking that we had begun "in rather stormy fashion," handed me a slip of paper certifying that I had served the committee quite to the satisfaction of its members and of himself as chairman. And Judge Lafontaine was not impeached after all. Before the next session he was comfortably superannuated which was no doubt much more agreeable to him and also more politic otherwise.



Holiday Halifax

By A. MacMECHAN

Affording a glimpse at an English-Canadian city as it shuts up shop and fares forth to make merry.

HALIFAX knows how to take a holiday, whereof some hostile critics would make a reproach. There be some who hold that our city lacketh energy, enterprise, all sorts of modern commercial virtues, virtues which bring their own reward of fat balances at the banker's. In other words, Halifax is a haven of quiet in a noisy, bustling, rushing continent; it has discovered the value of leisure; it is a refuge for such as rate life above dollars.

Every city has a face, a body and a more or less imperfect soul of its own. Some are of a set pattern. Know one, know all. But Halifax is unlike any other city I know. The best time to get close to its heart is on a Saturday in summer.

Saturn, the gloomy planet, has little influence over his day in this city. The seventh is usually the brightest day of the week. If it should happen to dawn overcast, the unwonted bustle and stir of the population seem to dispel the sea-mist or the cloud. Besides, in this latitude, a dull morning is no bad sign of a fair afternoon; and with us the afternoon is the better portion of the day. The half, contrary to Euclid, is greater than the whole.

Cities differ much in their customs. In a southern city I know well the housewife, attended by her black cook, with ample basket on arm, sallies forth on Saturday evening to do her marketing for Sunday. There are long processions of her, passing up and down those endless

arcades of busy stalls that stretch from street to street; and there is reason in the custom. Here our thrifty northerner performs this duty in the morning; for the market-folk bring their butter and eggs into the city at dawn, or earlier; and the first to come is first served. The market—our famous Green Market—is held in picturesque mediæval fashion upon the open street. Wares are displayed along the curbstone, while the vendors stand behind them in the gutter. Three races are represented; beside the white Caucasians, you will find in their own place, black Africans, descendants of the slaves of Loyalists; while near them red Indians, whose ancestors made a step “outside the pickets” of old Halifax as much as a man's life was worth, squat peaceably against a wall, behind piles of cleanly baskets. On one side, a red-coated soldier, with his lethal weapons, is on perpetual guard, standing in his little sentry-box, or pacing up and down his apportioned promenade. Here you can buy in season moose-meat and ducks and partridges and lobsters and trout and grapes, as well as the usual staples. Hither repair Haligonian housekeepers, before breakfast even, with bag and basket. All morning they are coming and going in a thick, slow-moving, *not* pushing crowd, up and down the market, around the Post-office, and in front of the venerable Province Building. You will meet everyone you know down town on a Saturday morning. The men are busy, too, in

banks and offices, cramming a day's work into four hours. Many are concerned with letters for England; for Halifax has always been nearer the motherland than the rest of Canada; and the "English mail" bulks large in our eyes. Grocers' waggons and butchers' carts rush to and fro in fierce career, with materials for a thousand Sunday dinners. The Saturday forenoon is the most *visibly* active part of the week in this, our city.

In the afternoon, the city makes holiday and devotes itself to various forms of athletic sport, either actively or vicariously. At two o'clock, there is much stir about the Yacht Squadron. The club-house on its high wharf has the aspect of a little man who has drawn his cloak close around him against the wind. The white-railed companion-way and balcony produce, also, the impression of a ship at sea. The swift, new-fangled boats have their moorings directly opposite; they are hovering about, ready to start at the firing of the gun. At the signal, they dart off on long stretches to the harbour-mouth, past Steele's Pond and Point Pleasant and McNab's, and Thrum Cap and York Redoubt to the open sea, or, if need be, they can find ample courses within the great land-locked haven. Every summer Saturday there is a breeze; and every summer Saturday there is a race. The blue water is alive with white skimming sails. An hour later the ladies begin to arrive in gala dresses, to listen to the band, drink tea, talk to their friends, and watch the races finish. It is entertaining, if a simple pleasure, merely to watch the water from a chair on the wide verandah of the second story.

About the time that the yachts begin their races, the first arrivals appear at the tennis-grounds. They are young business men, who want to make the most of their one good chance in the week to practise. The lady players, the enthusiasts, are not long behind them. By three o'clock, all the courts are busy, and the blackboard is covered with a waiting list of those who may console themselves with Milton's famous anticipation, "They also *serve* who only stand and wait." From the little pavilion on the terrace, the five nets

make one white line down the green sward, and the twenty active combatants, advancing and receding so swiftly, seem to be engaged in the figures of some complicated dance. On Saturdays the "tea members" visit the grounds, chiefly those who are past their dancing days. To them and to the thirsty players tea is dispensed from the pavilion at five o'clock, tea being almost as much a universal lubricant in Halifax as in China. If you do not play, you may sit on the benches at the side, and look on. A great elm frames part of the blue harbour within the curve of its lower branches; the white sails are constantly passing and re-passing. Play will last far into the long northern twilight, as long, in fact, as the ball can be seen or felt.

Not a pistol-shot away are the golf links. They are not upon the sea sand, nor are they famous for extent; but they suffice. Some thirty acres of rolling ground, just on the outskirts of the city, readily accessible from any quarter, they make a playground not easily bettered. This afternoon, there is a large attendance of men, "two-somes" generally, with attendant caddies. The new club-house, with its wide verandah, is at the entrance of a drive of an old estate at the edge of some wood. Old stone walls, a grove of pines, the new road running through the grounds of an old privateersman, delimit the links, and give them a character of their own. You can see over the gentle hillocks the blue harbour. The links are picturesque, if golfers care for the picturesque, or have an eye for anything but the small white sphere they unceasingly pursue.

If you walk up the street for three minutes from the first hole of the links, you will come to an old-fashioned house standing back from the road. It bears the name of a family seat in England, and was built and christened by a graduate of Oxford nearly a century ago. He was a judge and a classical scholar, whose fame is preserved in the Dictionary of National Biography. He left his mark on the history of Nova Scotia and rather a black mark it is; but the local fame of the old mansion does not depend on the character of Sir Alexander Croke. In a

small enclosure, fenced in, and not unlike a pound or a lot in a cemetery, the Studley Quoit Club meets every Saturday in the season to hurl the discus, possibly "in the high Roman fashion," I cannot say. Two "pitches" are sufficient for the players, and, for good reasons, there are always onlookers in the shade of the whispering pines. Under this pleasant shelter, admirals and generals, viceroys and princes of the blood have been proud to sit as guests of the club. Silver cups and wooden spoons are here contended for, and without dust and heat. A strange and famous refreshment called "hodge-podge" is served at Studley once a year, when members bring their friends to share their pleasures. Sometimes it is apparently as fatiguing to watch the play as to stand in the sun and hurl the massive quoit.

But Saturday afternoon is passing away, and half our pastimes are unreviewed. Northward lie the spacious and beautiful grounds of the Wanderers Athletic Club, an institution of which Haligonians are justly proud. As likely as not, a cricket match is going on, watched from under the elms by a small assembly of the fashionable and the *connoisseurs*. In the corners, there is ample room for quoits, bowls and tennis. Some members, in costume almost Greek or Fiji in its simplicity, are practising for coming struggles on the cinder-track or on the football field. In October, the city goes mad over football. This field is then the scene of Homeric contests between Army, Navy, Dalhousie and Wanderers, and is black with throngs of partisans. Across the way the soldiers are at cricket, at the foot of the *glacis*. On the Common, the sons of the people are busy with baseball, for the necessary apparatus is cheap, and neither uniform nor level ground is needed. If you push on farthest north till you reach the inner end of the harbour, you will find that many boats have been hired, and are pulling about among the wonderful warships at anchor before the dock-yard. The lean out-riggers of the rowing clubs are out for practice, as well as the gigs and cutters of the men-o'-war. From the floating bath comes a perpetual

uproar of boyish shrieking, laughing and splashing.

But you could not see all this in one day, with comfort. It would be wiser to turn south from Studley and walk to the pride of Halifax, the three-mile fiord we call the "Arm." By almost joining the "Basin," it makes the peninsula of Halifax. From the landward end, you can look out to the harbour-mouth, where the squat little lighthouse made out of a razed martello tower shows the way to hesitating ships. The banks are rather steep and wooded, and along the northern bank, each in its own extensive grounds, are the stately homes of Halifax. Each has its distinctive name, "Fairview," "The Dingle," "Belmont," "Winwick," "Oaklands," "Maplewood," for we have a pretty knack of christening places. The "Arm" is as safe and pleasant a place for boating as can be well imagined; and so it is a favourite haunt of those who affect the frail canoe. Two large boat-houses are scarcely sufficient to supply the demand for boats. Except where commercialism has stamped its ugly hoof, the "Arm" is a perpetual delight. Even if you have known its every feature from childhood, water and especially tide water has a subtle way of seeming to change the face of the earth beside it. It is a mirror that varies not only with the march of the seasons, but with hourly, momentary variations of light and shade, cloud and sunshine, wind and calm. These boat-houses will be empty on a Saturday afternoon, but the floating bath will be crowded. The platforms and spring-boards about the swimming-pool are rich in anatomical studies. On the farther side, many picnic parties are making fires on the shingle, and boiling the kettle for tea. When night falls, there may be bonfires along the bank, with boys and girls singing to the tinkling of a mandolin; and the boats on the water will draw near the blaze to listen.

Such is the city of Halifax on a Saturday afternoon in the pleasant months of the year. It is the one city of its size on the continent possessing a summer climate which permits white people to work and play with comfort. Halifax in its wisdom

chooses to play and to make time for play. Almost every citizen has his rod or gun, which he uses in due season, or leaves in case, and thinks of the days spent along the streams or in the woods. Winter brings skating, hockey, tobogganing, snowshoeing. Chess, the king of games, the unfailing resource of the long winter evenings, has many devotees. It has been cultivated in Halifax for over a century. Cards we have always with us. In short, Halifax is resolved to live

in a rational way and to find a space for healthy recreation among the fleeting days.

This is not our city's only virtue, this love of sport. There is no hospitality like the hospitality of Halifax; there is no kindness like her kindness, when you are sick or in trouble. Few communities care for their poor, their unfortunate, their afflicted, so wisely or so well. Perhaps, love of sport is not a virtue at all; but it is certainly a charm.

The Toilers*

BY S. MORGAN-POWELL

TO nurse the gifts that Nature gave;
To tend with painful toil,
Nor deem it e'en too much to slave
For our Canadian soil;
To hold the land our closest friend,
Our heritage and pride,
Enduring aught that Heaven may send,
Smiling, whate'er betide.

To give no thought to prideful boast,
Or lust for grasping power;
To know our land from coast to coast;
To guard against the hour
When lawless dreams may lead to strife;
To keep our people true
To manly toil and simple life,—
Canadians through and through.

So shall Canadian history be
Of great examples made;
A history of work well done,
Whate'er the price we paid.
What matters it if other lands
A nation's greatness gauge
By records made with bloodstained hands,
And war on every page?

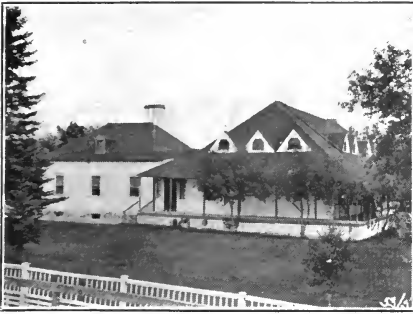
Our greatness is where wheatfields are,
Where foundry hammers swing;
In groaning dray and falling spar
Our land's awakening.
In axe hard-hewing some new track,
In pick the miner plies,
In out-thrust rail and lonely shack,
In hearts that fight the forest back,
Canadian history lies.

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Lower Fort Garry

By BARLOW CUMBERLAND (*President, Ontario Historical Society*)

*An historical sketch of an ancient centre of a mighty realm
(the Stone Fort), with a striking comparison.*



THE CHIEF FACTOR'S HOUSE

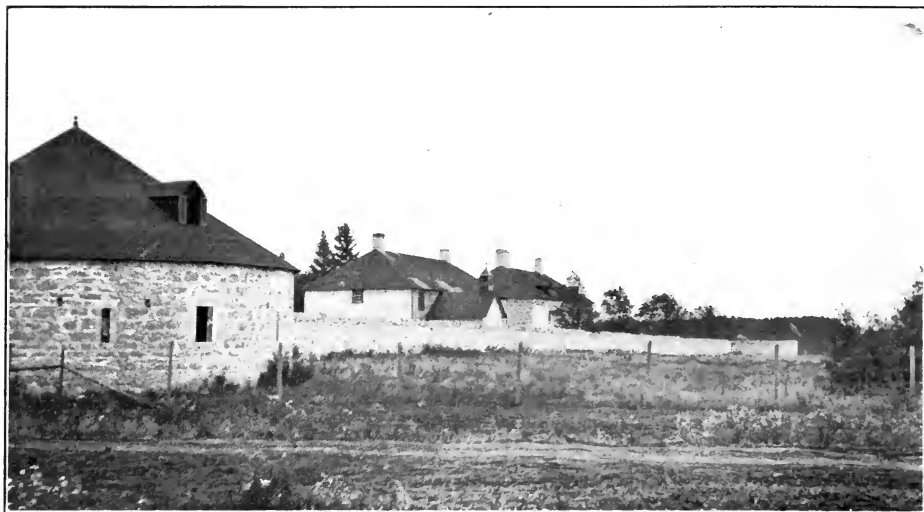
At one time the centre of affairs of the whole Northwest and North.

THE old saying, "that history repeats itself," has scarcely a better example than the progress of past and present events upon the banks of the great rivers of the North. There are on this continent two Red Rivers, named by the French *voyageurs* on their earliest explorations. These are the Red River of Louisiana, whose waters descend southwards by the Mississippi to the Gulf of New Orleans; the other, the Red River of the North, carrying its currents into Lake Winnipeg and the Hudson's Bay. It is with this latter that we are concerned.

Great and wondrous are the changes which are taking place to-day in the vast inland country of the plains to which Canadians have fallen heir since Confederation brought the widely-separated Provinces on both sides of the continent into National Union. Yet they are but

following on ancient lines. The very name North-West which, by common usage we apply to this great sphere, is becoming a misnomer, for it is fast building up into a centre, and the modern centres of influence are but reverting to the ancient centre of the realm. To this great haven for scope and for broad energies are turning not only the sons of Canada herself, but men from the stoutest-hearted nations of the world. Where once the nomad Indian wandered, careless, if but the grasses grew undisturbed and the buffalo surged in plenty, myriad settlers are to-day building up their permanent homes and the wide plains are colouring into golden grain. The ancient river banks are again the focus of the white man's endeavour, but in a different method yet for a similar end, the formation of a mightier centre of influence and trade.

The pathfinders of the interior of North America were the adventurers of oldest Canada over which the *Fleur-de-lis*, and *Cornette Blanche* of France, then flew as sign of fealty and ownership. Urged on by the expansion of their nationality or for the spread of their faith they left their guardian Citadel at Quebec, pierced the wilds, followed the known rivers upward to their sources, and finding other rivers, voyaged them from these new sources downwards to other seas. How the names of Montreal, Frontenac, Detroit, Sault Ste. Marie, Réiné River, Duluth, Fond-du-Lac, St. Louis, New Orleans, are set like beacons on the waterways to mark



THE SOUTH-WEST BASTION AND WALLS OF THE FORT FROM THE OUTSIDE. THE ROOF OF THE SOUTH-WEST BASTION NEXT THE RIVER HAS BEEN REMOVED

the right-angled course of their route of discovery from the North Atlantic to the Southern Gulf! An inner French realm, sweeping far into the interior behind the English settlements then existing between the Alleghennies and the Atlantic coast, and encircling them within its widespread areas from ocean to ocean. Theirs was a glorious conception magnificently carried out. These names remain as records of their prowess, but other peoples have entered into much of the profit of their toils.

At the apex of the right angle of this realm is their *Riviere Rouge du Nord*, and through the efforts of these *voyageurs* our Red River became the highway to the then northwestern world, and later on to the ocean at Hudson's Bay. Although the southern portions have passed from the control of their descendants, yet in this great north realm our British-Canadians, born with French or English-speaking tongues, still join in fealty and occupation to exploit and to enjoy, under the Union Jack, the signal of our united liberties.

The ancient place and centre of this North-West realm still remains, an historic relic worthy of a pilgrimage and carrying the memories far back into the centuries before the stones that mark this spot were first set in place.

On the banks of the Red River, not far

from Selkirk, stands "Lower Fort Garry," one of the few remaining forts of the Hudson's Bay Company. From the Fort the great river sweeps downwards, twenty-five miles, in full width and uninterrupted to Lake Winnipeg. Three miles farther up are the turbulent St. Andrew's Rapids, a block to further progress for large boats or without transshipment. The Fort thus practically stands at the head of lake navigation. Twenty miles still farther up is the junction of the Assiniboine with the Red River, where was the site of the Upper Fort Garry and is now the enterprising City of Winnipeg.

At Selkirk it was once thought that the Canadian Pacific Railway would make its crossing, and a city, magnificent in its amplitude on surveyors' plans, and a feature in many an eastern auction room was laid out. To-day, it is principally the centre of the lumbering and fisheries of Lake Winnipeg and the site of the Dominion Fish Hatchery, which is vainly endeavouring to keep pace with the reckless depletion of the lake by the American fishing companies which have taken possession of the waters. As well turn a house-tap on Niagara, for nature once outraged by greed can never be restored.

A travelled road follows the river, winding along the banks which here, as with all North-West streams, are fringed with a



THE SOUTH-WEST BASTION AND THE LOOPHOLES IN THE WALLS TAKEN WITHIN THE FORT

belt of trees—tawny, gnarled, scrub oak, quavering poplars, and the ash leaf maple. In some of the broader and lower flats, where have been eddies of the river, are met a few fine upstanding elms, throwing their branches high as the river banks, their trunks wound with wreaths of dried herbage and deeply scored by the ice floes and wreckage of the spring floods. Around these banks and along the narrowed river the tree fringes wind at the level of the surrounding prairie. From this level suddenly, like some huge ditch cut through the plain, the steep mud sides, seamed and water worn, slope sharply downward some seventy feet to where the turbid waters heavy with soil, gathered during its course of a thousand miles from the south, move slowly along.

Coming around a bend, one's eye is caught by the red ensign floating bravely on the flag-staff and the gray stone walls and bastions of the Fort, an apparition in the midst of nature's solitude.

The Fort is perched on the edge of the west bank at the apex of an "Oxbow" curve which the broad river here makes, giving a full mile of view in either direction and commanding the approaches from up or down the stream, a regal position both for residence and defence. Seen from here, it rests in retirement, hedged by a background of green foliage, seemingly an oasis of quietude. But beyond those trees stretch westwards two

thousand miles of noble prairie, and in front runs the river which was the avenue of access from all the rivers from the Southern Plains and onward to those still farther northward to the Arctic seas. Of all this Empire, the Empire of Rupert's Land, this little spot was once the radiating centre of effort and ancient seat of power.

All this did not come at once, not even by decades, but in centuries of stress and endeavour. The early French inmates of oldest Canada, having established themselves upon the shores of the Lower St. Lawrence, reached farther inland for the expansion of their exchanges in merchandise and furs. Having achieved Lake Huron they passed onward to Lake Superior, and by the inflowing rivers had brought the far inland countries tributary to their French ports and trade routes to Quebec. In possession of the portal, far away though it was, the whole trade of the interior was theirs.

Radisson, one of the earliest explorers, leaving Lake Superior, had threaded the interlacings of the Kaministiquia and surmounting the height of land had, by the Lake of the Woods and the Winnipeg River, reached Lake Winnipeg itself. Most probable it is that he visited the position of this Fort as being the head of navigation and a splendid point for Indian trade.

In Radisson the spirit of adventure was

incarnate. Turning his canoe northward he pressed forward across the lake and, guided by his Indian friends, voyaged down the running waters, and by the river, now known as the Nelson River, reached the great inland sea in 1666, a voyage of perilous exploration and untravelled mystery. How his heart must have bounded, when emerging from the dark intricacies of the portages and the winding of the rivers and rapids, his eyes first opened on the broad waves of the wide, open sea!

He had found the shortest line of access to all this great inner land! Here, again, was the same salt water that he had left behind when he had started from Quebec. On the other side of this sea was his beloved France; behind him an untouched sphere for fur trade, the most unbounded that ever yet he had encountered, and now by his discovery brought close to ship's side direct to European shores, instead of by many a thousand miles, and weary months, of arduous navigation to the far-off port of Quebec.

Fervid with the great opportunities he hied to France, but meeting with no encouragement, transferred the good news to England. Obtaining co-partners, some trial voyages were made to the bay with varying success.

In 1668 the first ship sailed for Hudson's Bay and trading posts were established at York Factory on the main shore, and at Moose Factory in James' Bay.

At length, in 1670, in the same lordly way as his predecessors had made grants to other Companies of the Indian shores of the Atlantic, from the Carolinas to Acadia, Charles II granted to Prince Rupert and his companions the sovereignty of this great northern domain.

So was formed "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England, trading in Hudson's Bay." To them were thus given the sovereignty and exclusive rights of trade and ownership over a territory more than half as large as Europe, extending from the Hudson's Bay to the Rocky Mountains, and to be further extended as their energies expanded. This domain they named "Rupert's Land," after their first Governor and leader.

Thereafter ensued a century and more of conflict. While the French companies were exploiting the interior countries from the St. Lawrence, the English Company conducted their operations by the shorter and inner line of access from the forts which they established on the shores of the Hudson's Bay.

From these they gradually forged their way inland. Nearby the position of this old Fort and close to the St. Andrew's Rapids (Sault la Biche), Henry Kelsey, one of the early explorers of the Hudson's Bay Company, records a great trade gathering in August, 1692, of Crees, Assiniboines, and Indian tribes from the far western plains, whom he offered inducements to take their furs to James' Bay.

For a century fierce struggles for supremacy ensued. Acts of war were engaged by the contestants in these western wilds unhampered by, and irrespective of, the diplomatic relations of their respective nationalities in Europe.

The cession of Quebec in 1759, and the transfer of Canada by the Treaty of 1763 from the French to the British Crown, had ended the conflict as between the rival nationalities, but the warfare for the trade as between the St. Lawrence and the Bay continued, and the palisades of Fort Douglas, the stronghold of the North-West Company, who claimed possession as the successors of their French predecessors, frowned from the opposite side of the river upon the Hudson's Bay Company's new outpost. There were internal wars and incursions throughout the territory, the Indians, won by conciliation and *largesse* or influenced by intermixture of races, ranged on either side, and bloody and fierce reprisals, with all the attendant woes of torture and treachery, devastated this period.

In 1774, Cumberland House on Sturgeon Lake was established, the first trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company opened on waters flowing into Lake Winnipeg, to be followed by the Norway House at the north-end of Lake Winnipeg in 1799. These were the outposts of the general advance. At length the centre was reached and the first Fort Garry was planted by the Hudson's Bay Company.

in 1799, at the confluence of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers.

Urged on, perhaps, by the hampering of the St. Lawrence route throughout its length by the war of 1812, the Hudson's Bay Company redoubled their energies and became still more aggressive. At length the outburst of the battle of 1816, fought on the present site of Winnipeg, when Governor Semple lost his life, and for the commencing of which each blamed the other, brought the rivals face to face with the suicidal folly they were engaged in.

Consolidation was foreshadowed. In 1820 there arrived upon the scene, under

Here, in 1831, buildings for the Hudson's Bay offices had been erected, being farther from the ancient scenes of strife, and four years afterwards, as the *Bois Brûlés* or French halfbreeds at the Upper Fort were still showing signs of being troublesome, the buildings were enclosed with walls, and the battlements of this Lower Fort Garry were raised.

To-day, while palisades of the older Fort Garry have been swept away with the growth of the modern city which surrounds its site and naught is left but its old north gate, this Lower Fort Garry remains in practical preservation as when it was first constructed.



OLD SETTLE IN THE CHIEF FACTOR'S HOUSE

The seat is pierced with holes, and the compartments serve as letter-boxes.

the influence of Lord Selkirk, the redoubtable Sir George Simpson. The next year the hatchet was buried between the contestants and union between the companies effected. For forty years this masterful man reigned supreme, controller of half a continent, voyaging incessantly, bringing peace out of turmoil, dominating with energy and tact both red skin and white, the very embodiment of personal power.

After the time of the great flood in 1820, when the rivers had risen and the Fort and all the surroundings of Upper Fort Garry had been submerged, the Elbow below the rapids had remained unharmed.

To modern eyes the walls might seem insufficient in height. It was not a military fortress, but a protection for the goods and persons within from the incursions of marauding Indians, armed with but primitive weapons and making their attack by stealthy advance and surprise. Walls three feet in thickness and sixteen feet in height, of massive, well-constructed stone work, made it, in those days, exceptionally formidable and, as compared with the wooden palisades of the other posts, won for it the name by which it is still best known, the "Stone Fort."

In form it is a quadrilateral with projecting circular bastions at each corner

enfilading the approaches. Loopholes, wide within, narrowing outwardly to a narrow slit, suffice for a musket barrel to pierce the walls and protect the defence. There are two gateways, one opening to the river bank, the other towards the west, closed with massive oak and nail-studded doors.

Here within these gray stone walls power, though so far separated from its European base, rested secure. The unsatisfied Metis, the Indians from the far-off plains and the forest fastnesses of the North, must have seen in them the visible evidence of the great Company which possessed what was to them immeasurable wealth and controlled their livelihood.

Sir George Simpson, as "Governor and Chief of Rupert's Land," established his headquarters in this Lower Fort, which was four times larger than the old Upper Fort. Here, too, was the office of the "Recorder of Rupert's Land," as created by the original Royal Charter, the sole office of record of the law and real estate of the wide domain.

The centre of the inner square is occupied by the house of the "Chief Factor," its wide verandahs, French gabled roof and huge chimneys, giving evidence of comfort and hospitality. What odours of venison and good cheer seem to hang about these tall shafts, how the big logs must have sputtered and crackled in the great fireplaces when the Factors came in from their solitary posts to make their annual reports and talk with their chief of the prospects of the prices of fur, the incidents of adventure, the conduct of their Indian charges, to the accompaniment of pipe and toddy around the cheerful hearths! To them it was a short return to the pleasures and latest news of civilisation.

The warehouses are arranged in line between the Factor's square and the other walls. Massive stone buildings with iron-barred windows, citadels of wealth in fur and flour. In the store is the usual omniscient collection of a Hudson's Bay store. The counters laden with cloths of varying hue, blankets red, blue or white, the best in the world, bearing upon them the Hudson's Bay mark of one, two or three "points," according to their excellence. The posts and low ceilings hung with every variety of pot and pan, tinware and hardware, guns, hatchets and axes, such as a camping people would require.

In glass cases some specimens of wondrous jewellery, glittering and golden hued, appreciated not according to their value, but to their gaudiness. With care and closest inspection, a blanketted squaw examined the broadcloths, snapping them between her fingers to test their quality; her daughter, clad in flowered print dress and frowzy-feathered hat, taking a languid interest in the selection of the beads for the embroidery, while the old man sat on the door-step and

gravely smoked his pipe. Be it noted that the women had as many articles brought down for their inspection as any city woman in a city store. The aboriginal has acquired the delectation of "shopping," or is it innate in the female sex?

Above the little guard-house, with heavy iron windows of the prisoners' cell, hangs the old Fort bell, once the alarm of the garrison, listening for the "All's well" of the guardian watchmen as they paced around the walls.

The river gate and walls stand about forty feet back from the edge of the high bank, with the green sward intervening.



ALL THAT REMAINS OF OLD UPPER
FORT GARRY

From here a clear view is given up and down the long vistas of the river. It must have been a pleasant place whereon to sit out in the cool of the day watching the passers-by. In the olden time, when this Red River was the highway for all routes of travel, there would be a constant succession of canoes of Indians or of traders slipping by, either laden with great bales of furs or carrying the families migrating from point to point.

When the watchers reported that Sir George Simpson's canoe and his accompanying brigade was coming around the bend, how the population of the Fort

ing districts. In the lids of the four compartments are slits for dropping in the letters and on the front the names and emblems of the great centres: RED RIVER, the country far away to the south, with grouped blades of grain and the words "Old Settler," "Script Holder," indicative of its settlement. There are also two large locusts or grasshoppers, under each of which is put the word "Immigrant," pointing out with much quaintness that they came from the States Country south of the boundary line. These visitations of grasshoppers, though prevalent in the early days, have all now been merged in



ELBOW OF THE RED RIVER

Faint outlines of Lower Fort Garry, one mile distant.

would pour out through the river gate and watch their advent! The great North-West canoes with twenty paddles in each, the high curving prows decorated with Indian emblems, the boat flags fluttering out their colours, the rush and glistening of the paddles, the straining energy of the boatmen accompanied by sharp exclamations of effort as they raced for the landing place, must have made a great and stirring scene—the Master had arrived.

In the Factor's house there still is kept one of the old settles which gives some reminiscences of the wide range of influence of the Stone Fort. It formed a post-box for collecting the orders and correspondence for forwarding to the outly-

the larger cultivation. NORWAY HOUSE, to the north with the Elk Head; SASKATCHEWAN, far far away to the west, where the buffaloes roam for many a thousand mile on the branches of the great river; CUMBERLAND, with the great white bear of the still farther north. It was the radiating centre of a little world.

At this "Stone Fort" was concentrated the business of the Empire of Rupert's Land, then maintained throughout its vast extent as a close preserve for the production of fur and of trading with the Indian tribes; its wealth of capabilities for civilised development and occupation being kept hidden from the outside eye.

In 1869 the new-formed Dominion of

Canada acquired by purchase all the sovereign rights of the company, leaving it in possession of the lands in the vicinity of its ancient posts and one-twentieth of all lands in the "Fertile Belt." Since then, the interests of the company, although still largely concerned in the trade in furs, have become more particularly those of a Land and General Trading Company, throughout the cities and centres of the incoming population. The "Stone Fort," thus losing its importance, is maintained as the summer home of the Land Commissioner.

A new phase is now again rising in the realm of Rupert's Land. As the sources of its trade took their beginnings from the St. Lawrence, so the steel rails of the Canadian Pacific, and soon those of the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern Railways, have threaded the same lines of route, but changing the months of weary portages and canoeing into days of express travel and unbroken trains.

The great City of Winnipeg, with its 100,000 people and *entrepôts* of merchan-

dise and manufacture, has risen where the old Fort slumbered.

Instead of radiating slowly by the thousands of miles of the Red, the Assiniboine, the two great Saskatchewan Rivers, the Athabasca and their waterway connections, this old centre of distribution is brought by branching railways to all parts of the far plains and even to the Peace River and the Pacific.

The Radissons of to-day are seeking northward with rod and level, and the railway rails and engines are following them, to the shores of the Hudson's Bay.

The pathfinding of centuries back is repeating itself.

May it not be that when steam of train and steamship meet on the shores of the Hudson's Bay, as in old times canoe and sail once met, there may come from that meeting an upspringing of influence and of power to the centres on the banks of the river, still more wondrous than that of which this old "Stone Fort" is the record and present memorial.

The twentieth century will tell.

The Peace of Service

BY CYRUS MACMILLAN

BENEATH the world's care-burden'd load
 I moved and paid the toiler's tears—
 Along life's parched, thorn-strewn road,
 Harass'd by doubts and dragon fears.
 No guide was with me in the night,
 To lead the way to couch of ease;
 No comrade pointed to the light;
 No angel spirit whispered peace.

I wandered far to softer fields,
 To books, friends, music, Thespian art,
 In search of balms false pleasure yields
 To dupe in vain the toiler's heart;
 In fickle luxuries I sought.
 But none of these my cares beguiled;
 Till, lo! peace came through service wrought—
 The laughter of a happy child.

The County Warden

By OLIVE MAUDE PEW

An admixture of love and politics, in which love finally triumphs.

MARY wandered down the long platform and sat among the baskets of fruit awaiting shipment. A pretty girl coming from the station-room elicited a passing glance, and was forgotten. Bees hummed lazily about, settling from time to time on the open spaces in the fruit baskets. Suddenly, Mary sat up erect, listening. A firm tread came echoing along the boards. Norman Pomeroy was coming straight toward her. Her face flushed. He had not seen her yet! How could he have known? She half rose. But now he was speaking to that girl—shaking hands.

The pretty girl, Mary had forgotten, had been standing behind the baskets.

"So, you've come, Mr. Pomeroy," said the girl.

"As always," he answered politely.

"But why are you leaving? There's nothing like staying on the ground. You never can tell what may happen."

"Oh, that's all right; but what I want to know is, have you found out how much Uncle Josh is really worth?"

"I have."

"How much?" she asked eagerly.

"Half a million."

"Is that straight?" she demanded, intensely direct.

"Yes, without a doubt."

"And the will?"

"You get it all, if you are 'engaged to some decent fellow.' That part may possibly be changed to 'married to some decent fellow.' Of course, the old chap

wouldn't stand for me. So I strongly advise you to marry the man. Whoever he is, you are engaged to him, as you said?" he added inquiringly.

"Yes," she snapped; "I am. You keep your eye on that will, and you'll get your money—never fear. He's promised to marry me, and he's as safe as the bank. He'll never break his word. Why, he's thirty years old, and was never in love with a girl before. And he's so green! He thinks all women are so good, like angels, I suppose he thinks, 'though he never said so. Doesn't know enough. He is so horrid looking! His nose is so big, and his face is so red. And his hands—I never saw such big, red hands. And his feet. Well, he's just a great, big, country gawk like the pictures in the Sunday papers. And, see here, Mr. Lawyer, if I can get my uncle's money without getting married, I guess with half a million I can do better than him. Why, I guess you'd have me quick enough then, instead of that white-faced school-teacher—"

This direct reference to herself caused Mary to realise what she was doing. Silently she picked up her suit-case, stepped behind the freight shed and fled back to the waiting-room. A stealthy glance from the window showed her the pair by the fruit baskets still undisturbed.

After a weary wait the train arrived. Things had happened so differently for Mary. With downcast eyes she made her way toward the coaches. Norman's

familiar voice came in tones of astonishment, "Mary! What are you doing here?" his own surprise not noticing the lack of hers.

Mary shrugged her shoulders. "Got on the wrong train," she said tersely.

"I was disappointed in not being able to see you off. I had to come down here to meet a client."

"A client!" exclaimed Mary in a very expressive tone.

He laughed. "Is a client so very surprising, Mary?"

The conductor was giving his final summons. Pomeroy, taking her suit-case, helped her to a seat in one of the coaches. Then he went back to the platform.

The train began slowly to move. Mary leaned from the open car window. Her handkerchief fluttered toward the ground. Norman caught it, held it toward her, then drew it back. "May I keep it, Mary?" he asked in a soft, suppliant tone.

She hesitated. He kept it.

The train quickened. Mary smiled at him in farewell. He raised his hat, holding her tiny bit of cambric on the palm of his hand as if it were a dainty, breathing thing like a bird.

Mary sat back in her seat and sighed. He was so very perfect. His action expressed so much, yet—of course, he was a lawyer and had a lawyer's training.



Southdale proved to be a lonely flag-station in a deep cut. A country youth was awkwardly standing outside the shanty that served as a waiting-room. As Mary furtively observed him, she could hardly repress a smile; he reminded her so much of the description given by the girl at the *Junction*. He was a great, big, country gawk.

At last she began to grow uneasy. It was getting late. She raised her eyes to find the uncouth countryman advancing toward her with a look of grave determination on his face. His large hands were plunged resolutely into his pockets.

"Ain't you Miss Prentice, the new schoolma'm?" he asked, with reddening face, looking down at his feet.

"Yes. I suppose I am. I expected Mr. Strong—"

"That's me."

"You! you're not the County Warden?" said Mary in the same tone in which she had said "a client" a short time before.

"Yep," he answered unconcernedly.

A short drive along the country road brought them to a low, rambling, stone farm-house. Two women, an older and a younger, came out on the verandah. Mr. Strong led the way up the stone walk to the house. He introduced Mary by indicating the older woman as his mother. Mary shook hands with a pleasant-faced old lady; then she turned to the younger one: "And this is your wife?" she said simply.

At that the three laughed, much to Mary's discomfiture.

"No, no," said the mother; "that's my daughter Lizzie. John has no wife; he's but a lad yet."

Mary looked at John with a gleam in her eye. She knew he was no lad. Much to her surprise, an answering gleam came into his. Then he dived down the stone walk towards the gate, muttering something about her trunk.

Mary followed the two women inside, and was introduced to "Pa."

And thus began the new life in the country. She soon learned from the common gossip of the neighbourhood that John Strong was engaged to be married to a young woman named Nellie Bright. The young woman had worked but a short time at a neighbouring farm-house. When questioned, some of them admitted that she was pretty, but they added in justification that Mrs. Strong and Lizzie were very much opposed to the match.

Somehow, to Mary, John was more interesting as an engaged man. The impossibility of the thing fascinated her. And it soon came about naturally, that old Mr. Strong, Mary and John fell into the habit of talking politics at the supper table every evening. Then John was himself.

One night he followed Mary into the sitting-room to finish their argument, as Mrs. Strong laughingly had driven them

from the table, because Lizzie wanted to wash up the dishes before going to singing-school.

They continued their discussion; and at last John relentlessly had laid bare her last oratorical ambush and showed the weakness of her position. She laughed. Then she looked at him with kindling eye.

"If I were a man," she said, "with the keen, logical mind and the turn for politics that you have, I'd be a member of Parliament, where I could be of more use in the world."

He looked at her at first, as though not realising what she had said. "I?" he said at last, in his forceful way when not embarrassed. "Mary Prentice, what did you think of me when you first saw me at the station?"

She crimsoned.

"You dare not say," he went on; "but I know. You laughed at me then, and you are now. I—stand in Parliament? Mary Prentice you are laughing at me."

"I am not," declared Mary convincingly. "I have noticed that you can speak correctly when you wish to. With your keenness of mind and study, I mean hard study, you can acquire an education along your line in one-quarter the time it takes through the schools. Think of the long evenings spent to no particular advantage."

"Mary," he said, leaning forward in his earnestness, holding her eye to eye, "do you mean that at my age I can get the education that I should have had when I was younger?"

"Yes, with hard work, you can."

"Latin and Greek?"

"Yes. I'll teach you all I know. And when you have that, you can go on without a teacher. What you learn without a teacher has more of an educational value than that acquired in schools. Of course, you must be in earnest and work hard."

"You mean that if I have the will to work hard I can serve my country in Parliament and be a credit to myself and family?" reiterated John, still seemingly unable to grasp her meaning.

"You are a credit to yourself and family; but you can be more so." She fingered

her gown nervously. Something gave her the feeling of being carried beyond her depth.

"Do you—do you think me a credit to myself?"

"Indeed I do, and more. I know that you have it in you to be a great and good man."

"Mary," he said, leaning forward, hardly breathing, "do you mean it?"

"Yes," said Mary in a breath, returning his steadfast gaze.



So the sitting-room was turned into a study; and almost every evening found John and Mary hard at work. He made vast strides with the work. She marvelled at him.

Mary went home for Thanksgiving. It seemed good to get back to town; still she had not minded the country like she had expected to.

In the company of Pomeroy, she went to the *matinee*, and he came in afterward and spent the evening.

"I am told," he said teasingly, "that in the country you have pupils at night as well as through the day."

Mary was surprised. "What do you mean?"

"You know very well, Miss Mary, that you are teaching the Warden."

"Well, since you are so plain, I suppose I am; but I am surprised at your knowledge."

"Oh, it's common neighbourhood talk," he said slightly.

She wondered; she did not believe that the Stronges had told it; it did not seem possible.

"What does the Warden think about the election?" he queried, changing the subject.

"I don't know, I'm sure," she exclaimed, forgetting her momentary displeasure. "But aren't you going to try for the nomination? It's just the chance for a beginner; and the opposition hasn't a strong man in the county. Why don't you try?"

"I should like to, my Mary," he said, laughing lazily at her enthusiasm; "but the state of my finances will not admit. I must stick close to the law until next

election; then if there is a chance, I promise you I will try."

And soon they fell to talking of other things.

She went back to her school early the next morning. That night, instead of taking up their studies with the old ardour, she sat musing.

"You're wishing yourself back in town," said John brusquely; "and you're tired of helping a poor old country hayseed."

She gave him a look that belied his words. "Stop working; I want to talk," she commanded.

He sat back in his chair, smiling at her. He always enjoyed her imperative moods.

She leaned forward with both elbows on the table and her chin in her palms. "John," she said in a tone that unconsciously made her heart jump, "I want you to drop county politics at the end of the year and run for member at the coming election."

A dull red crept slowly into his cheeks; he shifted his hands awkwardly. "Mary, you know I'm not fit."

"You are. John, do you know I never saw anyone devour knowledge the way you do."

"Then, you'd not have me drop that?"

"No, indeed."

"But, how do you know I could even get my party's nomination?" He leaned forward on the table, smiling at her.

"I don't; but what I want you to do is to try for it."

He dropped back in his chair and mused. "Mary, do you really believe I could do it?"

"Yes, I do; or I should not want you to try."

"Would you mind very much if I were defeated?"

"Yes, I should; but we'll leave defeat out of our vocabulary. And you'll do it, John, won't you?" she said coaxingly.

"Mary, what'll you lead me into next?"

"But you'll do it, won't you?"

"Yes, Mary, I will." Their fingers met in a warm handclasp.

"And, John, mayn't I help you with the nomination speech and everything? I just love all that sort of thing."

He smiled at her one of his rare, genial smiles. "Mary, I fear a country school-house must be rather confining to you."

"No, indeed, it isn't. My life was never so full and perfect as it has been since I've been in the country. And I like it too."



It still lacked but a few days before the time set for the party's county convention to appoint a candidate.

Coming out of school one afternoon, Mary was surprised to find Norman Pomeroy waiting for her at the stile, which served as a gate to the school-yard. She was much pleased. And she showed it. He walked beside her along the country road. The air was keen and bracing; her blood fairly danced.

"Of course, you know all about the Warden's trying to get the nomination from our party," said Pomeroy, after their mutual inquiries of common interest.

"Yes, of course," Mary admitted.

"Well, I haven't much time, and I'll come to the point at once. I want the nomination myself; and I want you to persuade Strong to change his mind and keep out of it."

"Why, I thought you *didn't* want it!"

"Well I thought so too, at one time; but I think I can get it, if it were not for him. And I can make money out of it."

"Make money out of it?"

"I mean—er—it will give me *prestige*, you know, in my profession. And surely, Mary, you'll do that much for me. He isn't fit for the place, anyway. He might better wait awhile, if he ever should try. I shall depend on you, Mary. You know what it will mean to us."

"Oh, but how can I?" she almost wailed.

"You know very well he'll do whatever you say. After all he's nothing but a country gawk. Let him wait awhile. It won't hurt him." He pulled out his watch. "I've but a few minutes before I must be at the station." The faint whistle of a train was heard from the far distance. "Ah, that's it. Good-bye, my—my love—I know you'll not fail me." Even in his haste he took time to bow

graciously over her nerveless fingers before he was gone.

She stood at the corner where he had left her, trying to collect her thoughts. He had overstepped his usual cautious, legal way and called her his love. And "country gawk"—where had she heard that before? And *would* John Strong do whatever she said? She wondered.

As she mechanically turned toward home, a horse and buggy came rapidly along the road toward her. The horse and the driving she recognised at the first glance. No one but John drove in that way. Beside him was seated a young woman; and it so happened that Mary looked straight into her face as they turned the corner toward the station. That young woman she had seen long ago at the junction; in fact, she was the "client," she—what had she said? She had talked about a "country gawk." In a flash it came to her. She knew the girl was Nellie Bright.

That night, Mary finally decided that John tied to such a woman was out of the question.

The singing-school met in the school-house the night before the convention. Mary intended that she and John should go. And coming home, under cover of darkness, she would tell him. She did not want to see his face. Too well she remembered the way it had looked the night she opened to him the world of books and study.



Singing-school at last was over. Coming from the lighted room, the darkness outside seemed intense. John stumbled among some logs that had been carelessly left in the path. Mary who had come through them often in daylight, caught hold of his arm just above the elbow and steered him safely through in zig-zag fashion. But as she dropped her hold, he crumpled her arm against his side in a vise-like grip. He walked along with vast strides, while Mary trailing at his side could feel his heart pounding against her imprisoned hand. It was beyond her to utter either sound or protest. He seemed unconscious that she hung following at his side. Nor did he pause until he

stood with her in the front hall at home, where a lamp had been burning for them. Inside the door he dropped her arm as suddenly as he had taken it. His face was white. "Well, I am a brute," he said hoarsely, at last. "I didn't know it was in me. Mary, why don't you roundly tell me so?"

But she only shook her head. For some unaccountable reason she dared not venture a single word.

"Mary, I've been idly dreaming. Hampered as I am, and unfit, it's simply vanity on my part to think of representing this county in Parliament or of ever being any good in the world. If for no other reason, I, through my own ignorance, have made it impossible. Haven't I, Mary? You know I have."

Without her volition, words came to her. "I have always thought you a man, strong enough, not only to uplift yourself, but others with you. This is a question you must decide for yourself. I have nothing to do with it," and she took up the lamp and went from him up the stairs, leaving him alone. On returning from school next day, she learned from Mrs. Strong that John had received the nomination of his party.



Mary, coming suddenly in from school one day, found mother and son in close conversation; she blushed. Somehow she knew that they had been talking about her. Ever since that night after the singing-school, she and John had experienced an estrangement so marked that even his election campaign, or subsequent going up to Toronto for the session of Parliament, had failed to reconcile them.

"I'm going out to pick strawberries for tea," she announced, awkwardly picking up some baskets.

"John, you go along and help," said his mother; and he obediently followed Mary out to the berry patch.

He lounged lazily in the long grass, watching Mary pick the fruit. She threw him a handful of berries. "See here, John Strong, you're lazy. You've changed. What's the matter with you? Where's your old ambition?" she bantered, with the school-teacher's facility for putting

searching questions. "Since they sent you up to Parliament you seem to have no ambition. You seem to be worrying."

"Ambition! What's the use of all that we've talked about, Mary, when the dearest hope in life is denied a man?"

Mary's lip curled. "There can't be any real manhood about you. That girl was worthless; and the way you act about her makes one almost despise you."

"What girl?"

"Why that Bright girl."

"Bright girl! It's you I'm talking about. You're the woman I've loved and longed for until my heart is sore."

Mary went white. "Oh, John," she breathed, "how could you?" Then she turned from him, and the next minute she found herself flying wildly toward the house. There she found Mrs. Strong and Lizzy in such great agitation that they failed to notice hers.

"Mary," they both talked at once, "there's been a train wreck, and that Bright girl has been killed—and they've brought the body over to her uncle's house for the funeral."

Mary could only stare. "Old Josie Ann White was over there fixin' up things," they went on, "and she stopped in on her way back to tell us."

When Mary could get away unnoticed, she went into the front part of the house. She could realise nothing. Mr. Smith, one of the school trustees, was coming up the walk; and she waited for him at the open door. He, too, told her the strange news before the real errand on which he had come.

It lacked but a few days of vacation, and the school was to be closed on account of scarlet fever, which had broken out in several families.

When, finally, Mr. Smith had made his last joke and was gone, Mary went back to the kitchen and told them about it. "I'm going home on the six o'clock train; and, Lizzie, I want you to hitch up a horse and drive me to the station. We have three-quarters of an hour."

Lizzie protested, but Mrs. Strong somehow understood, and insisted on Lizzie's doing as Mary wished.

Mary resigned the Southdale school and took one at home in town. A few

months later Norman Pomeroy again made his home in the county town also. He was the rich man of the place. And Mary's friends encouraged him in the quiet attentions which he began to pay her.

A year and a half passed by, and she heard no word of the Strong's, except of John, as she read it in the newspaper. He was making himself heard and felt in Parliament. There were also certain rumours connecting his name with a rich Cabinet Minister's daughter. Mary, remembering the past, was sore with chagrin.

At last they met, as Mary instinctively knew they should. It was at the Claypole's dance. At the door of the library, John paused and led her within.

The room was deserted, as it had been used only by the host for a chat with his political friends. John, being among the privileged few, now found seats for them in the inglenook, beside the open fire.

"It's a long time since we met," he said sentimentously. Mary sat silent, gazing into the fire.

"And perhaps it would be just as well for me to explain myself at once. Mary, I feel that I owe you a great deal; and I wish to repay you. I see how it is with you and Pomeroy; but, naturally, you hesitate, knowing as you do that his money legally belongs to me."

"What do you mean?"

"Surely you have heard."

Her expression of wonder told him that she had not.

"Then read this," he said, quietly, yet nervously, as if from an effort, taking a letter from his pocket.

Mary took the letter and read:

MR. STRONG,—You'll see by the paper I have married the lawyer. Course I know that legally I am your wife. But that was no kind of a marriage. You was awfully green, and I just roped you into it. I was bound to have the money. I always intended to get a divorce afterward, anyway. You can bet Mr. Pomeroy doesn't know anything about that marriage. And you ain't to say one word about it. You can bet I won't. It was so far away, I guess no one will ever hear. I'm goin' to get a divorce down in the States or somewhere on the sly, if I can.

You see Uncle Josh was dying; and we had to hurry. The old man thought you'd

get his money, and would take care of it for me; but you can bet you'll never get any of it after a lawyer has it in his hands. So mum's the word. I'll give you enough to get a divorce, if you'll do it on the quiet. I suppose you'll marry that white-faced school-teacher. Well, you're welcome to her; but mind you don't tell. You wouldn't be so mean as to disgrace me, would you?

NELLIE POMEROY.

P.S.—Be sure you burn this letter.

Mary dropped it as if it had seared her fingers. Then she spoke.

"Of course, I knew that Mr. Pomeroy had married this girl, but I hadn't known that—"

Her hesitation caused John to intercept: "That she had already been married to me? It is only too true, fool that I was. Now I'm going to make that all straight for you. It shall be my wedding gift to you. You can tell Pomeroy or not, just as you please. I shall say nothing. Here, Mary," he said, carefully drawing a bundle from an inner pocket, "these papers deed over to you all my rights in his property."

He pressed the papers into her hands. Her fingers mechanically took them.

"And I wish you many years and much happiness," he added, bowing profoundly.

But Mary was on her feet. She tossed the papers back at him.

"Oh, you farmer John," she said hotly, "you couldn't stand a little success. You're worse than I thought you. You'd buy me a husband, would you? Thank you. Keep your cash; you'll need it to buy the Cabinet Minister's daughter. I tell you, that with all your fine manners, you are not the man of sterling worth I once thought you." Mary turned to flee from him, as she had done the last time she had seen him. But he caught her as she poised for flight. He pressed her face against his bosom, speechless.

"Mary, Mary, so you love old farmer John after all." She struggled. "Be still, Mary—you know you do." He drew her face from his breast and passionately kissed it.

"Oh, *why* have you treated me so?" she said tremulously.

"I was determined that Pomeroy should have his chance. I couldn't afford to make any more mistakes. But, Mary love, it was the hardest work I've done yet."

"So you doubted me?"

"No, I didn't—not for a moment. I expected nothing less than you'd cram those papers down my throat."

"Oh, *John*, that sounds like your old self."

"It is," he said, bending upon her the fondest look she had ever seen.



British Columbia: An Eldorado

By ALBERT E. GREENWOOD

A glowing account of the commercial and industrial progress of the Pacific Province, with an optimistic forecast.

SEVEN hundred miles long and four hundred broad, larger than Great Britain and Ireland, Switzerland, Denmark and Italy combined, and equal to Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Manitoba, British Columbia cannot boast of even the population of Toronto. Yet, with the exception of Holland, her trade is to-day larger than that of any other country in the world per head of population. With the courage of the miner, the strength of the lumberjack, and the patient determination of the fisherman, she is at last the factory of practically every industry but one. For some years she must continue to import her clothes.

This will seem an exaggeration, particularly to the Knights of the Grip Sack who yearly visit the far western Province, willingly paying the tax of one hundred dollars when it is impossible to dodge it. To these this will come as a surprise, because they meet with little serious local competition.

But this is also true, for while British Columbia now boasts of the various industries she is only on the ground floor. When she builds the first storey or two, and that is now certain in a few years, then the rapidly growing industrial West will compete with the industrial East not only for the local trade, but for that of the Prairie Provinces.

Having always had the raw material for other industries than the three which

have made her famous where other parts of Canada are even yet but little known, it is no over-statement to say that the Pacific Province, with her mere sprinkling of skilled labour, can now supply herself with almost everything she needs. But the stubborn mountain goat still declines to be a sheep, and the skilled weaver is not among the latest settlers of "The Slope."

It may even be a surprise to many residents in British Columbia that manufacturers down here under the Rockies, Selkirks and coast mountains, are now milling flour, making biscuits, candy and syrup, refining sugar, building ships, motor boats and gasoline launches, making stoves, furnaces, paints, oils, cement, chemicals, powder, dynamite, carriages, waggons, ornamental bricks and tiles, street cars, soap, caps, brooms, boots and shoes, furniture, wire nails, circular saws, cigars, ale and beer, aerated waters and real ice—the only way ice is to be had in this eternal summerland, a climate that many travellers say excels even that of Devonshire.

British Columbia must still import, as well as clothes, carpets, motor cars, whiskies, the finer carriages, and practically all agricultural and musical instruments. There is fair promise that these too will be made in the far West within the next five years, when Vancouver's 100,000 Club assures this industrial capital of that population—as well as an Occidental-Oriental Exposi-

tion—and the rest of British Columbia will have shown a like advance in population.

"All—that this wonderful Province needs," said Earl Grey in a recent address in Vancouver, "is population, for I understand there is abundant capital ready for investment here as soon as there is an available supply of labour. This seems to be the only difficulty which prevents your Province from becoming, not only one of the most prosperous parts of the British Empire, but also the finest orchard in the world. It is also an ideal dairy country, and it seems to me that it will be your fault if you are not able, when you have cleared sufficient ground, to export to Japan all the jam, butter and cheese she may require.

"No other part of the world should be able to take more profitable advantage of the increasing foreign trade of China and Japan than British Columbia, both from the quality of its climate and its land, and from its comparative proximity to Japan. The foreign trade of the Orient would then appear to be a natural asset, always available, like a balance at the bank, whenever you may desire to realise it."

The whole address—it was given at the recent Forestry Convention and heard by many eastern manufacturers, over 130 making the trip to the coast after their convention at Winnipeg—was a prophecy of future industrial greatness for British Columbia, a greatness which in time may equal her mining, lumbering and fisheries.

It may be interesting to note that the three last-mentioned industries, with the products of the farm and orchard, produced \$50,000,000 during the year ending June, 1906. Of this \$22,500,000 represented the value of the mineral output alone, British Columbia in mining still beating every other Province of the Dominion and some of them combined. The value of the timber cut was nearly eight millions, the fisheries over seven millions, agriculture, fruit, dairying, and other like industries representing the rest.

The Provincial Minister of Finance,

Hon. R. G. Tatlow, declared this wealth of one year to be equal to \$1,250 for every white man in the Province, placing their number at 40,000, or one-fifth of the population, the other 160,000 being women and children, Orientals, Hindoos and natives, the slowly passing race of redmen still numbering nearly 30,000.

The twenty-five industries already named, though most of them are in their infancy, probably increased that estimate of \$1,200 to \$1,500 for each white man in this largest, and in potential wealth, richest Province in the Dominion.

Two years ago British Columbia's total trade was a little over \$28,000,000, of which twelve millions were imports and sixteen millions exports, chiefly of the three great industries. For 1905 the figures were \$29,242,800, and for 1906 they were roughly \$30,000,000.

Who will say what it will be when in ten years its present 200,000 of population, or to be more nearly correct, 220,000—will have become a million, as it undoubtedly will. Every observant traveller to "The Slope" agrees with Earl Grey in his prediction regarding the destiny of this "Britain of the Pacific," of the land which Hon. Edward Blake, when debating in the House of Commons twenty-five years ago "that absurd proposal of building a transcontinental railway to be known as the C.P.R.," described as "A Sea of Mountains." "Rather would I call it a 'World of Valleys,'" said Mr. Byron E. Walker, in addressing Vancouver's Canadian Club—"valleys teeming with the possibilities of life, and capable of supporting a denser population than any other country in the world."

The very year, perhaps the very month, that Hon. Edward Blake made use [of his unhappy metaphor, Earl Grey, long before beginning his diplomatic career, visited Fort Vancouver. "Then, I could have bought the site of your entire city for a few dollars," as he said to the banquetters in that address.

A fairly accurate idea of the rapid growth of Vancouver, and significant of the advancement of the whole Province, may be gained from this statement and the sale a few weeks ago of prop-

erty on Hastings, Vancouver's main street, at \$2,000 a foot.

So it needs no inspired prophet to foretell the commercial and industrial future of this recognised gateway for the shortest trade route to England and the Orient and Australia, nor of British Columbia, with two more "transcontinentals" now entering the fertile North with the certainty of an early extension of the G.T.P. and ultimately of the Canadian Northern south to the Liverpool of the Pacific.

But the competition for the commercial prize of British Columbia and the adjoining Canadian West here only begins. The C.P.R., its ally the Northern Pacific, and its active rival the Great Northern, will make five great railways, practically all transcontinentals, soliciting the trade of British Columbia, reaching out to the rich Kootenay on one side, to the prosperous and promised Pacific ports on the other.

As is well known, James J. Hill to-day has many miles of his own railroad in British Columbia, running daily trains from Spokane and Northport to Rossland, and from Portland, Tacoma and Seattle to Vancouver, where a few weeks ago he acquired an extensive site on Burrard Inlet—this little arm of the sea two miles wide and twelve long, capable of holding the whole British fleet, and reputed to be the third best harbour in the world, Sydney, Australia, and Rio Janeiro being better. Upon this site, which almost adjoins that of the C.P.R., Great Northern steel will, in a few months, meet Great Northern keel in an extensive terminal and wharf.

In Vancouver this is regarded as the first important step towards an alliance with the G.T.P. in Hill's onward march from Oregon and Washington to Uncle Sam's Alaska. But the C.P.R. is closely watching every movement of its rival, and in addition to running daily trains to Seattle in alliance with the Northern Pacific is extending its lines in British Columbia north and south.

For the trade of British Columbia ports fourteen steamship lines are now competing, the vessels entering the port

of Vancouver last year alone numbering more than 3,000.

Last year saw the first shipment of wheat from a British Columbia port, the C.P.R. steamship *Athenian*, which sailed from Vancouver on October 16th, carrying 10,000 bushels brought from Alberta. This leads to the latest, and in a provincial and national sense, greatest, of British Columbia's new industries—the wheat shipping and flour milling business.

While British Columbia has had flour mills at Armstrong, Cloverdale, Vernon, Enderby and Eburne, supplying the three Coast Biscuit and Candy Works, with the help of shipments from Alberta's mills, the finer grades of flour being brought here from Oregon, this fall has seen, as well as the first export of wheat, the first combined grain export and flour milling business in the Province. This change marks a new era for the Far West, and approaches towards the fulfilment of the recent prophecy of Earl Grey to capture a part of the trade of the Orient, particularly of that with Japan, which is slowly but surely substituting bread for rice. And as last autumn saw the first shipment of wheat, so this spring will see the first shipment of Vancouver flour joining the shipments of other British Columbia, Alberta, and Manitoba flour to the Orient, which last year reached the value of \$76,480. Of this, \$62,000 was sent to Japan.

Last year's shipments of flour ran about the \$100,000 mark, and they are expected soon to reach a quarter of a million in value. They will reach this and go beyond it if western Canadian millers will accept the advice of Mr. Alexander McLean, Canada's Commercial Agent at Yokohama, and send their representatives to Japan, for in his view, until direct representatives are sent, the Dominion cannot hope to become a large contributor of flour to Japan.

With the rapid increase in Alberta's grain output comes the opportunity to infant millers and capitalists to make to this port the trade of the Orient available. Three years ago Alberta raised

but a quarter of a million bushels of wheat. Last season her grain crop was placed at 3,500,000 bushels. With the rapid immigration and increase in acreage Alberta promises a crop next year of close to 5,000,000 bushels, and it is the hope and expectation that 2,000,000 of this will pass through Vancouver to China, Japan, Chili and Peru.

It is the hope and expectation at least of Mr. Charles E. Hall, head of Vancouver's latest, and no doubt in time one of its greatest, industries. The company's Vancouver elevator was erected a year ago, while its flour mill will have a capacity, at first, of 250 barrels a day, which will be increased to 500 a day when high-grade British Columbia flour from Alberta wheat shall have become as well known, locally at least, as high grade ore.

Then flour will be nearly one dollar cheaper per barrel in British Columbia than it is to-day. Now one milling company outside the Province has perhaps the monopoly of the trade of British Columbia, although each of the present five mills in the Province promise early and extensive additions to their plants.

Of the pulp and paper industry, in which two large companies have just entered, it was the view of the recent Forestry Convention that British Columbia offers the greatest field in Canada, having more spruce than any other Province, while the giant Douglas fir, in the opinion of some botanists, is also a pulp wood.

The only business that is not likely to flourish in the Pacific Province is that of the assignee. Last year the commercial agencies recorded only seventy-six business failures in the whole Province, with liabilities of only \$612,000 and assets of \$488,000. The rest of Canada had 1,275 business failures.

In the optimistic West it is not business failures but commercial success you see and read and hear about, particularly in Vancouver. Another evidence of the steady advancement of Commercial Vancouver, which is indicative of that of the Province, is the record of bank clearings, now averaging \$3,000,000 a week, and the exports to the Unit-

ed States which for the year ending May, 1906, reached \$2,434,200, an increase of half a million over the figures of the preceding year.

So the Province is seeing the fulfilment of the prophecy made by Queen Victoria half a century ago—"In British Columbia the commerce of the Pacific and the Atlantic will meet, the produce of the one for transmission to Europe, the goods of the other for dispersion over the Pacific."

Of the three great industries, so well known, it is only necessary to say that at the age of forty-two—British Columbia's first Legislature having been called in 1864—this Province has produced in mining, lumbering and fisheries, over \$500,000,000. And that is only what the records show.

The tribute of the land and sea is not known from that date, which is less than half a century ago, at a time when British Columbia was shown on the map as "New Caledonia," and held as a fur preserve by the Hudson's Bay Company, under lease from the British Government, back to July, 1795, when Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the first white man to make the overland passage through the Rockies to the Coast, reached Bella Coola Bay and found the Indians with gold, iron and copper weapons. Nor is it known that still further back eleven years, when Captain George Vancouver, in making the survey of the island which bears his name, found whale steak and salmon on the Indians' bill of fare.

Someone has said that an acre of the sea off the coast of this Province is more productive of food than the most fertile acre of land. That is debatable. Certain it is that although the sea has given to this Province over \$100,000,000, it is still as productive as in the days of Captain George Vancouver, and, although the land has given up \$150,000,000 in lumber and \$250,000,000 in minerals, it is practically the same virgin forest, earth and rock as when Mackenzie bartered with the Indians of Bella Coola Bay for souvenirs of British Columbia's big trees, copper and gold. To-day British Columbia has seventy-five canneries, 150 lumber and shingle mills,

and 628 incorporated mining companies, yet the sea is as productive as ever. The Province has the greatest area of merchantable timber in the world, while the rich mineral deposits, in the opinion of authorities, have merely been discovered.

Such is the potential wealth of this largest and naturally wealthiest Province of the Dominion.

Then from an agricultural and horticultural standpoint, infant British Columbia has developed into a like lusty youth. Although less than one-tenth of her evergreen farmlands have been taken up and much less cultivated, the agricultural products of last year will exceed six millions, while in fruit British Columbia excelled the Niagara district, and is ranking with California, being able to produce all the fruits of the temperate zone.

For the best collection of fruit at the Royal Horticultural Society's Exhibition in London, British Columbia won

the gold medal against the world in 1904, and again in 1905, as well as eight individual medals for the finest and largest apples ever grown. In the hope of repeating this success, Mr. R. M. Palmer, Provincial Horticulturist, sailed from Montreal on the *Empress of Ireland* with a shipment of two carloads, or twice as large as the prize shipment of 1905. Last October Earl Grey, following the lead of Lord Aberdeen who is still a fruit farmer, by proxy, in the Sunny Okanagan, bought thirty acres near Nelson, where the yearly profit per acre has reached as high as \$600.

This is commercial and industrial British Columbia, a land with more opportunities for a larger number of people than any other part of Canada, from the most easterly cliff of old Scotia "which blushes with the kindling dawn," to the highest peak of this Rocky Mountain border "which catches the parting kiss of the setting sun."

The Sea-Gull

BY W. A. CREELMAN.

THE sea-gulls drift along the darkened sky,
And o'er the foaming rollers wildly call;
Or, perched like burghers on a leaguered wall,
Their long white lines are seen on aeries high,
Where down the crags resound that raucous cry.
Within their breasts of snow the restless sea
Her very soul hath passed, so grand and free,
Glittering fiercely in the red-rimmed eye.
Far o'er the billowed wastes they wheel and scream,
And plunge in sea-green depths, and from the tide
Drag forth the struggling life of ocean's stream
For fledgelings which on cold wet cliffs abide.
Hungred, yet mindful of their clamouring brood,
They cry for food—O, Mother Ocean, food!

A Brindle Burglar

By FRED. H. STEVENS

How a simple silhouette caused unbounded terror to a bank clerk, and was followed by a ridiculous disclosure.

WHEN I was about nineteen I had arrived to the position of teller in the bank at Mapleton, which then, as now, was the seat of quite important lumbering operations. The millmen paid their operatives every two months, and at this particular time an unusually large crew, which included many strangers, had been employed; and as pay-day approached, the bank, in preparation for it, had in hand a much larger amount of cash than was usually carried. One afternoon, at the close of work, the manager said to me:

"Mead, I shall ask you to remain at the bank to-night, as I do not feel like having the premises, with so much money, left alone. You may stay in my office, and you had better keep awake as much as possible. Take this," handing me a huge, long-barrelled Colt's revolver. "These are your instructions. If anyone whatever makes any attempt to enter this building to-night, *you are to fire point-blank*. You can depend that the law is on our side."

His words gave me a thrill, and withal, a rather chilly sensation along the spine. However, I was rather an adventurous-spirited youth, and at the time thought I was brave. There certainly seemed enough of the unusual in my long and lonely vigil to give a prospect of sufficient interest in the experience to keep me well awake.

Along about half-past nine I returned to the bank. The building loomed

darkly, its black windows reminding me of the hollow eyes of a human skull, as the dark windows of a building at night always do. Letting myself in at the door, I shot the bolt behind me, and, without striking a light, groped my way to the manager's office, and threw myself down on the leather-covered couch that for some reason had long before been placed there.

This room was at the side of the public office, a door connecting the two, and a door also opened into the apartment where was the teller's—my own—"cage," and the vault. There was a front window, and another at the side, which opened out upon a vacant lot, a sort of common ground which at the time was used largely for piling lumber from the mills.

The night was dark and cloudy—just the night, I thought to myself, for a burglary. The loaded revolver was placed on the desk near at hand. As I half reclined on the couch gazing at the window—a square of lesser dark than that surrounding—I felt almost a welcome for any kind of adventure.

Noises of the town died away, and all was still except that a soft stir among the leaves outside denoted a gentle, summer rain had begun.

The air growing close, I arose and let the sashes down from the top, and the fresh summer air laden with the balsamic odour of the newly cut spruce lumber came freely in. I must confess to feel-

ing something of a lonesomeness, if nothing more, as a weird obsession came to me. It was a relief to move away from the windows, and I hastily sought the couch again. Reaching out I felt for the revolver and made sure the gruesome death-dealer was pointed away from me. Then, feeling rather ashamed at my timidity and thinking of the long hours yet to pass before morning, I tried to compose myself to thoughts of everyday topics.

The silence was intense but for the soft patter of the raindrops, and my mind becoming settled I soon dozed.

I must have slept an hour or more, and awoke with a strange heaviness I cannot describe. Mind and body alike seemed oppressed. I tried to shame myself into an easier state of mind, and started to whistle softly a popular air, but was startled at the sound.

I was thoroughly wide-awake, and sleep seemed unlikely. I wondered what time it was, but dared not strike a match to see, why, I cannot tell. Then I frankly acknowledged to myself that I was really good and frightened. Lying on my back I closed my eyes, and disregarding the manager's instructions, tried to compose myself to sleep again.

Then it was that I heard the first sound. Half rising, I fancied, in fact did, hear the sound of feet tramping on the ground near the side window. I discovered then that I was coward all through, for I shook like a leaf and my heart for an instant seemed to stop still. I don't believe I could have stood erect if I had tried; but reaching out I laid a trembling hand on the cold grip of the revolver, the very feel of it sending a chill to the marrow. Tremulously I rested the long barrel across the back of a chair which chanced to be just in front of me, while I trained the gun on the window, the little light that came in concentrating in a long, narrow, faint gleam along the barrel.

Again, and near, I heard the dull tramp of feet on the damp earth. Though I shook like a leaf, I was able to hold the revolver fairly steady with the use of both hands and the chair-back.

I fancied I distinctly heard the sound

of pliers, or shears, at work on the heavy wire lattice before the window, but I could see nothing. My pulses rang like bells in my ears, and for a moment I pressed my forehead, and felt its cold dew, upon my hand. My breath came quiveringly, while my heart seemed almost as though it must burst.

Raising my head, I saw it—saw the outline of a head silhouetted in the window. "My Lord!" I breathed heavily, and my scattered wits recollected the manager's instructions to "fire point-blank." Holding the revolver with both trembling hands I shut my eyes and pulled the trigger.

The loud report of the 38-calibre cartridge deafened my ears, and I dared not open my eyes.

There was a wild scuffling of feet, the sound of a body falling heavily, and a deep, shuddering groan. I tried to shout, but no sound issued from my lips. My throat was parched, my head bursting. Raising slowly on my trembling limbs, I shivered with a ghostly ague, spots of fire seemed to dance before me, and the rank odour of the powder came to my nostrils like fumes from the infernal. Only a moment thus, however, and I felt myself wilt and knew no more for a long time.

When I regained consciousness, I was lying prone on the floor. Dazed, bewildered, I stammered "Wh-what!" then memory came like a flash, and I groaned in an agony. Feeling horror-stricken as I did, I was sick at heart for having lost my nerve and firing when I had. "Oh, why didn't I wait a moment; why didn't I light a match! Fool, fool, cowardly fool!" and tottering on my knees I bowed my head on the couch and burst into tears, sobbing aloud. My face touched the leather covering of the couch and I gasped, as the touch was like that of a cold corpse.

Slowly I raised my head and turned toward the window. Ah! hail glad day! Never have I welcomed dawn as I did the faint glimmer of red showing under the clouds away in the east. The rain had ceased, and the clouds were drifting away. Dawn came quickly, and struggling slowly to my feet I ventured feebly

across the floor and cautiously peeped out the window—where I felt sure lay a stiffened corpse, I knew not whose.

Well, at the first look I rubbed my eyes, and while a strange, sweet joy thrilled me, I looked again and walked, boldly, close up to the window. There, prone on the grass and dead as a door-nail, lay a fine brindle cow, a crimson spot on her forehead showing where the bullet had entered.

It all came to me like a flash. The innocent beast had been peacefully nipping the grass that grew along the side of the

building; the footsteps I had heard so plainly were hers; the wire-cutting process I had listened to was the cow's horns now and then striking the lattice. Evidently having eaten her fill, she stood before the window with head thrust forward complacently chewing her cud, when I fired. Great Scott! how foolish and sick I felt!

It turned out to be Widow Jones' only cow, and—well, paying for the animal was a small part of the price I paid for the affair, for, of course, the story got around, and you can imagine the teasing I suffered.

In An Old Garden

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

TO-DAY I walked in dreamful mood adown
 A garden old, where westerling shadows lay
 Athwart the tawny sward. The maple's crown
 Was crimson, the winding paths were brown,
 And past me drifted on their airy way
 White fleets of thistledown.

There was a brooding and a mild content,
 A gentle loneliness about the close;
 The purple hazes of October blent
 With rip'ning air, and branches downward bent
 To touch my hair: but there was not a rose—
 The way I went.

The bleached vines clung where roses used to blow
 In lilting June, and all the leaves were sere,
 But sumacs tried to counterfeit their glow,
 And pale-hued asters wavered to and fro,
 The cherished darlings of the waning year,
 Reluctant still to go.

And, listening there, I heard all trem'lously
 Footfalls of autumn passing on her way,
 And in the mellow silence every tree
 Whispered and crooned of hours that used to be,
 And a lone wind like some lost thing astray
 Went moaning fitfully.

But not a note of laughter rang to-day
 In all the garden alleys still and sere,
 There where our lingering footsteps used to stray,
 And ever sought and found some dear delay,
 For those who laughed when roses crowned the year
 Were all now far away.

The Over-Song of Niagara

BY J. D. LOGAN

WHY stand ye, nurslings of Earth, before my gates,
Mouthing aloud my glory and my thrall?
Are ye alone the playthings of the fates,
And only ye o'ershadowed with a pall?
Turn from this spectacle of strength unbound—
This fearful force that spends itself in folly!
Turn ye and hark above the organ-sound
My Over-song of Melancholy!

*'I rush and roar
Along my shore,—
I go sweeping, thundering on;
Yet my days, O man,
Are but as a span,
And soon shall my strength be gone!
My times are measured
In whose hand I am treasured,
(Think not of thy little day!)
Though I rush and roar
Along my shore,
I am passing away—
Passing away!'*

*'The sun and the moon
They too shall soon
Sink back into eternal Night:
All earth and the sea
Shall cease to be,
And the stars shall melt in their flight!
Their times are measured
In whose hand they are treasured,
(Think not of thy little day!)
The celestial throng
Chant my Over-song,—
Passing away,—
Passing away!'*

Then stand not, nurslings of Earth, before my gates,
Mouthing aloud my glory and my thrall:
Not ye alone are playthings of the fates,
Nor only ye o'ershadowed with a pall!

But hark to my song
As I sweep along,
Thundering my organ-tone—
*'O vain is all Life,
O vain is all Strife,
And fruitless the Years that have flown!
As the Worst; so the Best—
All haste to their rest
In the void of the primal Unknown.'*

Fruit Growing in Nova Scotia

By F. C. SEARS

A picturesque business in Evangeline's Land, the home of the Gravenstein.

ASIDE from those few who habitually confound Nova Scotia with Nova Zembla, and who therefore think of it as a region of perpetual ice and snow, almost everybody knows that Nova Scotia grows the finest apples in the world.

I have often speculated on why this was. I remember once hearing an eminent authority on fruit growing say that it was a well-recognised fact among those who had studied the matter that the farther north fruit would come to full maturity the finer it was likely to be. And my friend, Mr. R. W. Starr, of Wolfville, once showed me a letter from the late Charles Downing, in which he acknowledged the receipt of some Nova Scotia Gravensteins, and remarked, among other interesting things, that from only one other section of the continent did he receive apples of such generally high quality as from Nova Scotia, and that other section was the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina. And he attributed this excellence to high latitude in the one case, and high altitude in the other. But that doesn't explain the matter. It merely shifts the speculation from "why Nova Scotia grows fine fruit" to "why northern climates in general do." And as Lawson has rather given speculation a black eye of late, we will go no further than to say that it has seemed to me the extreme shortness of the growing season in Nova Scotia has at least something to do with it. And when I compare the

way apples grow up here in Nova Scotia with the way they grow in some parts of the west where I have lived, I'm like the politician, I convince myself that I am right whether anybody else is convinced or not. In Nova Scotia apples do not come into blossom until about the first of June, and we are picking them (*some of them*) the last of August. In order to come to maturity in that time they have to rush things, and their tissues are crisp and juicy and fine. But out in the west they have two or three months longer in which to grow, and as they mull along through the hot days of July and August, putting on an occasional extra cell, is it any wonder that they incline to get "set in their ways" and are a bit tough and leathery?

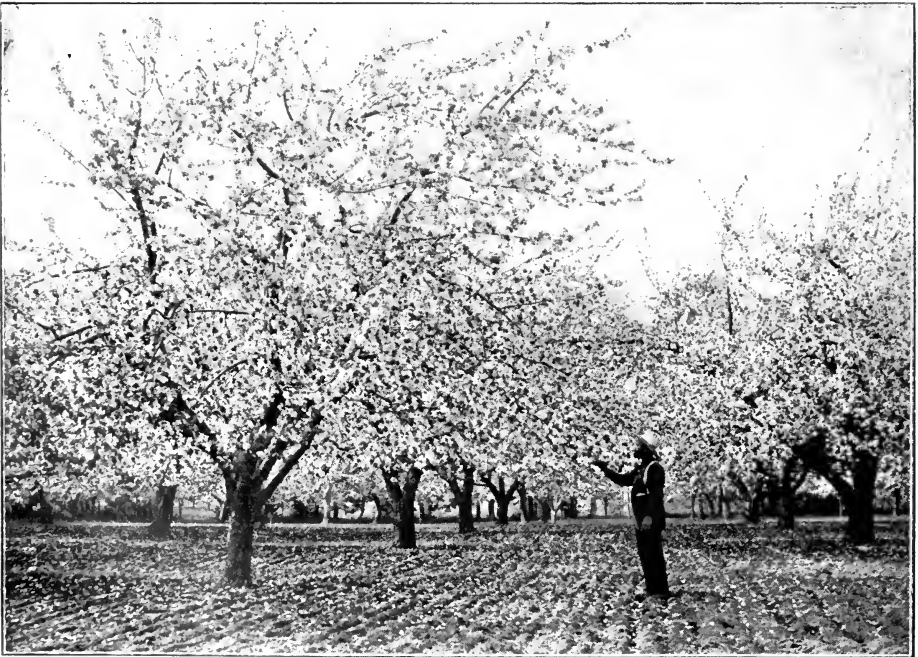
I well remember my first introduction to Nova Scotia fruit growing. It was one of those bright, cool days of early autumn, which I think are another factor in the quality and appearance of Nova Scotia apples. A friend had asked me to take a drive from Wolfville over to Starr's Point, one of the finest fruit sections of the whole Annapolis Valley. And as we drove across the wide dykelands, then covered with innumerable cattle; over the Cornwallis River with the tide rushing out to sea; past old French relics in the way of ancient apple trees, still apparently healthy though a hundred and fifty years have passed since they were planted; old French willow trees of equal age, and old French

"trails"; with Blomidon and the North Mountain always in sight as a background to the whole scene, I thought to myself (and said to my friend) that no industry ever had more beautiful and interesting surroundings.

We met numbers of teams laden with barrels of apples which they were taking to the railway station for shipment to Halifax, and thence to England. And I noticed at once the, to me at least, peculiar type of waggon which they used. It is called a "sloven-waggon" (doubtless for some good reason), and while the wheels are of ordinary size, the axles are bent so as to bring the bottom of the bed within a few inches of the ground. And as the sides are removable this does away almost entirely with the lifting of apple barrels in loading.

When we finally arrived at the particular orchard which we "had in view," we found things all activity. The early apples, Gravensteins, Ribston Pippins, and the like, were being gathered, and either packed immediately in the orchard or taken to the warehouse and there allowed to stand for a few days

until wanted for shipment, which gives them time to become thoroughly cooled, a very important factor in their arriving at their final destination in good condition. The pickers used long ladders of a type then new to me, the two side pieces coming together at the upper end, which allowed of their being placed in the crotch of a limb and staying firmly where they were put, instead of tipping about as the ordinary ladder with straight sides will often do. Baskets with swing tails were used, each basket having an iron hook on the tail which could be hooked over a limb of the tree or a rung of the ladder, thus allowing the picker to have both hands free for picking. And the apples as gathered were *placed* in the baskets, not dropped or tossed into them. The rule there was that no apple was to be let go of until it was in contact with those already in the basket; and a very important rule it is too, with fruit like our Nova Scotia Gravensteins. A Ben Davis, or even a Baldwin, will stand a good deal of buffeting and still turn up smiling, but the feelings of a Gravenstein are too easily hurt for that



A GRAVENSTEIN ORCHARD IN BLOOM



THE SPRAYER AT WORK

sort of treatment. I have heard of fruit sections where the usual salutation among growers in the autumn is—"Well, have you shaken your apples yet?" But if that place is in Nova Scotia I have yet to see it. And the almost equally barbarous custom of piling the apples on the ground as picked is never practised here. It may do very well where one wants an impressive picture for a magazine article to be labelled "Ten thousand bushels of apples from one orchard," but to me the impressive feature of such a picture is not the large quantity of apples shown, but the small quantity of sense. Here in Nova Scotia the apples are poured into the barrels by the pickers (which is done by lowering the basket into the barrel and then inverting it so as to reduce bruising to the minimum), and they are not again disturbed until they are packed for market, which may be the next day or the next week, or not until the following April. With the winter sorts (Baldwins, Northern Spies, Golden Russets, Non-

pareils and the like), which are to stand for some time, the heads are put into the barrels (upside down so as to give more room in the barrels), and they are then stored away in the cellar or warehouse till wanted.

But to return to my story. The packing was being done in the orchard by the owner, assisted by a few of his best men. They used a packing table somewhat like a large wheel-barrow with a flat top, which could be wheeled about from one part of the orchard to another, as the picking progressed. Over this was spread a heavy blanket as an additional safeguard against bruising. Of course they had, as every packer who *thinks* has, a lot of little peculiarities of their own, but the points which interested me particularly were: 1st, that every barrel was labelled "Nova Scotia," not "Canadian" or "N.S.," but "Nova Scotia." They knew their apples had a good reputation, and they were going to take full advantage of it, and let everyone know where the apples were grown;

2nd, the use of the "pulp head" in each barrel. This is a piece of light paste-board made from wood pulp and cut just the size of the head of the barrel. On it is printed something of this sort—"Choice Nova Scotia Apples, Grown and Packed by John Moon & Son, Starr's Point, Nova Scotia, No. 1 Gravensteins." When the empty barrel is placed head downward ready for packing, this pulp head is placed in the bottom of it with the letters down so that when that end of the barrel is opened in the London market, the first thing seen is this pedigree of the fruit contained. The pulp head, therefore, acts as an advertisement for the growers of the fruit, and it also serves in some slight degree as a cushion to keep the fruit from being bruised, and lastly it keeps any dust, etc., which might by any chance get into the barrel, from coming in contact with the face of the fruit, so that the face turns up as clean and bright and smiling in Liverpool or London as it was the day it was packed.

The removal of the stems from the first or "face" layer of apples was new to me. This is done with a peculiar pair of nippers, the object being to prevent the stem from bruising the fruit and thus causing decay. The fruit was sorted into three grades, which were branded "No. 1," "No. 2" and "No. 3." (Many growers in the Province use X's to denote the grades, "XXX" being equivalent to "No. 1," "XX" to "No. 2," and "X" to "No. 3," but the plain figures are gaining in popularity.) In some varieties of apples they made a special grade of the largest and finest, which were labelled "Extra." This was done partly with the hope of getting an "extra" price for them, but more largely with the idea of making what remained more uniform. The owner explained that what were left would actually look better and therefore *sell* better when the few over-large specimens were taken out. Grades 1 and 2 were sent principally to England, while grade 3 went to some local market, to Halifax, St.



PICKING APPLES IN NOVA SCOTIA

Note the point of the ladder, which enables it to be pushed through the branches.



SORTING AND PACKING

The table can be pushed about like a wheelbarrow, the legs being movable.

Johns, Newfoundland; Sydney, Cape Breton, or to some of the smaller towns, or was made into vinegar or canned. This last method of disposing of the lower grades is increasing, and it will be a grand thing for the fruit industry of the province when everything under a No. 2 is used in some such way.

Since the passage of the "Fruit Marks Act," methods of packing have materially improved with the average grower. There is less tendency to "over-face" the barrels and more certainty that the centre of the barrel will consist of edible fruit. I quite agree with those who hold that you "can't legislate a man honest"; but in this case the very few packers who wilfully and intentionally packed their apples fraudulently, have been "legislated" so that they *act* as if they were honest, which, in a sense, is quite as good. With the great majority the improvement has come as a matter of education. The law has prompted them to give the matter more thought, and the inspectors have been quite as willing to show how packing *ought* to

be done as to condemn that which was packed as it ought *not* to be. And, as every barrel *must* be branded with the grower's name, no matter where the fruit is marketed, whether just around the corner, or in Boston, Berlin, or some other place, the grower can still be held responsible if complaint is made to the Canadian Department of Agriculture.

But I am wandering again from my Starr's Point orchard. Many other things than the actual work going on in the orchard were of interest as showing what *had* been done and how. The large apple warehouse where the apples are stored and where all the packing (except the very earliest varieties) is done, was a model in construction and convenience. The cellar walls and floor of cement concrete, and the superstructure of lumber (with laths and plaster and building paper used freely to secure air-tight spaces), gave a building perfectly frost-proof, where apples might be stored safely in any weather. Aside from these private warehouses on the farms, practically every station on the

railway throughout the whole length of the Annapolis Valley, has its large apple warehouse for storage and shipment. Many stations have two or three. They are built by co-operative companies, by private speculators, and by English commission firms. In them the barrels of apples are stored as they are brought from the farms ready for shipment to Halifax on the arrival of an English steamer. And whereas, before the advent of these railway warehouses farmers had only a few hours' notice, or at most a day, of the steamer's arrival, and were obliged to haul their apples to the station no matter what the weather; *now* they may choose any time within a week and get them in comfortably even in winter. Of course, some fruit is stored in these houses in the autumn, but as the packing is done only a short time before shipment, it is generally found most convenient to store the fruit on the farm, as in the case of our Starr's Point grower.

The oldest part of his orchard was at that time some forty years set; clean,

healthy and vigorous; just in its prime, and good for another century at least, while the subsequent plantings ranged all the way down to the previous spring. These plantings have gone on since then until, in the spring of 1905, the last piece of upland, six and one-half acres, was set, "just to even things out," making between sixty and seventy acres of orchard, principally apples. And most other growers of the province have done the same, till the fruit industry is very largely confined to apple growing; with many men entirely so. And while this collecting of our horticultural eggs so largely in one basket may be bad on general principles, yet when we consider how seldom anything has happened to this basket in the past, we are forced to the conclusion that Nova Scotia growers are not foolhardy in risking the very few upsets which occur.

About twenty-five cows were kept in the barn and fed there practically the year round. They were principally Jerseys, and the milk sold at the creamery



A SPLENDID APPLE BARN

gave a good profit on their keep. But the prime object for which they were kept was the manure, for sixty-five acres of orchard consumes a large amount of fertiliser. The barn manure is supplemented by bone meal and muriate of potash, the latter especially being used liberally, from 200 to 500 lbs. per acre each spring.

A rank crop of crimson clover was growing in a part of the orchard, and I was told (and subsequent experience has confirmed the report) that it was most satisfactory as a cover-crop. But whatever may be used for the purpose, some kind of cover-crop always forms a part of the yearly programme for the orchard. Another part is spraying, and we saw the large force pump mounted on a hundred-gallon cask which was then used for the purpose, but which has since been replaced by a gasoline power sprayer, which does the work more quickly, more easily, better, and just as cheaply.

We were asked to stay to dinner and accepted (everyone *is* asked, and after one experience *always* accepts if at all

possible); we rang up the folks at home on the telephone and told them what we had done (and we *might* have telephoned to Halifax or Annapolis or anywhere else in the province, had we wished to); we read the day's paper, which arrived while we were there by the mail which is brought to the door; we were shown upstairs to prepare for dinner, and found there as pretty a little "Delft" bathroom as one would see in a week's journey anywhere; we saw the fine driving horse in the barn waiting only for a little lull in the rush of business to be given some exercise (in fact, he didn't have to wait that long, for the ladies drove him to Wolfville that afternoon); we saw the beehives, and the tennis court and the croquet ground, and the rose garden and the kitchen garden. And as we drove home through the twilight and I thought of all that I had seen and heard during the day, I again thought to myself, and again said to my friend that such a life would be good enough for me. And after seven years of added observation I think so yet.



By Way of Preface

By W. EVERARD EDMONDS

Lamenting the disappearance of the preface, a part of our literature that is of great importance.

I HAPPENED to pick up a volume the other day written by a Canadian, Ralph Connor, and entitled "The Doctor." I wondered what manner of man the author might be, and so I turned to the preface to read what he had to say there. But, alas, there was no preface! Is this then the latest fashion in fiction? Is the preface, like its old companion, the dedication, now relegated to the limbo of the obsolete? But let us not generalise too hastily? We must collect further evidence. Ah! here is Richard Whiteing's "No. 5 John Street." The date is given, 1899, but there is no preface.

One more trial. What is this? "The Splendid Spur," by "Q," written ten years earlier. Surely here we shall find what we seek. No, but *Mirabile dictu!* there is, will you believe, an abbreviated dedication. But to the case in point. Here are three representative works of present day fiction, and not one has a preface. It may be that our modern writers consider prefatory remarks too egotistical. No artistic worker is as self-conscious as he used to be; talent and genius mix more and more on equal terms with the common run of mankind.

But there is such a thing as over depreciation of genius, and there are worse things than egotism in literature. By many, I am sure, the absence of the preface will be regarded as a distinct loss. In a certain way there is nothing equal to it. Avowed autobiography tends to attudinising, but

in dealing with his literary convictions, or with those psychological experiences that express themselves in his book, a man generally sticks to the truth.

Here is "David Copperfield." Does not that modest preface lend force to my argument:

I do not find it easy to get sufficiently far away from this book, in the first sensations of having finished it, to refer to it with the composure which this formal heading would seem to require. My interest in it is so recent and strong; and my mind is so divided between pleasure and regret—pleasure in the achievement of a long design, regret in the separation from many companions—that I am in danger of wearying the reader whom I love, with personal confidences and private emotions. Besides which, all that I could say of the story, to any purpose, I have endeavoured to say it.

It would concern the reader little, perhaps, to know how sorrowfully the pen is laid down at the close of a two-years' imaginative task; or how an author feels as if he were dismissing some portion of himself into the shadowy world, when a crowd of the creatures of his brain are going from him forever. Yet, I have nothing else to tell, unless, indeed, I were to confess (which might be of less moment still) that no one can believe this narrative in the reading, more than I have believed it in the writing
.....

So much for Dickens. Let us now have the masterpiece of another writer of the last century. Here is an illustrated edition of "Vanity Fair." Surely the great satirist's soul is laid bare to us in that whimsical preface which introduces his *opus magnum* to the public:

As the manager of the Performance sits before the curtain on the boards, and looks into the Fair, a feeling of profound melancholy comes over him in his survey of the bustling place. There is a great quantity of eating and drinking, making love and jilting, laughing and the contrary, smoking, cheating, fighting, dancing and fiddling; there are bullies pushing about, bucks ogling the women, knaves picking pockets, policemen on the look-out, quacks (*other* quacks, plague take them!) bawling in front of their booths, and yokels looking up at the tinsel-dancers and poor old rouged tumblers; while the light-fingered folk are operating upon their pockets behind. Yes, this is Vanity Fair; not a moral place certainly; not a merry one, though very noisy. Look at the faces of the actors and buffoons when they come off from their business, and Tom Fool washing the paint off his cheeks before he sits down to dinner with his wife and the little Jack Puddings behind the canvas. The curtain will be up presently, and he will be turning over head and heels, and crying, 'How are you?'

A man with a reflective turn of mind, walking through an exhibition of this sort, will not be oppressed, I take it, by his own or other people's hilarity. An episode of humour or kindness touches and amuses him here and there—a pretty child looking at a ginger-bread stall; a pretty girl blushing whilst her lover talks to her and chooses her fairing; poor Tom Fool, yonder behind the waggon, mumbling his bone with the honest family which lives by his tumbling; but the general impression is one more melancholy than mirthful.....

Pass we now, as one of its exponents would say, to the great romantic school. Scott's prefatory remarks, I fear, are too long to challenge our attention now. But here is Bulwer Lytton's "Eugene Aram." Is not this preface almost as good as an autobiography?

Since, dear Reader, I last addressed thee in 'Paul Clifford,' nearly two years have elapsed, and somewhat more than four years since in 'Pelham' our familiarity first began. The tale that I now submit to thee differs equally from the last as from the first of those works; for, of the two evils, perhaps it is even better to disappoint thee in a new style, than to weary thee with an old. With the facts on which 'Eugene Aram' is founded, I have exercised the common and fair license of writers of fiction; it is chiefly the more homely parts of the real story that have been altered; and for what I have added and what omitted, I have the sanction of all established authorities, who have taken greater liberties with characters yet more recent, and far more protected by historical recollections. The book was,

for the most part, written in the early part of the year, when the interest of the task created in the author was undivided by other subjects of excitement, and he had leisure enough not only to be *nescio quid meditans nugarum*, but also to be *totus in illis*!

I originally intended the story of Eugene Aram to the Stage. That design was abandoned when more than half completed; but I wished to impart to this Romance, something of the nature of tragedy—something of the more transferable of its qualities. Enough of this; it is not the author's wishes but the author's books, that the world will judge him by. Perhaps, then (with this I conclude), in the dull monotony of public affairs, and in those long winter evenings when we gather round the fire, prepared for the gossip's tale, willing to indulge the fear, and to believe the legend, perhaps, dear reader, thou mayest turn, not reluctantly, even to these pages, for at least a newer excitement than the *cholera*, or for a momentary relief from the everlasting discussions on "the Bill."

Lytton's closing words suggest another reason for the decline of the preface:

"Those long winter evenings, when by the fire the gossips' tale went round, are now past and gone. We live in a different age; the hearth has disappeared, and families no longer spend their evenings at home; modern readers are too busy to read prefaces and modern authors are too busy to write them. They consider the time more profitably spent in writing the opening chapters of the next book."

It was vastly different in former days. Then the popular writer was an artist, not an artisan. Pride in his own peculiar talents, as well as the respect and admiration of his contemporaries, precluded a large output from his pen, but what *was* written, was written with the utmost care. A book therefore usually represented the labour of years. It was a brain child whose birth betokened long months of seclusion and great travail of soul to the loving parent. Others were inspirations. And here surely is one such, one which has been translated into more than eighty languages, its author, John Bunyan; its name, "The Pilgrim's Progress." How came this wonderful child to see the light? Ah! here it is, "The Apology of the Author":

When at the first I took my pen in hand
Thus for to write, I did not understand
That I at all should make a little book

In such a mode; nay, I had undertook
 To make another; which, when almost done
 Before I was aware, I this begun.
 And thus it was; I writing of the way
 And race of saints, in this our gospel day,
 Fell suddenly into an allegory
 About their journey, and the way of glory
 In more than twenty things which I set down.
 This done, I twenty more had in my crown;
 And they began to multiply,
 Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.
 Nay, then, thought I, if that you breed so
 fast

I'll put you by yourselves, lest you at last
 Should prove *ad infinitum*, and eat out
 The book that I already am about.
 Well, so I did, but yet I did not think
 To show to all the world my pen and ink
 In such a mode; I only thought to make
 I knew not what; nor did I undertake
 Thereby to please my neighbour; no, not I,
 I did it mine own self to gratify.

Well, when I had thus put mine ends to-
 gether,
 I showed them others, that I might see
 whether
 They would condemn them, or them justify;
 And some said, Let them live; some, Let
 them die;
 Some said, John, print it; others said, not so;
 Some said, It might do good; others said, no.
 Now I was in a strait, and did not see
 Which was the best thing to be done by me;
 At last I thought, since you are thus divided,
 I print it will, and so the case decided.

And now, before I do put up my pen,
 I'll show the profit of my book; and then
 Commit both thee and it unto that Hand
 That pulls the strong down, and makes weak
 ones stand.

This book, it chalketh out before thine eyes,
 The man that seeks the everlasting prize.
 It shows you whence he comes, whither he
 goes;

What he leaves undone, also what he does;
 It also shows you how he runs and runs,
 Till he unto the gate of glory comes.
 It shows, too, who set out for life amain,
 As if the lasting crown they would obtain;
 Here also you may see the reason why
 They lose their labour, and like fools do die.
 This book will make a traveller of thee,
 If by its counsel thou wilt ruled be;
 It will direct thee to the Holy Land
 If thou wilt its directions understand;
 Yea, it will make the slothful active be,
 The blind also delightful things to see.

Bunyan, unconscious as a child, does
 not know in defending and explaining
 his work, how much he is talking from his
 own inner being. This is the value of
 the preface, and for this reason its loss
 will be deplored and deeply deplored,
 for there was never invented a better
 way of getting close to that elusive, yet
 most fascinating of mysteries, the hu-
 man soul.

Work

BY OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY

SO stern he seemed and grave and sober-wise,
 This friend of serious mien and patient eyes;
 I teased him oftentimes by jest and smile,
 That he should be so earnest all the while.

Yet, now, when life grows harsh and sad and drear,
 And quondam friends grow laggard, insincere,
 With him alone I find my blest release
 From care—in deep forgetfulness and peace.

The Queen of the Netherlands

By MARY SPENCER WARREN

An intimate account of the domestic life of the only woman ruler in Europe.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN WILHELMINA of the Netherlands—tall, stately, fair-haired, eyes of blue, and clear complexion, with animated, kindly, yet resolute expression—is the only woman ruler in Europe. She is very much beloved by her subjects, and little heard of outside her own kingdom.

Her Majesty was at an early age called upon to reign over a hardy, independent, and tumultuous people; but she who is a child of heroes, a descendant of William the Silent, the nation's idol, has proved herself fully equal to the task; for the Queen and her subjects have the same patriotism, the same ideals and beliefs, and the same love of freedom. The good of the people is Queen Wilhelmina's first care; the happiness and well-being of the sovereign is the people's solicitude; and to each the Netherlands is the first country in the world; and its history—which records splendid fights for right and freedom—is such as cannot be surpassed.

It is now nine years since Queen Wilhelmina took the Oath of Inauguration—a ceremony equivalent to a Coronation—and took the reins into her own hands, her mother having acted as Queen-Regent from the time of Wilhelmina's accession at ten years of age. Already Queen Wilhelmina was a familiar figure to her people, as for years she, accompanied by her mother or governess, had been in the habit of taking daily rides or drives in public, regardless of the weather.

The Coronation, however, was, of course, her first *public* appearance as actual Queen of the country. The ceremony took place at Amsterdam, the old capital, in September, 1898. The entire city was lavishly decorated with Venetian masts, garlands of evergreens, floral crowns, and everywhere orange streamers. A picturesque effect was made by the large numbers of barges which took up their positions in the canals, and formed endless grandstands from which thousands of people watched the processions. The passion for orange, the national colour, was carried to quite an alarming extent in complete dresses for the ladies, large ties for the gentlemen, huge rosettes and button-holes for everybody, and even coats for dogs of all sorts—from the pet pug to the huge animals utilised for drawing milk and grocery carts.

Queen's weather favoured the day, and at an early hour vast numbers of people assembled in the neighbourhood of the Dam, which is the principal square of the city, in which the palace stands. This, known as Het Paleis, is one of the most remarkable palaces in Europe, inasmuch as it is built, not on solid ground in the ordinary way, but on 13,659 stout wooden piles driven into the ground. The entire city is constructed so, for the soil is such that there is no other way of putting up structures; while it is a curious fact that the inhabitants of the city are really living below the level of the sea, which is stoutly dammed out.

For the auspicious occasion the route from the palace to the adjacent State Church was railed off and covered with scarlet carpet; and the pick of the Dutch troops were on duty, as well as the naval and military cadets, who were, indeed, a bodyguard to the Queen. The Queen-Mother and other royal personages drove to the church, but Queen Wilhelmina herself walked the whole way, the procession being headed by gorgeously attired heralds, and the principal officers of State and of the Public Services. The Queen was, of course, the centre of attraction, and very beautiful she looked in her white satin dress embroidered with pearls and diamonds, the yellow cordon of the Orange Nassau Order, and her Royal mantle of rich ruby velvet, which was carried by four aides-de-camp.

The ceremony in the church, or *Nieuwe Kerk*, as it is called, was regal yet simple, and was really nothing more than the solemn exchange of oaths between the Queen and her Parliament in the presence of the most distinguished people of the country. The Dutch have a saying, "No one can crown the King of a free people!" and so there is no actual crowning. The crown of William II was really in the church with the rest of the regalia, but the Queen, in fact, wore a diamond coronet on her way to the church and throughout the ceremony. A throne was specially erected, and Her Majesty, seated thereon, read a part of the formula from the book of the Constitution, and took the Oath of Fidelity with her right hand raised aloft. Then the oaths of allegiance were taken by the chiefs of the Chambers, Services, and orders of nobility in the usual way; at the end of which the King-at-Arms raised his sceptre, exclaiming: "Her Majesty the Queen is solemnly inaugurated. Long live the Queen."

Then Her Majesty passed from the church, to be greeted by the enthusiastic plaudits of the people, mingled with the strains of the regimental bands. She walked very slowly, bowing at each step and visibly moved by the warmth of the greeting accorded; and a pretty feature after the return was when the young Queen took the Queen-Mother by the hand, and led her to the balcony, where together

they faced the vast concourse, Queen Wilhelmina repeatedly waving kisses to her loyal people. Under the Constitution, The Hague and other cities of the Netherlands had the right of royal presence for Coronation festivities, and so, after the Amsterdam celebrations, her Majesty journeyed to other places—the festivities thus being continued many days.

For a little over three years the young Queen reigned somewhat uneventfully; gossips of every country meanwhile apportioning various Princes as the future Prince Consort of the Netherlands. Also, much sage advice was administered by Her Majesty's counsellors as to the suitability of one and another for the coveted position. But Her Majesty—who has always been celebrated for having a mind of her own—was extremely firm on this point, and emphatically announced her determination to choose her own husband, and to wait at least three years from the time of her Coronation ere she married anyone. Queen Wilhelmina's choice ultimately fell upon Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who was in reality a relative many times removed, and the engagement came about in this wise. Her Majesty and the Queen-Mother were staying in the summer of 1901 in the Thuringian Forest, near the estate of Rudolfstadt, where Prince Henry's mother lived. The young people were mutually attracted at their first meeting, and spent much time together, the Prince showing the youthful Queen the beauties of the forest. Her Majesty's own words to her mother on her return from this visit were somewhat significant. "This has been the happiest period of my life," she said. But nothing was really arranged until the autumn, some three months subsequently. Then the two Queens went again to Germany, and the young couple became engaged. Prince Henry, who is four years older than Her Majesty, is the son of Duke Frederick Francis II; he is a great traveller in many lands, India included. He is tall and fair, with clear gray eyes, a firm mouth, and of somewhat retiring manner. Until the betrothal, which took place on the 3rd October, nothing whatever had leaked out to the general public. As a matter of fact, Her Majesty only apprised the Chief

of the Cabinet of the event some three weeks before the public announcement.

This engagement gave general satisfaction throughout the country, and when the young Prince came to The Hague to visit his betrothed, a very enthusiastic welcome was accorded by all classes. The young couple were seen much in public, and the Prince became a general favourite, as he had many qualifications endearing him to the heart of the Dutch. In the first place, his lineage was ancient, going back to Niklat, Prince of the Wends, who flourished in the twelfth century. Next, he was a keen soldier, a first-rate sportsman, and an enthusiastic farmer. These were just the attributes the people admired, and so the Prince was at once an established favourite.

The people looked at each other and smiled when the royal couple drove through the streets of The Hague with a spirited pair, or team, of steeds, each handling the ribbons in turn, like children; or when they rode through the avenue of the beautiful wood near the palace, each emulating the other's pace. Truth to tell, the Prince was far more at home thus engaged than when receiving the plaudits of the crowd.

Of his manly qualities every Dutchman has always been assured, and the splendid gallantry of the Prince at the time of the wreck of the *Berlin* will still be fresh to memory; while the magnificent ovation accorded him on his return to The Hague by the thousands of Hollanders, usually stolid and unmovable, was one of the most remarkable manifestations ever witnessed in that city. When the Queen and the Prince came out on the palace balcony in response to the deafening cheers, the few words spoken by the latter went straight to the hearts of the people: "I did what I could—but I can never do enough for my nation."

Vast preparations were of course made for the wedding, and costly presents poured in from every quarter. These were duly displayed in the palace of The Hague, and consisted principally of beautiful jewels, paintings, pieces of antique furniture, and services of plate from the relatives on either side; while Dresden porcelain and French tapestry were sent respect-

ively by the German Emperor and the President of the French; and diamonds, blue Delft ware, some exquisite needlework, and a suite of Louis XIV furniture, were contributions from the ladies and Town Councils of the principal Dutch cities. Nor must I omit mention of the beautiful Bible, bound in white vellum, with clasps of pure gold, which was given by the seven churches of the Dutch Reformed Faith at The Hague.

Her Majesty's trousseau was nearly all prepared in her own country, and was naturally of considerable magnitude. Queen Wilhelmina has a decided liking for pretty clothes, and when the various patterns were sent to the palace for Her Majesty's choice, her mother made a selection of some plain materials of somewhat sombre hue. But the youthful Queen absolutely rejected them, suggesting that the Queen-Mother might use them if she thought proper, but she herself intended having everything quite pretty. Just a few things were purchased in Paris, the two Queens repairing thither incognito, and doing the shopping in quite an ordinary way, much to her young Majesty's delight.

On the 4th February, the night previous to the wedding (which took place on the 5th of that month, 1902), a choir of 400 persons serenaded the Queen in front of her palace of The Hague, and there was a procession in Her Majesty's honour such as could not be seen in any other country. This was made up of about four thousand persons, consisting of delegates from clubs, syndicates, and trades, dressed in the quaint, somewhat old-fashioned evening dress which Holland affects, accompanied by emblematical cars typical of the fishing and other industries. All these, escorted by cavalry, and played by to the strains of regimental bands, filed past the palace, where the Queen and the Prince stood on a balcony to watch them. On the same evening all sorts of gratuitous amusements were given in the two capitals in honour of the coming event.

The ceremony was celebrated on the following day in the Groote Kerke, or Church of St. Jacob; Prince Henry, in celebration, being created by his future wife Prince of the Netherlands. The day

was a public holiday throughout the country, and the weather, though extremely cold, was brilliantly fine. The civil marriage had first to be celebrated, and this took place in the White Saloon of the palace, in presence of the Minister of Justice, the Recorder of the city, and six witnesses, these consisting of principal officers of State and of the Services. This ceremony consisted in reading certain articles from the Civil Code, which pledged the high contracting parties to mutual fidelity and assistance. The clauses asserting the supremacy of man as the head, and the provision for the administration of property, were retained, contrary to what might have been expected.

Speaking of property, it may be mentioned that Prince Henry was already possessed of considerable means, but Queen Wilhelmina—who is really immensely rich, her income from the Exchequer, Crown Lands, and Dutch East Indies totalling nearly £1,000,000 per year—settled on the Prince a sum of £1,000,000 sterling, the *interest* alone of which would form the allowance, with a proviso that, should Her Majesty predecease him, one-fourth of the million was to be immediately paid in bulk.

By special Act of Parliament, a few words from the Civil Code were omitted, such being: "She is to follow him and to live with him wherever he thinks it good to live." In the eyes of the law the young couple were legally man and wife, but the magnificent ceremony at the church followed. The procession was highly picturesque, and consisted of a series of State coaches and numbers of dignitaries on horseback. The golden and crystal coach, presented by the City of Amsterdam—which was the State conveyance of Queen Wilhelmina—can hold its own for beauty and worth with any State coach of Europe. On this occasion it was drawn by eight magnificent bays, with the State harness decorated with white satin ribbons and orange blossoms, similar favours being worn by the postillions and walking footmen. In accordance with the Dutch fashion, the Queen, her mother, and Prince Henry all rode together in this State coach, Her

Majesty being dressed in pure white silk and cloth of silver, and carrying a bouquet of lilies and orange blossoms, and wearing her illustrious Orders; Prince Henry being in naval uniform.

The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion with palms and lilies of the Annunciation, and drapings of royal blue embossed with the Golden Lions of the Netherlands. Just at the spot where the bride and bridegroom took up their positions was a splendid carpet, embroidered by Court ladies specially for the occasion, on it being two white cushions, handsomely worked by the ladies of The Hague.

The Queen entered leaning on the arm of the Prince, the entire congregation, which included all the diplomatic representatives, as well as many princely personages of the House of Orange, rising to their feet. The Court Chaplain performed the ceremony, and the rings of the bride and bridegroom, together with a handsome Bible, were placed on a silver salver on the plain altar table. The Dutch marriage service, for Queen or peasant, is simple in the extreme. The bridegroom places the ring upon the finger of the bride, and the latter places one upon the finger of the bridegroom; vows are exchanged, an address given, a psalm and a hymn are sung, prayers are offered. Practically that is the entire service, but in the case of a royal bride and bridegroom the music for the entrance and exit is highly elaborate. This was rendered by a large choir of ladies dressed in pure white. It was noticed that during the singing of the hymn the Queen joined in most heartily, the Prince holding the paper containing the words in a convenient position for Her Majesty to read from. At the conclusion of the service the members of the congregation were delighted when the Queen took the initiative, and, turning to her husband, kissed him in sight of all.

The registers were in the usual way signed in a drawing-room at the palace, the wedding breakfast being served in the State dining-room, which was hung with white lilac, ferns, and lilies, and during the afternoon the young couple left for Het Loo, the Queen's favourite country

seat near Apeldoorn. They were escorted by a special guard of honour, splendidly mounted, drawn from the Dutch nobility; this specially improvised guard really attending the Queen in all the festivities connected with her marriage. To celebrate the glad event, Queen Wilhelmina distributed large sums of money amongst the poor, the adults receiving gifts in kind, and the children everywhere being invited to wedding feasts.

There was one fact connected with the Queen's wedding which must not be lost sight of. Her Majesty from childhood had enjoyed—or otherwise—an almost splendid isolation. By virtue of her exalted position there had been no one of her own years, of equal rank, for her to be on anything like familiar terms with. It was only very occasionally that her cousins of Albany paid visits, and when the children of the Dutch *grandeės* attended periodical entertainments at the palaces, it was of course as the subjects, and not the equals, of the Queen. This isolation from friendship continued after Her Majesty's Accession. At State banquets she generally dined with gray heads, and at State balls danced with aged diplomats. So that when Her Majesty was betrothed and married, she for the first time enjoyed youthful companionship on an equality with herself.

Her Majesty's marriage brought about some considerable changes in her life, for from henceforth she had a helper in her onerous task of government, although, of course, the Prince Consort has no right of sovereignty and no political influence. At the same time Her Majesty is wont to consult him on occasions, and there are many questions on which the Prince can give valuable advice. On the whole, the Dutch royal life has been somewhat uneventful, for the Sovereign does not visit other countries in the manner of some monarchs, and it is seldom that a European ruler visits the Netherlands. Her Majesty has had one or two severe illnesses since her marriage, one of which it was feared might prove fatal. But her splendid constitution pulled her through to the relief of all her subjects.

There is a somewhat severe etiquette at the palaces of the Netherlands, the

officials of the State and Household having practically no share in the royal life. Of course, there are periodical functions to which these personages are bidden, such as banquets, gala balls, *levées*, garden parties, and small Court theatrical performances—some given at The Hague, some at Amsterdam, and the garden parties always at Het Loo, the only palace which has grounds sufficiently extensive for the accommodation of the large number of invited guests.

The Palace of the Loo is a fine-looking and imposing building, standing back in a quadrangle, resplendent with gaily-coloured flower beds. In the rear are immense gardens, and the whole is situated in the midst of the most beautiful forest. No more charming and secluded spot for residence could be obtained, and it is no wonder that it is the favourite abode of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort. Here the royal couple lead a life of comparative retirement, following the respective tastes and hobbies to which they are partial. Both the exalted personages are of a particularly active disposition, and seldom indulge in idle moments.

Queen Wilhelmina gets up very early in the morning and dresses quickly; then descends to breakfast, during which she opens her letters, a duty which so far Her Majesty has not relegated to a secretary. With respect to her correspondence, Queen Wilhelmina is most conscientiously particular. She gives her earnest attention to minute details, insists on every letter being answered; and where possible grants petitions to even the poorest of her subjects. She decides quickly, for she thinks quickly, and people who are brought into personal contact with Her Majesty are soon rated according to their merits, for no one is a more shrewd judge of character than is the young Sovereign of the Netherlands.

When Her Majesty was quite a child, she was thoroughly instructed in cooking, exactly as is the usual good fashion amongst the Dutch aristocracy; so she perfectly understands what composes a good dinner, and scans the menu prepared by the *chef*, striking out or putting in dishes which she may not or may prefer. As I have already mentioned, Her Majesty's health has not

been of late years exceptionally good, and the large amount of horse exercise in which she formerly delighted is now somewhat curtailed; but still, on most mornings, the Queen rides, accompanied by her husband or the Master of the Horse.

Luncheon is partaken of at a quite early hour, and in the afternoon it is usual for the Queen and Prince to drive out together, Her Majesty more often than not taking the reins. Mere weather never interferes with this open-air exercise. It never has from the Queen's childhood, and one of her first acts after her Accession was to attend some military manœuvres on horseback, with the rain descending in torrents and the water literally pouring from Her Majesty's hat and cloak. Large numbers of people were deterred from being present by the drenching downpour, but it made no difference to the Queen.

Cycling Queen Wilhelmina has never taken to. As a child she was rather anxious to possess a machine, but her mother and the heads of the Government were fearful of accidents. So much hung on the life of the small Queen that her wish was not acceded to, and since she has grown up she has wondered that anyone cares to ride a bicycle when good horses can be had. She takes occasional motor rides, but she is never so happy out of doors as when behind some of her one hundred odd brown or gray thoroughbreds. Her Majesty is very fond of dogs, of which she has a large number; her favourites being an Irish setter and a white terrier. Also she has numbers of doves, and loves to feed the deer, which come to her.

Her Majesty is an exceedingly good walker—has been accustomed to walking all her life—plays a good game of tennis, and is a most expert skater—as, indeed, are the majority of Dutch ladies, for it is one of the national pastimes. Queen Wilhelmina is also very clever with her pencil and water-colour work, but despite statements to the contrary, she is not musical. Of course, she has been thoroughly trained, can both play and sing, and perfectly understands the merits and demerits of the various artists to whom she from time to time listens; but Her Majesty does not love, she simply endures, concerts. She is

exceedingly fond of reading, and peruses all the best writers in Dutch, German, French, Italian, and English, political economy being one of her favourite studies.

Queen Wilhelmina is naturally of a most affectionate nature, and has the happy faculty of retaining her friends, never forgetting those of her childhood's days. As a matter of fact, her two former governesses are still honoured with annual invitations to the Court.

Although Her Majesty has Russian blood in her veins on her grandmother's side, and is autocratic in some directions, yet she is democratic in others, and has an utter abhorrence of undue ceremony and statecraft. She loves the patriarchal simplicity of the inhabitants of the old Dutch villages—the costumes of which she often wears—and is fond of paying visits to such, Scheveningen more especially being honoured in this respect. This is an exceedingly quaint place, within three or four miles of The Hague. The Queen played on its sands in her childhood and it is a favourite drive when she is staying at The Hague palace. On the other side of The Hague, Her Majesty has a small palace known as "The House in the Wood." This was built in 1647, and has been made famous for all time as the scene of the first Peace Conference.

The Hague is, of course, the political capital, and in the city is the winter palace, where the majority of the Court ceremonies are held. Whatever be the occasion, the company always take up their position in the ball-room or other saloon before the Queen appears. Then Her Majesty is ushered in by officials, walking backwards and making genuflections as at our Court, the guests curtsying and bowing as the royal procession passes. Afterwards the Queen mingles somewhat freely with her guests, pausing to speak to such as are known to her, these forming the major part of those present. On the occasion of a ball at The Hague, Her Majesty dances three or four times during the evening, the Great Ministers of the Powers being selected for partners.

At Amsterdam, however—which is the commercial capital and rejoices in an eight days' Court every April—the Queen does not take part in the balls. She

merely sits on the dais at the end of the room and watches the others. Here, too, there are Court dinners, levées, and receptions, but the formula of appearance is much simplified. Persons wishing to pay their respects, for instance, or to present a petition, call at the palace about five days prior to a specified date, write their names in a book kept for the purpose, then can be sure of admission, providing, of course, no good reason exists for their exclusion.

Whatever ceremony or function Her Majesty may be attending in any place, she is most punctual in her coming and going, and she brings this to bear upon all

her State business. She insists upon everything being placed before her regularly and punctually to be dealt with at once. She signs nothing without thoroughly understanding it, and her firm will and decided judgment have more than once brought her into conflict with her Ministers, but she generally has her way, and the people say the country does not suffer in consequence.

Everyone knows that Queen Wilhelmina is much beloved by her subjects, and it only needs the birth of a son and heir to the throne to complete the satisfaction of Queen and subjects alike.



QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND

The Outlook for Church Union

By FRANCIS ASBURY CARMAN

An account of the movement that aims at uniting the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational denominations.

IS union among the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregationalist Churches of Canada "practical politics?"

This is a question that is being asked more and more frequently and with more urgency these days. There are enthusiasts who answer with an emphatic affirmative that brings the united church into the immediate foreground. There are cynics who disdainfully smile the question out of court. I think, however, after having had the advantage of listening to

the most recent debates on the question in the chief courts of two of the negotiating churches, and having talked the situation over with influential and well-informed members of all three denominations, that a "middle way" answer would be nearer the truth.

The present time lends itself admirably to a summing up. A new stage has been reached in the negotiations. Two of the churches concerned have decided to formally send down to their lower courts the result of the deliberations of the Joint Union Committee, and the third will probably do so after the next meeting of that committee.

The terms of the resolutions passed by the two bodies—the Presbyterian General Assembly and the Methodist General Conference—which have made formal references of the report of the negotiations to their lower courts, are in themselves an index, to a limited degree, of the attitude of the two churches. The Methodist supreme court has renewed its approval of the negotiations and has sent the report down "for information." The Presbyterian General Assembly uses the same form with the addition of "and suggestions." Criticism has so far been more prominent, or at least more outspoken, in the Presbyterian Church than in the Methodist, and the Presbyterian Union Committee is giving the critics an opportunity of making their objections known. Another indication of greater enthusiasm in the Methodist body is the



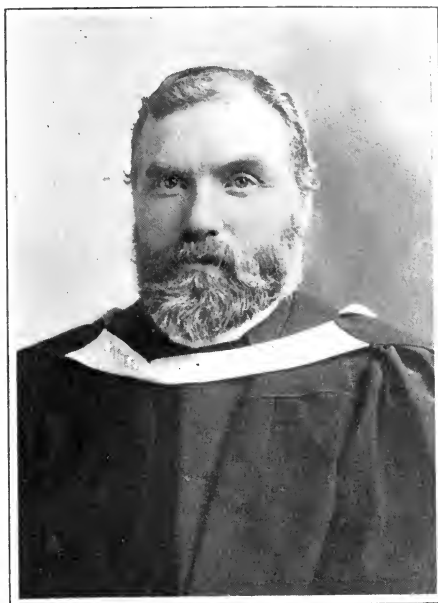
REV. DR. CARMAN

Chairman of the Methodist Committee on Church Union.

clothing of the executive of that church with power to call a special General Conference within four years, should the union negotiations mature sufficiently within that time to justify such a step. This is recognised, however, as distinctly provision for an emergency. It does not imply that the General Conference expects union within four years, merely that it had to make provision for a full quadrennium while the other negotiating churches assemble in their supreme courts annually.

Since the negotiations between the Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists were opened, steps have been taken to broaden their scope. On the suggestion of the Presbyterian General Assembly, the Joint Union Committee communicated with the bishops of the Church of England and with the Baptist Unions. So far, however, no practical result has come from these communications. The Church of England is unable to take any official action until the General Synod meets in 1908; and though some of the leaders in that communion have announced themselves in favour of union on certain terms, it is not thought likely that common ground could be reached at present between them and the three bodies now negotiating. The Baptists of the Maritime Provinces have frankly informed the Joint Union Committee that they would consider nothing but federal union, and it is understood that the Ontario and Quebec Baptists occupy much the same position. In the meantime Baptist attention is concentrated on the formation of a union of all the Baptist communions within the Dominion.

A common policy has been followed by the Union Committees in the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational denominations. That policy has been not to precipitate a debate in the churches until some definite basis of union has been drawn up. Of course, if no such basis can be reached, that would settle the question. But the leaders in the movement, in all three bodies, have steadily and consistently taken the position that to ask a judgment on the general issue of church union without regard to terms, would be sheer folly. It has been ob-



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on Church Union.

jected, on the other hand, that the negotiations of the Joint Committee of the three churches might place the churches themselves in a position whence it might not be easy, or even safe, to retire. Again and again, however, it has been declared in all three chief courts that none of the negotiating parties was bound in any regard.

Only one debate on the subject of union has been held in the chief court of the Methodist Church, owing to the fact that that body meets but once in four years. During that debate the policy of waiting for a basis before discussing the issue was accepted enthusiastically. The tone of the debate, indeed, was reminiscent of that characteristic Methodist institution, the Love-Feast. The very criticisms that were made—and they were few—were directed against details and inspired by enthusiasm for the general plan. Dr. Alexander Langford, of Western Ontario, accused the Presbyterians of unjustifiable action in extending the scope of the negotiations to include the Anglicans and Baptists; he opposed the extension because he feared that it might endanger

the success of the present negotiations. Dr. Langford maintained that the Presbyterians had issued the invitation to the Anglican and Baptist churches without consulting the other bodies, but this charge was formally repudiated by Dr. Alexander Sutherland, missionary secretary and leader in the councils of the Methodist Church. This criticism was uttered on a side-issue before the main debate opened. During the general discussion two amendments were proposed. One affected merely the number of representatives on the committee, but it was at once voted down as possibly implying a reflection on the wisdom of the committee's action. The second, though proposed by the committee itself, met strong opposition and was withdrawn. It declared that the extension of the scope of the negotiations should not be allowed to influence those at present in progress; it was opposed on the ground that it might be construed as implying distrust of the Presbyterians who had proposed the extension. Dr. W. S. Griffin expressed a common sense of the seriousness of putting any obstacles in the road of union, when he said that he was not clear on the question of doctrine, that it would be a wrench to give up Methodism's special

characteristics, but that he was afraid to oppose the movement, lest it should be of God. Throughout the whole debate the feeling in favour of union was evident in a power that silenced all direct criticism. The amendments proposed had short shrift and there was at no time the slightest doubt that the Conference would approve the whole course of the committee.

Neither this year nor last has the tone of the Presbyterian General Assembly been so strongly favourable. Last year the feature of the discussion was the suggestion for the admission of the Anglicans and Baptists into the negotiations. This year there was direct criticism. It was led by Rev. John Mackay, of Montreal, and Rev. W. A. J. Martin, of Brantford, Ontario. The committee had proposed to send down the report of the negotiations for "information and suggestions." Mr. Mackay and his supporters desired to ask the lower courts for a judgment "on the whole question of union and especially on the desirability of union in principle." Rev. James Barclay, of Montreal, seconded by Rev. C. W. Gordon, of Winnipeg, suggested a compromise in the form of a request to the lower courts "to fully consider and express their judgment upon this whole question."

Both opposition parties argued that the church was being led blindly into a situation whence it might not be easy to withdraw, and Mr. Mackay went so far as to declare that he did not believe the people in the pews were in favour of union. The discussion was at times heated, but Principal Patrick, of Winnipeg, chairman of the Presbyterian Union Committee, led his forces with a masterly hand, declined all compromises, and the Assembly finally accepted the recommendation of the committee in its original form and by a large majority. The debate, however, occupied parts of three sittings and there was a respectable vote in favour of the *via media* amendment.

Still more candid language was used at the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec which met this summer at Hamilton. The convention as a whole was distinctly favourable to the general proposal

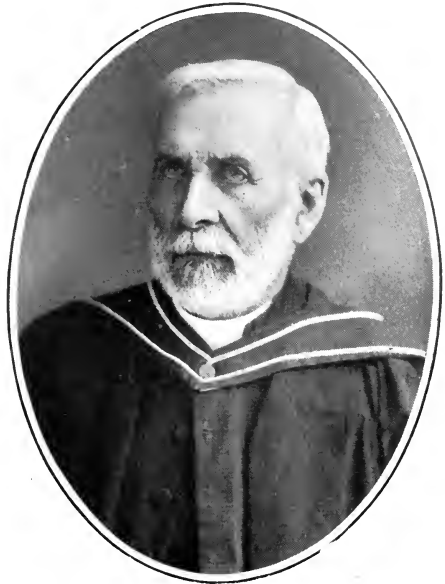


REV. HUGH PEDLEY

Chairman of the Congregational Committee on Church Union.

for union, but was deeply interested in what the terms might be. This was recognised by the Congregational Union Committee and the resolutions presented gave free expression to it. One delegate, Rev. Charles Pedley, of Brantford, however, wanted to go further on the same road, and proposed an amendment declaring that the provision for the liberty of prophesying was absolutely necessary if a number of valuable men were to be carried into the union. His special object was to warn the Methodists that their confidence, of which he had been told, in the case of reaching a basis of doctrine, might be mistaken. Rev. Hugh Pedley, of Montreal, chairman of the committee, was opposed to throwing down the gauntlet to the Methodists at this stage, however, and the amendment was withdrawn. Outside of the discussion of terms two discordant notes were struck. A Quebec clergyman (Rev. J. S. Alexander, of Granby,) declared that his congregation was opposed to union. Rev. John McKillican, of Montreal, though supporting the resolutions of the committee, uttered some pungent criticisms of Presbyterians. For Presbyterians as a whole he expressed high esteem, but declared that some of them "had tried to drag Congregationalism in the mud." The chairman of the convention felt it necessary to express publicly his regret for the utterance of Mr. McKillican and to state that it did not represent the general view of the delegates. Finally the convention adopted, without amendment, the report of the committee providing for the continuation of the negotiations, but that report in itself was more radical than that presented to any other of the three supreme church courts.

Three conferences of the Joint Committee have been held. The first, which met in December, 1904, was confined chiefly to laying down the lines of discussion and organising the sub-committees to which were referred the questions of doctrine, polity, administration and law. After the second conference an official statement was issued, laying down a tentative basis of union and at the third this was further revised, some of the changes being of great importance.



CHANCELLOR BURWASH

Who signed the Report on Doctrine for the Methodists.

From the historical point of view the two great problems which the committee had to solve were the reconciliation of free-will with foreordination, and of connexionalism with independency. In practice the second has caused much more difficulty, and new theological problems of later origin have usurped the traditional place of predestination in the doctrinal discussions.

The centuries-long quarrel between Arminius and John Calvin was settled—tentatively at least—at the second conference and has not since been re-opened. Article III of the doctrinal basis covers this point. It is entitled, "Of the Divine Purpose"; and reads as follows: "We believe that the eternal, wise, holy and loving purpose of God embraces all events, so that while the freedom of man is not taken away, nor is God the author of sin, yet in His providence He makes all things work together in the fulfilment of His sovereign design and the manifestation of His glory." This statement was accepted, of course as tentative, by both the sub-committee and the full session of the Joint Committee.

In fact the revision of the basis of doc-



REV. T. B. HYDE, TORONTO

Who signed the Report on Doctrine for the
Congregationalists.

trine touched, for the most part, only minor points, and though a serious theological issue has arisen in relation to some later developments of theological thought, the issue has been raised not directly on doctrine, but in connection with the relation of the minister to the creed. This issue has been raised frankly and clearly, fearlessly and calmly, by the Congregationalists, both in the Joint Committee and in their own chief courts.

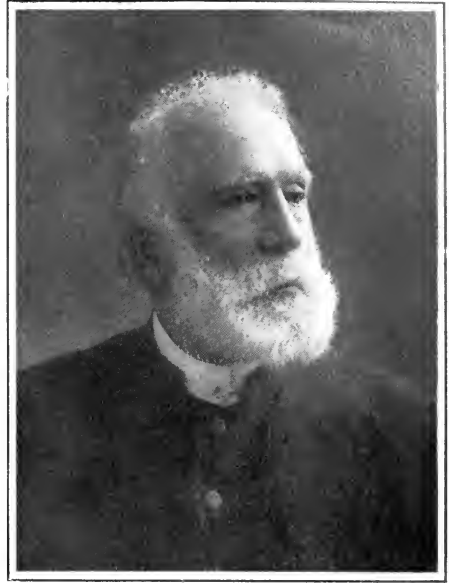
Two paragraphs of the resolutions adopted by the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec at Hamilton in June bore upon this point. The first was a general declaration in favour of a doctrinal statement which should be "simpler and lay greater emphasis on Christian experience and conduct." This resolution was a renewal of a declaration made a year earlier, and it carries also the approval of the Union of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The most striking changes made in the doctrinal basis during its revision may be interpreted as giving some indication of the lines along which the Congregationalists desire to see the creed simplified. This is in relation to the doctrine of the Atonement, the very centre of theo-

logical Christianity. The first statement adopted on this subject spoke of the work of Christ on Calvary in these terms: "For us He fulfilled all righteousness and satisfied eternal justice, offering Himself a perfect sacrifice upon the cross to take away the sin of the world." As revised this reads: "For our redemption He fulfilled all righteousness, offered Himself a perfect sacrifice on the cross, satisfied Divine justice and made propitiation for the sins of the whole world." The difference is not great, but such as it is it tends to smooth down the "judicial" nature of the Atonement and leaves more room for interpretation. The introduction of the term "propitiation" is an adoption of Biblical language, and the change from "sin" to "sins" is a step from the formal towards the actual. In addition to the desire among the Congregationalists for greater simplicity of creed in this direction, it is known that Methodist members of the Joint Committee have given expression to similar wishes, while a considerable section of the ministry in the latter church has strong leanings toward freer interpretation of the Atonement.

The strongest appeal for freedom of belief—or as Rev. Hugh Pedley, chairman of the Congregational Union Committee, has well called it, "liberty of prophesying"—has, however, been made in connection with the relation of the ministry to the doctrinal statement. The Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec, at its last session, put the matter thus: "We consider that it will best safeguard the intellectual integrity of ministers, and at the same time preserve the church from formalism, if at the ordination of candidates to the ministry, they shall not be compelled to give an absolute subscription to a creed, but having before them the doctrinal statement of the church, may frankly and in their own language indicate their relation thereto. It shall then remain with the ordaining body to decide as to the acceptance of the candidate, great importance always being attached to his general spirit and character." This raises the issue clearly. Should this proposal of the Congregationalists be accepted, it would mean that the "Annual Conference, Synod or Union," the or-

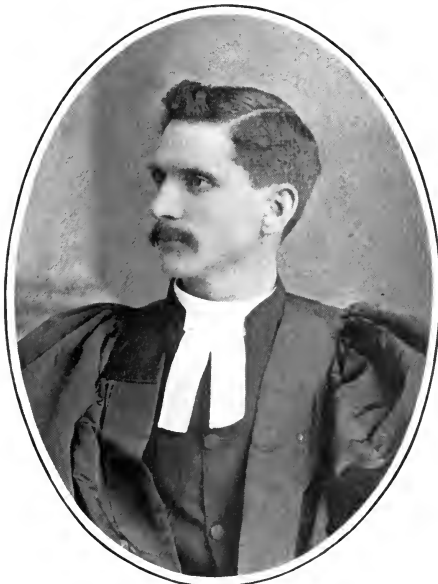
daining body in the United Church, would have the right to admit to the ministry without regard to whether the candidate believed or taught the doctrines laid down in the basis of union. It would, in fact, relegate doctrine to a distinctly subordinate position in the church and provide a ready and easy means for the development of the living creed. So radical is the proposal considered, however, and so earnest are its advocates, that the whole section of the report of the sub-committee on the ministry dealing with the relation of the minister to the creed was laid over for further consideration at the last conference of the Joint Committee.

These deferred clauses throw additional light on the attitude of the members of the Joint Committee, and presumably on the attitude of the negotiating churches, towards doctrinal issues. In the first draft, as agreed to by the members of the sub-committee, it was provided that the candidate for the ministry should be asked these two questions: "(b) Are you persuaded that the Holy Scriptures contain sufficiently all doctrines required for eternal salvation in our Lord Jesus Christ? And are you resolved out of the



REV. JOHN MCKILLICAN, MONTREAL
(Congregationalist)

An outstanding figure against Church Union.



REV. DR. D. M. RAMSAY, OTTAWA

Who signed the Report on Doctrine for the Presbyterians.

said Scriptures to instruct the people committed to your charge and to teach nothing which is not agreeable thereto? (c) Do you believe the statement of doctrine of the United Church, as you understand it, to be agreeable to the teaching of the Holy Scriptures, and is your own personal faith in essential agreement therewith; and as a minister in this Church do you pledge adherence thereto?" These are the questions which the Congregationalists have asked to have omitted from the enquiry into the character and belief of candidates for the ministry. Apparently they are acceptable to the Presbyterian committee, while the Methodists desire that the words, "as you understand it," be omitted from the second question, a desire which, seemingly, indicates a wish to narrow the scope for private interpretation. The whole circumstance is a further evidence of how vital are the questions in relation to which the demand for greater simplicity of doctrine is made; they touch both the Atonement and the infallibility—a narrower term than inerrancy—of the Scriptures.

As the chief doctrinal problem which



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(Presbyterian)

An outstanding figure against the principle
of union.

has arisen has been brought to the front by the Congregationalists, so it is the Congregationalists who have made necessary the reconciliation of independency with connexionalism—the second historic problem previously mentioned. This problem became acute at the third conference of the Joint Committee. At the second conference a report was adopted in sub-committee whereby the “local affairs of the individual church, charge, circuit or congregation” were to be “managed by local boards, sessions or committees, subject to the general legislation, principles and discipline of the United Church.” When this report came to be sent over to the Congregationalist leaders in England, with whom the Canadian Congregationalists have been advising throughout, the verdict was that the case of independency had been given away. Consequently at the third conference this committee re-drafted its report, radically altering its form and matter. Under the new draft a sharp distinction is drawn between “charges existing previous to the union” and “charges to be

formed subsequent to the union.” The former “shall be entitled to continue the organisation and practices enjoyed by them at the time of the union, subject to the general legislation, principles and discipline of the United Church.” Further, any property owned by such charges “shall not be affected by any legislation of the United Church without the consent of the charge for which the property is held in trust.” In charges formed subsequent to the union “the liberty of the individual charge shall be recognised to the fullest extent compatible with” oversight by the ministers, efficient co-operation within the charge, and “the hearty co-operation of the various individual charges, circuits or congregations in the general work of the United Church.”

In this re-drafted statement, which has now been accepted, again only as tentative, by the Joint Committee, the Congregationalists, here and in the Mother Country, believe that they have secured recognition of their substantial claims. The satisfaction expressed with it at the Congregational Union in Hamilton was, however, coupled with a plea for more liberty for the new charges.

These, then, are the chief problems which present the outstanding difficulties in the way of union. The negotiations grew out of a proposal made by the Presbyterian Assembly in 1899 for a conference among evangelical churches with a view to reducing over-lapping in new fields. Following out this policy, conferences were held and mutually self-denying measures were taken by the Methodist and Presbyterian churches in some fields. In 1902 these conferences led up to a formal proposal from the Methodist General Conference for organic union among the three churches now negotiating, and throughout the negotiations the need of co-operation in the face of the tremendous growth of the Dominion has been the great solver of difficulties. Whether it will solve all problems, it would be idle prophecy to say in advance. But in all the three negotiating churches the leaders are convinced that only the most vital differences will any longer justify the waste of money, of men, and of moral power which the present situation entails.

The Heart of Kerry

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

*How an appeal of human interest played upon opposing parties
and brought about the settlement of a great strike.*

SO she dared. Again he held before his unbelieving eyes the great, green bill whereon her name was flaunted in tall, black letters. Then, while he still struggled with his incredulity, the girl who had dared came in. There was a slightly defiant arch to her proud, black brows, as if she knew that he knew she had dared. Ostentatiously she flung off her gloves, rustled over to the window, and gazed down into the foggy street.

"I thought I should never get here, Mr. Phillips!"

He folded the green bill leisurely. "I was not expecting you," he replied.

"King and Main streets are blocked with an idle, yelling horde. Ugh! They are loathsome, though they are your dear, dear workingmen, Mr. Phillips. How this strike must rejoice your democratic soul!"

He accepted the thrust without a quiver, for a half-turn of her face was revealing a malicious gleam of ivory between the scarlet threads of her lips. She was wilfully misunderstanding him, so he would not take the trouble to explain that he had been holding the street railway men in leash for a month, while he proclaimed from every available platform the advisability of enduring their grievances a little longer, before trying the last, desperate expedient of a strike.

In lieu of explanations, he unfolded the green paper, and opened fire abruptly on the subject that claimed both their

thoughts. "Under the patronage of the Mesdames Chesterfield and Conway-Moore, your charity concert should be a decided success." His large, homely features were screwed into innumerable sarcastic curves and wrinkles, as he mentioned the names of the society leaders under whose wings his favourite pupil was about to make her *début*.

His favourite pupil nodded.

"I see your programme includes *The Heart of Kerry*." He was wont to say of *The Heart of Kerry*, that it was his masterpiece; that if he lived to be a hundred and strove to earn fame every day, he would still be remembered solely as the author of *The Heart of Kerry*. It was only a simple poem, depicting the struggles of a workingman and his family against poverty, sickness, and abuse. Perhaps because Phillips was himself poor, struggling and abused, was the reason it played so wonderfully on the feelings of the public.

"I see your programme includes *The Heart of Kerry*," he repeated, giving her a compelling look, under which she flushed rosily.

"Confess, Professor, that you were flattered to have your favourite poem so ably handled, before a critical audience, by your favourite pupil."

He made a bitter gesture. "Is it from the generous notion that you can make them subscribe a large charity fund?"

"Partly. A thousand dollars is a

donation the Kerrys of this city will not despise."

"Donation! Charity! Rank words! Let them pay Kerry his wages. Good Heavens, he asks for a chance, not charity."

She hummed a frivolous air.

"I had hoped," he continued, more calmly, "that you would recite *The Heart of Kerry* for me sometime—at one of our great mass meetings, before men and women who would understand. Will you cast my pearl before swine?"

"In behalf of the Chesterfields and the Conway-Moores, I thank you."

"You will never read *The Heart of Kerry* until I give you permission. I will prevent it."

"But how?" she laughed.

"Gracious, girl, the poem is mine!"

"It is also mine. You have poured it red-hot from your soul into mine."

Clearly, compulsion did not answer his turn. As a master-strategist, he allowed a mellow tone to creep into his voice. "Lally, truly now, why do you want to tell the story of Kerry to those people who can never understand Kerry's heart?"

Evading his eye and hand, she sprang up like a queen of tragedy. "Why? Oh, because of its room for fine shades of inflection, because of its pathos." She began a semblance of shivering, and her voice iced the room as she recited:

Ever the storm-wolf howled and raved
abroad,
Nosing the battered door for toothsome prey.
Within, a little, dolorous, human shape,
Upon his bed the sick child lay; and all
Above lay heaps of rags, this coat, that
shawl,
To coax the heat within the wasted frame.

Then raising her arms tragically:

He died! Hear me, O smiling, plenteous
earth!

For one so young has little need to die
He died for breath withheld—

"Stop! Do not tell us how he died.
That requires soul."

She stopped, bit her lip in chagrin, while her black eyes flashed menace on the thousand hapless Kerrys thronging in the street below. Then, when her voice was steady, she said irrelevantly:

"I see your *protégé*, Patsey Quin, looking up at me with his ridiculously solemn eyes. I say, what makes him look like that?"

"Hunger," said Phillips promptly.

"Nonsense! He doesn't like me, and therefore my best smile is frozen in his icy frown of disapproval. Oh, look! Quick! That horse! Mercy, will the boy be killed?"

When Phillips reached the window, he merely saw Patsey riding on the bridle of a restive and powerful horse, whose owner was pushing into his left hand a coin. The man had a thick face and muddy eyes. He was on the stairs. He stood in the door in their very midst, like a ponderous cat, crouching with claws concealed. From mere repulsion Phillips went pale as paper.

"Is Miss Van Allan here?" A pipe being the constant adornment of the left side of his mouth, he had learned to talk out of the right side, which conveyed the expression of an habitual sneer. "Ah, Lally, is your lesson over? The streets are no longer safe for pedestrians. A pretty turmoil you have stirred up, Mr. Phillips, with the devil knows how much bloodshed before it receives its quietus."

Again Austin Phillips smilingly laid bare his bosom to the stab, but he turned appealing eyes on Miss Van Allan with the unspoken entreaty in them that she should send this man about his business.

"Lesson!" exclaimed Lally, coming out of the shadows; "I have had no lesson to-day—except one in deportment. Mr. Phillips has been so horrid; at least, I mean we have both been quarrelling. My gloves! There, dear Dick, I believe I am quite ready." Moreover, because the stairs were dark, she took "dear Dick's" arm to the street.

Phillips strode to the window. The violent bay was making nasty plunges, with Patsey Quin still riding on his bit. They laughed and chattered an unconscionable time while tucking in the robes, and when they were ready, the audacious girl looked up and waved her hand. "There, I'll leave him on the rack for a while," she murmured. Unluckily,

she knew Austin Phillips to be a very fit subject for torture.

How long had she been calling Richard Haliday "dear Dick?" Phillips wondered. "Dear Dick" was the man who had spoken of her before a crowd of men as "the charming little Van Allan, by George!" He was the man who opposed his heart interests at every turn, whether in the complex game of love, or as a leader of capital against a leader of labour, or as a rich rogue against an honest man. Stop, he must consider it was pure jealousy swishing the lash across his feelings, and blinding him to Haliday's better qualities. "Lally!" "Dear Dick!" It was unbearable. It must be stopped. Then he braced up, laughed shortly, and called Patsey Quin. There was still left to him—his work.

Austin Phillips had turned his genius for rhetoric into two channels. As a teacher of elocution, he had directed the voices of youth to sweeter speech, purer accent, nobler thought; also he used his own silvery logic from the public rostrum to swing men around to broader views on public questions. Gradually becoming identified with the great labour movements, he stood in the city for personal liberty, the champion of the workingman everywhere.

"Can you get over to Camden Crescent?" he asked of Patsey Quin.

Patsey bent on him great caressing eyes. "Yes, sir," he replied, promptly.

"I believe you can. You will avoid King street."

"Yes, sir."

"Find out whether the Haliday, Toone and Tompkins bunch have made any concessions to the men or whether the strike is to continue."

Patsey grunted at the mere mention of concessions coming from the company. He was a well-informed unionist for one of only ten years.

"Say to Merriman I will speak to the men in the armoury to-morrow night."

"Yes, sir." Patsey was off with a bound, Phillips watching him skilfully thread his way around the corner until he was lost in the side street.

Ever through the street rolled the

angry surges of humanity. Crash! A plate-glass window went shivering in, and a wooden-headed policeman was belabouring a couple of innocent boys who had ventured too near. Down the street came the tramp, tramp of the soldiery, who held the city under martial law. On the very sidewalk they rode their horses, driving men, women, and children before their merciless steel. The crowd took refuge, momentarily, in alley and lane, but surged in again behind the troops with hisses and groans. It was to these people Phillips must speak, to these frenzied workmen, these Kerrys, who demanded for their families the decent comforts of life, and demanded it from the adamant Haliday, Toone and Tompkins combine. What should he say? Should he tell them to be calm, to wait? He clenched his hand. No. Just God! The day of patience was past. He would tell them to fight tooth and nail.

But ever over his ponderous and weighty plans fluttered the remembrance of a green concert bill, like a bee teasing a bull. He knew that Lally's act meant more than appeared on the surface. It meant that she had gone over to the opposition, body and soul. She was tired of his hopes, his promises, his wonderful plans that only soared to fall. He was an idealist, a visionary, he had so little money, and possessed so few of the luxuries that women regard as essential. Conscious of the fact that he was being burned at the stake of public opinion, he had risen manfully above the ordeal to a height where he could look down on his tormentors, but this last wound bled beyond the power of staunching, because he had been coddling himself with the belief that she was different, that she understood.



When Austin Phillips emerged into the street on the night of his engagement at the armoury, he realized that the reading of the *riot act*, and the subsequent wounding of several citizens, had had no effect in quelling the mobs. A brick, clumsily aimed at his head, stirred in him the lust of battle. He pushed

forth like a war-horse scenting smoke. An unusual uproar raged about him, for which he searched the cause. He was not long in finding it. A battered street car, run by two sullen strike-breakers, pushed its way up King street; while Tompkins, the most intrepid of the company, strove to look at ease as he rode.

"He will be killed!" screamed women's voices, as a very shower of stones descended on the hapless car. Phillips ducked his head, sprang from under the feet of a rearing horse, and turned to encounter—Lally Van Allan! She sat in Richard Haliday's buggy, whose owner had left his seat for one precarious moment. He noticed that she was richly dressed, and the thought flashed through his mind that she was on her way to the charity concert, there to amuse the Chesterfields and the Conway-Moores with tales of poverty which held all the charm of novelty for their dainty ears. Was she gathering inspiration from the real story hissed into her ears, prefaced with curses and punctuated with stones. In a moment he had realised her danger and was fighting toward her.

Her danger lay chiefly in her proximity to Haliday. The hated manager had been greeted with hisses as soon as he appeared in the street. He, too, was fighting toward the buggy, and the girl, frightened at last, cowered in the corner and raised appealing arms to the mob.

Phillips reached the wheel and sprang upon the hub, intent on one purpose—to get between the girl and those mad stones. His loosely-knit figure, and homely, well-beloved face might have had the effect of subduing the rioters had he been seen in better light. In the darkness, however, someone mistook him for Haliday, and a cruel stone, surely aimed, crunched against the side of his head. He dropped between the wheels without a groan; while Haliday, seizing the moment of dire consternation, leaped into the rig from the opposite side, urged the horse over the prostrate figure, and cleared the curbing at a bound.

Meanwhile, through the doors of the armoury surged a motley throng of

wild-eyed, dishevelled workingmen, relieved here and there by capitalists of wealth and influence; for all men questioned in their minds what *he* would say in the face of the crisis. Little knowing that a tragedy had been enacted without, they waited patiently, with expectant faces turned toward the platform. Eight o'clock came and half-past eight. Some went out, but more came in. Eyes riveted on the side-door became strained, breathing became tense and audible. Presently the lights were turned on brilliantly, a door clicked sharply, and profound expectancy reigned in the vast hall.

The crimson curtain quivered and was thrust aside, disclosing, not the stalwart figure of Austin Phillips, but that of a rarely graceful woman. Her sparkling face was surmounted by a coronal of hair, braided in subtle, serpentine curves around her head, and void of all ornament save its own mystic, blue-black gloss. There was a dash of winered in her dress, which harmonised with the vivid curves of her lips. Her dark beauty almost suggested the warmth of an Oriental sun.

It was plain that she had a message for them. Her lips parted for speech, but rich and poor, bending together, caught only the strange words, "The Heart of Kerry."

Then it seemed that she held up a great mirror, and invited every man to look in and see himself. It was not Kerry who struggled, raved, prayed, and waited; it was each one of them, portrayed with marvellous faithfulness. They wept for his hunger, shivered for his cold, wondered at his patience, recalling each his own like experience. Perhaps it was Lally Van Allan's finest triumph that they forgot her. She was only a vibrant, all-pervading voice. Even her master could, now, hardly have accused her of soullessness. In truth, she, too, had forgotten Lally Van Allan. In those intense moments, her soul fled to theirs, and she loved them, as he had vainly tried to teach her to love.

When she stopped speaking, the silence was oppressive, until, like a great sob, the audience took its breath. Then

arose groans, and shouts, and stamping of feet, while the girl stood helpless before the *furor* she had created. What had she done but raised the tiger in them? It was as if there had been communicated to her soul the decision reached by Austin Phillips when he said: "The day of patience is passed! I will tell them to fight tooth and nail."

"Now, what are you going to do about it?" muttered a deep voice behind her, and, turning quickly, she saw that Richard Haliday stood at her elbow. She had not known that he followed and protected her steps from the house of mirth, when she ran away into darkness and danger; her eyes looked her thanks. But he was going forward, lifting his hand to enjoin silence. The crowd halted sullenly, for wrath and murder were stirring in their hearts, and he was the object of their deepest malevolence. But Haliday was no coward. His bold, full eye, which had cowed many a slinking delinquent into submission, compelled them to his mood; and when from mere curiosity he had them hanging on his words, he said:

"I beseech you, men, for God's sake, do not go out and do useless murder. Some of you (he waved his hand toward the door) know that Tompkins, the intrepid leader of capital, lies dead at this moment from the madness of the mob. Some know, too, that Phillips, the equally brave leader of labour, is also dead." Lally sank into a chair, and a deep groan rose from the stricken audience. "Kerry, who has trumpeted his message into your ears, has also brought his message for mine. It means that this present illicit condition of affairs must cease. And as there has been wrong on both sides (for the first time they saw it), so both must unite to bring about a more satisfactory state of affairs. Let each right-thinking man go quietly home. Send your leaders to us, at our office in Camden Crescent, at twelve o'clock to-night. I promise you, if Kerry behaves as wisely and patiently as we have reason to expect, we will see that he gets his rights."

Then Haliday noticed and pitied the abject misery of Lally. "Come home," he said gently.

"To him! Oh, to him!" she panted, catching his arm. Haliday turned away, and, in the one brief moment allowed him, swallowed his bitter cup. Then he took her hand and led her away, while she, torn as she was with grief for her master, wondered why his arm trembled.

Bravely he led her to the man she loved, away, ever away from himself. When she knew for a certainty that he was dead, she might, sometime, in the dim future, think of him, though Lally was one to live her life on a memory. Had he not in life ridden over Phillips? Was it not meet that, in his death, his antagonist should crush him to the ground?

Silently they turned the corner of King street. A strange, funereal silence held the block. The hoarse-throated cries at the armoury sounded faint and far. In a moment Lally knew what they had done. Ropes were stretched around the house, and straw laid down; while a hundred of his chosen devotees stood guard to ward off noise and disturbance. Now, she knew why he loved them. They were turned into very angels at his inspiration, ministering angels, tireless in endurance, undaunted in danger. She took them all to her heart by leaps and bounds.

By permission of the guards, the two passed noiselessly over the straw-strewn pavement, guided by the feeble light that shone from his window. At the stair, entrance was barred by Patsey Quin.


"Let me pass!" cried the woman, flinging him to one side. The child threw his wrathful eyes on her from the darkness.

"You can't go in!" he whimpered in petty fury.


"Why not? Speak, boy! What do you mean? What does all this mean, anyway? This deadening of sound? These guards? Do men so guard the deaf ears of a corpse? O merciful heaven, maybe he isn't—tell me, is he—is he—"

"Naw," said Patsey Quin.

"Oh, great mercy of God!" breathed the woman, rushing up the stairs, while the man turned and retraced his footsteps into the city.



Current Events



By
F. A. ACLAND

THE Americanisation of the British press has received a severe check in the British law courts by the finding against Lord Northcliffe and his associates of the Harmsworth syndicate in the action for damages brought on behalf of the big English soap firm of Lever Bros. Lord Northcliffe thought to take a leaf from Mr. Labouchere's journal and to essay some sensations in the realm of financial journalism, but he had not sufficiently guarded himself, and the sensation is provided in a way entirely different from his expectations. The charges preferred were to the effect that the big soap boilers of England were forming into a combination on American lines, and that the proceedings in this direction should be checked by legislation. As a result, Lord Northcliffe, being unable to make good his charges in court, was mulcted in £50,000 damages, besides enormous costs; and this with reference to one only of the firms alleged to be implicated in the combine. No wonder the proprietor of the *Daily Mail* and of the other associated newspapers in the Harmsworth journalistic combine made haste to settle with the remainder of the firms, though at a cost which, it is believed, will bring his total outlay in this connection up to over half a million dollars. Decidedly, Lord Northcliffe burnt his fingers. He has become so enriched by the proceeds of sensational journalism that the settlement will not embarrass him, but it may exert a salutary influence on his journalistic methods for the future. As to the alleged soap combine, the Harmsworth papers in a grand chorus express "profound regret that we were led into making these allegations, which we are convinced were unfounded."

It would not be unreasonable to expect a considerable growth in the Western Mining Federation and its allied trade organisations as a consequence of the acquittal of William D. Haywood, Secretary of the Federation, at the trial at Boise, Idaho. Since the courts have declared Haywood innocent after a trial of a most searching character, during which public opinion was certainly not excited in favour of the accused, there is no more to be said on the score of the murders in which the State law sought to involve the officials of the organisation. The reaction of sympathy that will doubtless follow in the wake of the acquittal will strengthen an already powerful organisation so that it may play an important part at the next Presidential election, as Mr. Bryan seemed to have taken into account. The Western Mining Federation is, as everybody knows, avowedly socialistic, and glories in its policy as such. Socialism is a dreamy and insubstantial doctrine to most of us, but once inscribed on the banner of the organised working classes, or a considerable section of them, it may become a very tangible factor in the politics of the Republic, as it has already become in the politics of France, Germany and Belgium.

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The tiny community of Iceland seems likely to achieve legislative independence after a struggle lasting for generations. King Frederick of Denmark has announced, at least, the appointment of a commission "to arrange for legislation to define the constitutional position of Iceland in the realm, and to find a form under which the freedom of Iceland may be built up and protected, while at the

same time the unity of the realm is preserved and ensured." No doubt the result will be an increased measure of independence for the island. To so tiny and remote a community, in a barren land, concessions may be safely made that are not practicable in the case of a larger community in a fruitful country, situated in close proximity to a sister island—the case of Ireland to wit. Icelanders may well be allowed this small compensation for the hardships inseparable from life in their country. It cannot well weaken Denmark, and can hardly bring danger to Iceland. One can hardly imagine an enemy of Denmark landing an army at Reikiavik, or see how anything but a weakening of the enemy would result if it took such a step. There is a vital difference in all these respects between Iceland and Ireland.



As to the existing relations between Denmark and Iceland, it might have been supposed that the present measure of home rule would have been regarded as sufficient, unless Iceland seeks entire separation. Iceland has had its own legislature since 1874, when it received a constitution from Denmark. The Althing is an assembly of thirty-six members, thirty of whom are elected by household suffrage and six nominated by the King. This assembly meets every second year and sits in two separate divisions, the upper and the lower. The upper division consists of the six members nominated by the King and six others elected by the representatives of the people from their own body; the lower division consists of the remaining twenty-four representative members. There is a Secretary for Iceland who resides in the Danish capital, and is responsible to the King for the maintenance of the constitution, and who submits to the King for confirmation all legislative measures proposed by the Althing. This is presumably the check which Iceland would now be rid of. There are, besides, a governor-general, appointed by Denmark, and two under governors, one for the south and west, and one for the north and east, so that on the whole Iceland could appear to be sufficiently governed. The popula-

tion is about 80,000, of which about 4,000 live in the capital town of Reikiavik. One delightful condition exists in Iceland which is found in no other community; there is one church, a State institution, to which all Icelanders, without exception, belong, so that from church feuds, at least, it is free. It is to be presumed the Icelanders seek absolute separation from Denmark, subject only to the King, though this would not greatly extend the privileges they now enjoy. Such a measure would make Denmark and Iceland a dual sovereignty, similar to that which existed until the other day in the case of Norway and Sweden, an unhappy arrangement, from which Norway angrily broke away. No doubt Icelanders feel very warmly on the subject, but it is difficult for outsiders to become violently agitated on one side or the other. It may be added, however, that after Iceland Canada is perhaps more interested than any other country, seeing that some ten thousand Icelanders are already numbered among our western population.



"We all want to abolish war," said M. Nelidoff, the other day at the Hague Conference, in reply to a deputation from the International Council of Women's Federation of National Councils, "but as that is unhappily impossible, our duty is to do all we can to prevent it and to reduce the sufferings brought by it." The ladies had come, of course, calmly to ask that the conference decree that war should cease, but practically the conference has set about the work M. Nelidoff described. All war must continue, nevertheless, to be terrible, and nations that have risen to dignity and greatness will enter on it only as a last resort. That is the greatest safeguard we can have. All that tends to bring the nations together in amity and friendship will act as a deterrent to war; all that tends, on the other hand, to create bitter commercial rivalry, tariff wars and individual ill-feeling between the citizens of one country and those of another, is an incentive to actual strife with the sword, and a glance around at the nations of the world and their policies to-day, will show which are the methods most commonly

pursued. As Capt. Mahan admirably says in his recent article in the *National Review*: "These holy names (race and country) while facilitating and intensifying local action, by the same means separate nation from nation, setting up hearthstone against hearthstone. Hence implicit war is perennial; antagonism lurks beneath the most smiling surface and the most honest interchanges of national sympathies." And none know this better than the ladies who waited on M. Neli-doff, and perhaps none are more responsible at the root of things for these conditions.



Capt. Mahan, the American sailor-man of letters, looking calmly at the organisation of society and being given over neither to hysterics or ideals on the one hand, nor to foolish imperialism and military glory on the other, sees the naked facts freed from all imaginative glamour and comments: "War now is, and, historically speaking, long has been, waged on basis of asserted right or need; and what it does help to determine is that which is known in physics as the resultant of forces, of which itself is one; the others being the economical and political necessities or desires of the contending parties. The other forces exist, aggressive, persistent; unless controlled by the particular force we call war *in posse* or *in esse*, they reach a solution which is just as really one of force and may be as unrighteous, and more so, than any war. For instance, except for war, Southern slavery probably would still exist. This is actually the state of the world at the present moment; and while a better balance wheel than war may be conceived, it is at present doing its work fairly well. The proper temper in which to approach arbitration is not by picturing an imaginary political society of nations and races, but the actual one now existing in this tough old world." Again, in the same article we read: "Upon organised force depends the extended shield under which the movements of peace advance in quietness; and of organised force war is simply the last expression. . . Europe has well-nigh reached a condition of internal stability, but she has reached

it by war and she maintains it by preparation for war. The wants of mankind have been the steam of progress; they have not merely turned the wheels of the engine, they have burst the bonds of opposition and enabled the fitter to enter upon the unimproved heritage of the unfit. Where such bonds still exist, there must be a conflict of forces, and it passes the power of mere intellect with legal theories of justice and injustice, of prescriptive rights, to keep the contest within bounds, unless it can bring to its support physical aid. The one practical thing to hold it in abeyance is that the several forces, including military power, should show what is in them by the adequacy of their development."



An excellent example of the incidents tending to promote a better understanding among nations, and consequently to secure peace, is that of the recent interchanging visits between English and German journalists. Two of the party of English journalists who recently paid the return visit to Germany, describe their experiences in the *Contemporary Review*, and show how greatly such an experience tends to broaden the view on both sides, and how superficial and limited after all is the actual national animus on either side, if one could only restrain the agencies, chiefly the tongue and the pen—the latter becoming through the press the tongue of the nation—which work continually to excite this animus to fever heat. It is the newspapers of the two countries that have to bear largely the responsibility for the misunderstanding, and so it is reasonable that newspaper editors should seek in a thoroughly practical way to learn the truth about their respective countries as a means of setting things straight. Not that newspapers can altogether help themselves in the matter. The editors are human, and, like the rest of the world, find it easier to say and write things that are flippant and dangerous than things that are wise and safe. Besides the public palate likes to be tickled, and the average editor, no more than another, can be expected to forego his opportunity of gaining momentary popularity and per-

haps profit for the sake of the remote welfare of a nation.



Canadians generally will be sympathetically interested in the retirement of Hon. Edward Blake from the political arena. Practically he retired from general politics when he left the Canadian Liberal party and merged his personality in the Irish Party at Westminster. Since then he has been no more than a shadow in politics. Happily for his name, he had already established himself as a great Canadian, an orator of the first rank and a jurist of renown. He retains these laurels, but has not added to them, unless it lies in a measure by the sacrifice his course since 1892 has involved. Had Mr. Blake identified himself with the English Liberal party he would not improbably have secured a place in the Campbell-Bannerman Government, and might conceivably have been in a better position than he had actually reached to benefit Ireland. On the whole, most Canadians will be inclined to feel that Mr. Blake's course in confining his energies to the narrow circle of Irish politics during the last fifteen years was quixotic and as fruitless as the most unlucky enterprises of the immortal hero of Cervantes.



Some comment has been occasioned during the last month or two, by reason of the fact that Canadian imports have increased so greatly that they now outstrip Canadian exports; the latter have, in fact, actually shown some decline. Here and there a journal, looking at the matter superficially, has inferred that, in spite of appearances, the country is "going to the dogs." So much gold going out of the country is detrimental, it is urged, as it has been urged in the case of Great Britain, where for so many years the same phenomenon has existed and continues to exist, without the country becoming perceptibly poorer; in fact, in face of the country becoming yearly richer, as the income tax returns and death duties show. England, however, is a great creditor nation and, moreover, the great sea carrier for other

nations, so it becomes clear on reflection why, with these great sources of revenue to its credit, not to speak of others, it may not only be able to continue indefinitely to have its imports heavily outweigh its exports, but may even grow richer yet by such a process.



The same reasoning does not, of course, hold good in the case of Canada. Under ordinary conditions our imports must be less than our exports, because with the latter we have not only to pay for our imports, but also to pay interest on foreign money invested in the Dominion. But at the present time Canada is in very exceptional circumstances. The country is expanding in the most remarkable manner. Immigrants last year numbered a quarter of a million; this year the figures will reach 300,000. Many of them, particularly those from over the border, bring with them substantial sums of money. Thousands of miles of railway, too, are being built. The actual material for all this construction work, for the homes and industries, too, of the hundreds of thousands of new settlers, and for the enterprises that are springing up in every part of Canada, is needed at the moment. Our own factories are, with few exceptions, working to the uttermost, yet cannot supply the demands of the swelling population, so much of it with money in its pocket to spend, and of the increased necessities of the country in the way of transportation and otherwise. Hence ensue vast outlays for machinery, locomotives and supplies of all kinds for the industrial world, not to speak of the enormous increase in the personal wants of the people, much of which—far more than in the past—must come from abroad. Canada, with a present population of 6,500,000, has grown as much by actual count in the past six years as it grew in the preceding 25 years, and such a reversal of the normal condition of growth does not take place without a corresponding change in the economic situation. On the whole, therefore, we may well be satisfied for a time to see our imports overtop our exports.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



MOTHER MAGIC

In days of childhood, now long-lapsed and dim,
Often I sat within a holy place
Where mystic word and solemn-rolling hymn
Touched the tranced souls of men to thoughts
of Grace.

Too small to comprehend, yet happy there
I lingered, since beside me, close and dear,
Sat the sweet mother with her rippled hair,
Her smile of angels and her colour clear.

And she would hold my hand, and so express,
In some deep way, the wonder of the hour:
Our spirits talked, by silent tenderness,
As easily as flower nods to flower.

And to this day, when so I creep alone
Into some sacred corner, list the choir,
Hear some great organ's most melodious
moan
And watch the windows flush daylight with
fire,

Over me once again those memories steal:
I sit as in a dream, and understand
God's meaning; for, across the years, I feel
The meek, sure magic of that spirit-hand.

Richard Burton in Atlantic Monthly.



THE MODERN GRANDMOTHER

THERE is a certain twilight pleasure to be obtained from abusing the present and praising the past. One of the most common matters of criticism in connection with the social life of to-day is the disappearance of the dear old grandmother who used to wear rusty black gowns and spotless caps, and who sat in a chimney corner knitting for the household.

She is gone forever, lament the latter-day censors, and she has taken feminine decorum and wisdom with her.

The modern old lady, they say, is an artificial creature who irons out her wrinkles and dyes her hair, in dread of the very appearance of age. She refuses to patronise the chimney corner and actually spends a good deal of her time out of doors, and has even been known to enter an automobile and enjoy a record run. She may go to the horrible length of becoming an elderly aeronaut and trying a trip in a balloon.

Why should not a grandmamma keep wrinkles away if she does not like them? There is nothing distasteful about her use of hair dye, so long as she does not resort to the cheap variety that gives a magenta tinge. In fact, it is a wise woman who makes the "Osler era" as attractive as possible. So long as she does not try the kittenish act, she may remain as youthful as she likes, and her friends will only appreciate the cheerfulness of her eternal girlhood.

The grandmother of the past was by no means always a serene and amiable old lady. Nor is the grandmother of to-day always wise in her brisk activities. A *Contributor*, writing some weeks ago to the *Atlantic Monthly*, made a trenchant attack upon the modern old lady, but in the August issue of that magazine a defender arises who writes thus of the grandmother of the twentieth century:

"It seems to me to be one of the great

blessings of modern life that in retaining their physical vigour longer than of old, women also retain their independence and cultivate their own pursuits. I am not fonder than other people of seeing an old woman with her cheeks and her hat covered with artificial roses, and I readily admit that an active old woman with a fad and a figure (the *Contributor* seems to object to her erectness and especially to resent her occasional slenderness) is less picturesque than the capped and kerchiefed ornament of the domestic fireside, but it is my impression that she is far happier. She has her own affairs to occupy her mind and is not on that account less sympathetic or wise or philosophical—or any less prepared for her final departure from this earthly stage.”



DO MEN DESPISE WOMEN?

MISS CORELLI is on the war-path once more and mere man is fleeing to the woods. In the preface to her very newest book, sweet Marie asserts that the conventional attitude of man towards woman is one of contempt and maintains that “whatever woman does that is higher and more ambitious than the mere act of flinging herself down at the feet of man and allowing him to walk over her, makes her in man’s opinion unworthy of his consideration as woman.” Really, the modern Englishman must be a hopelessly caddish creature, if the half that Marie says be true. The lady novelist is especially severe on the man who marries for money and then ill-treats his lucre-providing spouse. Wouldn’t it be delightful if Bernard Shaw were to marry Miss Corelli? They could scold and “egotise” each other to death. They might even collaborate, and a Corelli-Shaw play would set the Thames and every other respectable British stream ablaze.

However, several writers are almost taking the subject of Miss Corelli’s latest remarks with seriousness. Mr. James Douglas, of M. A. P., says, plaintively: “You cannot make men respect women by Act of Parliament, for the machinery of law is too clumsy to affect the little things which are the most important things in life. The law can punish a man

for beating his wife, but it cannot compel him to treat her as an equal. If I were a woman, I should prefer to be severely thrashed every Saturday night rather than to be amiably regarded as a pampered nonentity all the rest of the week. Physical cruelty is less galling than mental cruelty, and I can conceive nothing more intolerable than the blandly indulgent tolerance of the normal husband for the normal wife.”

This is a rather melancholy paragraph—but surely English husbands cannot be so insufferable as all that! Miss Corelli and Mr. Douglas are probably dealing with the exceptions who regard a wife as a convenient door-mat. On the other hand, a woman who will submit to a beating or any other form of bullying, deserves to get it. Patient Griselda was a poor fool who must have bored exceedingly her unfortunate husband. In Canada the cad husband is rarely found. The head of a Canadian household is usually an urbane and respectful husband, who gives his wife the desired allowance and is well-fed ever after. It is all nonsense, Mr. James Douglas, about man despising woman. If he does, it is the woman’s fault. As for his disliking the clever woman, the masterful Marie is misleading. The clever woman is she who may know something of music and mathematics, but who is certain to know the moods of man and to be able to appeal to him, either by way of chicken salad or gentle sympathy. We are not by any means a down-trodden sex. Most of the time we have our own way and man meekly lets us have it. We could even have votes if we really wanted them. Dear little woman is not at all defenceless and does not need the journalists to take her part.



THE QUEEN’S COLOURS

IT is well known that, in dress material, Queen Alexandra is extremely fond of mauve or violet. But in house decoration, she has a decided preference for light and cheerful hues. Miss Constance Beerbohm, in “The King’s Housekeeping,” an article in the *Grand Magazine*, writes interestingly of this matter:

"When people are noble, they love colour,"—so said Mr. Ruskin. Well, the Queen loves colour, and those best in combination praised by Francis Bacon, who in one of his essays opines that there is nothing to compare with the mingling of white, carnation, and sea-green. At any rate, when making out a scheme for her living-rooms these are the colours to which she flies. At Windsor her boudoirs, hung with soft rose-colour and panelled with white, are a dream of prettiness. Dim and ancient Oriental embroideries are a special weakness of hers, and acquired whenever they can be got. One particularly beautiful, of crimson, covers the grand piano in the principal drawing-room at Buckingham Palace.

"The Queen is a very deft arranger of flowers, and when any State function is coming on she gives exact orders as to how the tables shall be furnished. It was a charming idea of hers at one of the Coronation banquets at Windsor to have with the wonderful gold plate, flowers chosen to enhance its beauty, all light pink and red geraniums—a daring venture, but wholly successful."



A DISTRESSED NOVELIST

SOME years ago, "Ouida" was a popular novelist with those who are fond of melodramatic fiction, and even yet some of her sixty novels are in demand at public libraries. The announcement that the aged novelist, who is living in Italy, is in abject poverty, has aroused general sympathy and the British Government has granted her a pension of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. "Ouida" has indignantly declined individual cheques and is said to resent the publicity given to her poverty. Of her many books, "Under Two Flags" is probably the best known, but such short stories as "Two Little Wooden Shoes" will be long remembered.



LITTLE TOILERS

MANY years ago, Mrs. Browning's poem, "The Cry of the Children," aroused English humanitarians to the deplorable conditions in most of the factories where little children were allowed

—nay, forced—to work. That poem should be re-published, not only in Great Britain, but in the United States, and even in our own Canada, where boys and girls are supposed to be given every chance for both freedom and fun. In the Southern States, hundreds of little lives are crushed out every year by factory toil. A year or two of this hideous slavery stupefies the brain so that the child is practically incapable of acquiring information or even of enjoying relief from drudgery. In Nottingham, England, the pale little labourers form a host. We shudder at the monster who murders a child, but he may be merciful in comparison with the mercenary monopolist who gradually and torturingly crushes out the young life in order that he may pile his gold an inch higher.



THE WHITE PLAGUE

AMONG the stirring addresses to which the members of the National Council listened, was one delivered by Dr. Fagan, of Vancouver, in connection with the report of the committee on the prevention of tuberculosis. "Through the recent efforts in England, the death-rate from the disease has been reduced fifty per cent., and in Germany, where a similar crusade has been inaugurated, it has been brought down sixty per cent. In Ireland, where no preventive measures are taken, it has been increased fifteen per cent. The disease arises from a germ that thrives and does its deadly work under certain contributory conditions. Remove these conditions while the germ is in embryo, and the bacilli die. Consumption, someone has said, is the price we pay for a home. It was unknown to the aboriginal Indian in the forest primeval. It threatens to exterminate the present-day Indian in the filthy hovel to which he has betaken himself on the borders of civilisation. The dwelling that shuts out the sunlight and fresh air, and harbours the dust and the musty damp, is the germ's happiest lurking place. The accident which incurs the death of several persons, institutes a speedy and limitless inquiry to prevent its recurrence. The whole history of consumption is known,

and yet less is done to hinder its ravages than to protect the city or the citizen from countless imaginary perils."

Such is the report of Dr. Fagan's remarks, to the importance of which the members of the National Council are fully alive. The work of preventing this dread disease should make an especial appeal to women. In the stress of modern business life, men have not the time to give to the details of such an undertaking, but in more than one community they have shown themselves more than willing to meet the financial demands of establishing a sanitarium. But the great and pressing need of fighting this evil has at last come home to Canadians and it will not be many years before the benefits conferred by the new movement will be apparent.



ALLEGED HAUNTED HOUSE

I MUST admit that ghost stories have an irresistible fascination for my fancy, and that I always read the most harrowing accounts I can find. The "maniac laugh" in *Jane Eyre* gave me delightful thrills, and my childish disgust was great when the perpetrator of this blood-curdling mirth turned out to be merely the crazy wife of that abominably rude *Edward Rochester*.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, who is an English poet and therefore possessed of much imagination, rented a house at Egham, in the year 1900. While his wife and family were residing in it, mysterious sounds were heard, especially during the night, and the handles of doors would turn, apparently without human agency. The result was that Mr. Phillips, on his return from abroad, preferred to pay the rent and go elsewhere. The owner of the house brought action against certain newspapers which had published the matter and was granted damages, but on appeal he lost his case.

The affair has aroused a good deal of

public interest and the poet is naturally asked to relate his spiritual experiences. This is the Twentieth Century and we have no belief in irresponsible door handles and weird noises, to say nothing of intangible spooks. But even in practical, every-day Canada there are houses which have been for a long time untenanted, all on account of an inconvenient ghost. It is curious how inhospitable we are to such a being. It takes up very little room, makes no demands upon the larder, and has never been known to keep the dinner waiting. But we do not care to have a ghost near the place. Perhaps it is its habit of coming in late to which we object. At any rate, a house which acquires the reputation of being haunted is shunned by the most matter-of-fact person, as well as by the fanciful. We don't believe in ghosts and, of course, those queer noises are made by the wind. But—it makes one nervous to think of having ghosts trotting in at all the witching hours of night and acting as if they own the place.



A GYPSY OF HIGH DEGREE

WHILE most of us may have known moments of longing for the gypsy life, few would dream of going so far towards the realisation of wandering joy as has Lady Grosvenor, who on May 27th started on her way by caravan through the lanes of rural Oxfordshire. To the villagers, who buy the baskets with which her van is festooned, she is only Sarah Lee, the gypsy. Lady Grosvenor and a woman friend are thus enjoying an unconventional outing, and declare that it is the true freedom—only the farmers have a horror of the caravan and refuse to give it a lodging for the night in field or meadow. There is nothing aristocratic about the van, which is of the ordinary type, painted brown, with baskets for sale hung round it, and with kettle, frying-pan and saucepan slung beneath it.

Jean Graham.





FROM the front window, as he came, he was not a marked man. Few persons, it is firmly held, would have singled him out as a poet, and yet poetry, if not his vocation, is at least his avocation. But to call him a poet would be misleading, just the same as if one were to say that a man who happens to kill a bullock is a butcher. Perhaps that comparison is too absolute. It would undoubtedly be more generous to say that he is a poet in the same respect as a young woman who takes a camera with her on a holiday is a photographer, as a little boy who fishes with a bent pin is a fisherman, or as the man who writes to his favourite newspaper about the bad smell in his neighbour's backyard is a journalist.

Nevertheless, to be true, he was a poet, for had he not written poetry, and did he not wish to submit some of it to the editor? It was not nature poetry. Almost every person who wrote at all was writing about nature—beautiful *stuff*, it was admitted, but there was too much of it. So he had chosen to write about humanity, about persons who do and have done things. He had a feeling that some day he would publish his poems in book form. First, however, he would like to see his work, some of it, in the magazines. To have his name attached to something in the magazines would break the ice, as it were—prepare the great reading public for the forthcoming book. In making that confession he was honest; and it was an honest aspiration.

He was hastily advised that a great many things intervened between an editor and a manuscript, affecting judgment, and that although the poems might all be worthy of a place in the book, but few of them might be found suitable for a magazine.

Of course, he had had no intention to impose all of them on the editor, but some of them, he thought, would be just the *thing*, particularly one that described the principal events in the life of a great Russian monarch who had saved Europe from the thralldom of Mohammedanism.

His enthusiasm was checked by the observation that doubtless the poem he had particularly in mind was too long for publication in a magazine, but he thought not. Certainly, it was as long as an average article, but no longer than *The Lady of the Lake*, or *In Memoriam*. Besides that, it was full of *action* and *go*. He seemed to see, however, that his enthusiasm was not contagious, and so he listened attentively to a few observations on the fitness of things, the while being importuned to believe that the publication of a poem in a magazine depends largely on whether it would fit in at the end of some article, taking the place of a tail-piece, or at least not exceed a page in length. He was astonished to hear that editors dread poems that stand a chance of turning over on to the next page, that to be most readily marketable a poem should be in some one of the stock sizes, that it should conform to certain rules,

just like a ready-made suit of clothes. He was told that some prose articles turn over so far that nothing longer than a quatrain could be used to fill up the rest of the page. Sometimes only couplets were available, but on the other hand, if the turnover should be short, a poem of four or five eight-line stanzas could be squeezed in. Frequently an otherwise acceptable poem had to be passed over simply because it contained perhaps only two or three lines more than could be put on one page.

But what most amazed the poet was the assertion that space was too valuable to be given over to long poems. Perhaps never before had he been invited to believe that prose should have precedence over rhyme. What were the people coming to? Had the cultivation of a taste for poetry been neglected? Were not the people as a whole more frivolous than they used to be and less inclined to patronise the higher muses? As a matter of fact, were they not becoming more and more all the time like the dogs and the cats and the swine? He was sure that the average person no longer reads verse at all, and takes no pleasure but in evanescent concoctions and induced deliriums.

The poet had drifted into a channel of genuine interest, but he was astonished to find that his audience was not in complete sympathy with him. With direct variance from his own opinion, he was told that more poetry, or verse, or whatever it might be called, was being published and read now than ever before, but the style of thought and treatment had changed. Present-day poetry, he was told, was generally simpler in treatment and lighter in theme. To most persons nowadays time was too precious to be used in a vain attempt to discover the meaning of a verse like this:

I looked unto the Plutonian shore, and more,
Unto the world's gray mists looked I;
Then in the purple store of mystic lore
I heard Death's awful mortal cry.

It was urged that rather would they read a quatrain like the following, written by Owen E. McGillicuddy, a Canadian writer, and published in *Appleton's Magazine*:

TRIUMPH

The race is won! As victor I am hailed
With deafening cheers from eager throats
and yet—
More glad the victory, could I forget
The strained, white faces of the ones that
failed.

It was observed that in those four lines Mr. McGillicuddy has almost epitomised the spirit of the time, that the stanza is full of significance, and is suggestive enough to start a person on a long line of serious thought. An endeavour was also made to score a point with the fact that the meaning is not elusive.

Still the poet was not convinced that the standard of humanity is not lower than it was fifty years ago. He had found that the theatres where singing and dancing prevail are now the ones that attract the crowds, while in literature the masses are looking for froth and frivolity. He could scarcely be persuaded to believe that serious, *legitimate* drama is more patronised than ever just now and that a genuine revival of Shakespearean productions is afoot. He rather believed that the *times are out of joint*, and that a ban had been placed on serious literary effort. So he came back like a true patriot to his long poem about the saving of Europe from Mohammedanism, feeling sure that, after all, it was the *thing*. As a parting salute he was advised to consider the fitness of things, particularly the length.



STUNTED POSSIBILITIES

IT was my fortune during the trout season to take tea with a farmer and his family in what easily might have been a most delightful home, having all the advantages of picturesque location and romantic environment. Wonder, and even amazement, was aroused by the lack of appreciation that was apparent on all sides. It was an old house, constructed of logs, but all had been done that could well be done with plaster and whitewash to remove the quaint attractiveness of the material. This home might have been peculiarly inviting, for nature had already supplied many advantages. The ground sloped charmingly behind, about two hundred feet, to a verdant valley,

through which meandered in riotous irregularity a brook of clear, spring water. Hard by stood a wood of enticing coolness, where violets grew, as I saw them, in unusual profusion—long-stemmed and large of head, with violet as the colour on one hand, and buttercup yellow on the other hand, although to class the latter as "violets" is really making use of a misnomer.

But instead of profiting by so alluring a setting, the good people who lived there actually strove against nature in the misjudgment that a touch of garishness here and a hint of *up-to-dateness* there would not permit of so otherwise glaring an indication that everything about the place was not so modern as the habitations of the neighbours. And in the hope, therefore, of appeasing the demands of a utilitarian age with the application of some plaster, some whitewash, a few boards and a small amount of paint, the picturesque possibilities of the place were sacrificed, while the attempt to modify the case failed lamentably.

Doubtless this instance of failure to properly appreciate an opportunity was largely the outcome of training or association, the occupants having unconsciously obtained a false conception of the fitness of things. And yet that false conception is more often to be met with than the true. It is difficult to say just why that is so. We are not all, or even the most of us, naturally inartistic, or indifferent to good arrangement, but it would seem almost true that the common desire is to astonish rather than to please. A piano, without consideration of the harmony of its setting, is generally regarded as a more desirable piece of furniture than other things that might cost much less and yet that might be in keeping with the surroundings. In many instances the piano in a room is always a glaringly false note, and in most instances it defeats its own end. The piano is bought oftentimes to serve the purpose of an ornament, to be an evidence of prosperity, or to observe a practice that has every chance of reaching the dignity of a custom. Music is really the last point considered, with, of course, outstanding exceptions. But when a piano is practically not used at all to

produce music, when it is impossible to make it harmonise with its surroundings, why should it be wanted in the house at all? It should not be wanted; but it is wanted, because of that false conception of the fitness of things.

If memory serves me well, there was no piano in the house where I drank tea, but even that omission was not a redeeming feature. There was so general a lack of evidence of artistic sense that it was almost impossible not to take advantage of excellent hospitality and wonder why. The reason was discovered sooner than expected. The table was being set in the living room, when the farmer's daughter, perhaps ten years of age, took a dish of violets that she had gathered in the wood and placed it in the centre of the table. The mother immediately upbraided the child and *guessed* that they could eat the meal without having to put "those things" on the table. At first the little girl displayed an inclination to disrespect the mother's opinion, but soon she was ordered to take the flowers away.

That mother's one act did more to dull the child's appreciation of the fitness of things than much care and cultivation could ever afterwards offset. The dulling of the senses to which that girl was then being subjected had perhaps been the unconscious experience of generations. And it was the key to the whole situation.



STAFF WRITERS ARE BEST

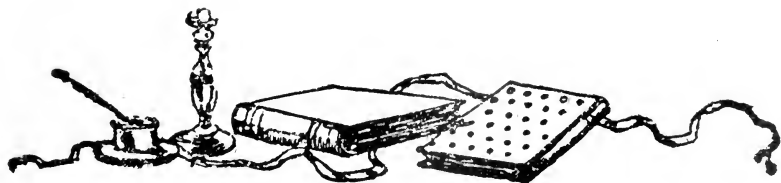
IT is gratifying to see groups of British newspaper writers still coming to Canada to observe at first hand conditions that prevail here and to sound the country's worth as a place for emigration. Lately a group of writers attached to metropolitan publications went through to the west over the Canadian Pacific Railway, and another group, composed of writers for English and Scotch provincial newspapers, by the courtesy of the Grand Trunk Railway, visited the most important points in Ontario, and afterwards left by the C.P.R. for the western wheat-fields. It is perhaps from the latter group that Canadians can expect the most result, for where writers are known, at least by repu-

tation, to many of their readers the influence that they exert is more direct and more lasting than the ordinary newspaper article. The source of an article should have more importance in the average estimation than it usually has, because oftentimes circumstances very greatly influence the writer and urge him to say things that would not be said if there were no ulterior motive. For instance, if a correspondent is paid only for the amount of his work that is actually printed in the paper, he will do his utmost to make his despatches or letters so unusual or "newsy" that the news editor would scarcely feel like giving them to the waste-basket. If, for instance, forest fires happened to be raging in the ordinary way, but near Toronto or Montreal, a "space" correspondent could scarcely get more than a few lines in a New York paper, and it is doubtful that he would get even one line in. But if the correspondent possessed imagination he could write, say, half a column, mentioning that ashes were falling in the streets of the city, that thousands of dollars' worth of millinery had been ruined, that wild deer and moose ran frantic through the streets, some being run over by street cars, as a result of which citizens struggled violently for slices of venison. A story of that kind could be elaborated in very many ways, and it is being done every day. Of course it would be absurd to say that all space writers resort to that practice, but the temptation is there nevertheless. The importance, therefore, of staff correspondents who write on salary can be readily appreciated. But even the salaried man is frequently at the mercy of flights of imagination, because it is not possible at all times to observe for oneself or to obtain authentic information. But

the "story" *must* be sent, so the correspondent puts two and two together and takes chances. Some times the chances are rather long. One is here reminded of Mark Twain's remark when some person declared that George Washington had never told a lie. "Of course, he never told a lie," said the famous wit. "He had no chance to tell a lie: he never was a newspaper correspondent."

The source of an article is therefore of supreme importance, and when a newspaper is able to give the name of a reputable writer or to announce staff correspondence, the article may generally be regarded as authentic. The value, therefore, of writers attached to provincial British newspapers coming to Canada and telling their own experiences is not likely to be over-estimated.

The Government is doing a good work in inviting writers of this kind to come to Canada, and the railway companies deserve commendation for the unstinting manner in which they invariably rise to the occasion and exert themselves in order that visiting newspaper men may see the best things to be seen. The service that a stranger receives on a railway usually leaves a lasting impression, but it is safe to say that if every person with whom the visiting journalists come into contact would treat them as well as the railway companies do there would be no doubt about a favourable impression being made upon them. The mere fact that between Brockville and Kingston a run of more than fifty miles on the Grand Trunk Railway was made in considerably less than a mile a minute greatly astonished the group of journalists who were aboard, and that incident of itself will furnish them with something to boast about.





HENRY JAMES' ELUSIVENESS

PERHAPS the surest remark that can be made regarding Henry James' latest book, "The American Scene" (New York: Harper & Brothers. Cloth, \$3.00), is that it is extremely elusive. The claim for the author that he is the greatest living master of English is not strengthened by it. The book, it must be admitted, is a difficult one to appreciate, but that very difficulty will undoubtedly prevent it from attaining the distinction that it otherwise might attain. Mr. James, an American by birth, has lived for about a quarter of a century in England, where he has attained an excellent reputation as a man of letters. Recently he revisited the scenes of his youth, and the book he has just produced is supposed to be a reflection of the impressions he received, with an abundant supply of observations concerning them. Most of the reviews own to the uncertainty with respect to the real purport of the book, and some go so far as to say that the author has actually set out a puzzle for himself. To say that he is a master of English, according to the display he has made in "The American Scene," is, after all, perhaps only too true. But if mastership produces elusiveness, if its acquirement necessitates writing sentences that would put Euclid to shame, then we had better all remain novices. For, according to the James standard, beauty and simplicity are antonyms of mastership. But Mr. James has, nevertheless, written a wonderful book, wonderful because of the real wonder that it imparts; wonderful

because of the fact that a human being cared to produce so elaborate a thing, when there was apparently no reason for elaboration, and finally wonderful that so many will care to labour through it in search of the pure gold. Imagine an extremely intricate, elaborate, ponderous, expensive bicycle, very difficult to put together, and more difficult to propel. It requires much skill and study before it can be managed, and even then its speed is no greater than an ordinary bicycle, while the exertion in propelling it is much greater. Is a machine like that more desirable than the ordinary kind? The comparison is applicable in the case of "The American Scene." Here are a few of Mr. James' sentences, which almost defy the average understanding. (He is writing about New England):

"Why, in default of other elements of the higher finish, did all the woodwalks and nestled nooks and shallow, carpeted dells, why did most of the larger views themselves, the outlooks to purple crag and blue horizon, insist on referring themselves to the idyllic *type* in its purity? —as if the higher finish, even at the hand of nature, were in some sort a perversion, and hillsides and rocky eminences and wild orchards, in short any common, sequestered spot, could strike one as the more exquisitely and ideally Sicilian, Theocritan, poetic, romantic, academic, from their not bearing the burden of too much history. . . . I say 'silent' because the voice of the air had dropped as forever, dropped to a stillness exquisite, day by day, for a pilgrim from a land of stertorous breathing, one of the

windiest corners of the world, the leaves of the forest turned, one by one, to crimson and to gold, but never broke off: all to the enhancement of this strange, conscious hush of the landscape, which kept one in presence as of a world created, a stage set, a sort of ample capacity constituted, for—well, for things that wouldn't, after all, happen: more the pity for them, and for me, and for you." What a sympathetic ear a book of this kind would have found in Emerson and Browning! But how Emerson and Browning would have envied its maker!



CLOSE ON THE HEELS OF DICKENS

TO say that Dickens has at last been equalled in his own field would be merely a temptation to scepticism, and so it is perhaps safer to say that in "Joseph Vance" (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1.25) William De Morgan has produced a work of human interest that comes joyously close upon the heels of the great master of that department of English literature. Lovers of Dickens would perhaps not admit that "Joseph Vance" contains the magnificent contrasts that distinguish "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," and "The Christmas Carol," but many who simply admire Dickens would readily agree that De Morgan excels the master in spontaneity of humour and naiveness of expression. "Joseph Vance" is easily a long leader in current fiction, and it seems fair to say that it just missed being great. It has the misfortune to decline in strength and the power of conviction as the reader approaches the end, but withal it has sustaining interest. As it is a story of disappointed love, many readers will feel regret on that score; but, after all, there are enough laughs at the outset to prepare for the tears and sacrifice that follow. The book is written in the form of an autobiography, and it is brimful of little personal and "family" touches that are irresistible. "Joey" Vance is an observant urchin of Chepstow Flats, who enters on his seventh birthday with his father out of work and his mother gossiping with the neighbours. The father is a fine study, and is almost the equal of Micawber himself. As a

result of a farcical expedition, Joey is introduced into the household of a charitable old scientist, who has a daughter named Lossie, a few years older than the urchin. Between Joey and Lossie a mutual affection is aroused, but it is the affection of a lover on one side and the affection of motherly instinct on the other side. Thus in time we see the girl marry a distinguished gentleman, like many girls are induced to do, while her youthful lover grieves in silence. There is also Joey's great sacrifice, by which he saves Lossie from the heartache that knowledge of her beloved brother's sin would have caused. "Joseph Vance" is a book that fascinates and convinces. In the great field of fiction it is one volume that should not be overlooked. The author, Mr. De Morgan is fifty-seven years old, and the fact that this is his first venture, has caused endless comment.



RALEIGH ON SHAKESPEARE

ONE of the most valuable contributions to the *English Men of Letters* series is "Shakespeare," by Walter Raleigh, Fellow of Magdalen College, and Professor of English literature in the University of Oxford (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, 75 cents). The book is very comprehensive and thoroughly appreciative. It does not waste valuable time in vain speculations regarding the identity of the author of the works credited to Shakespeare, but rather deals with the works themselves, the circumstances in which they were written, and also with what is known about the author. The chapters are arranged as follows: "Shakespeare," "Stratford and London," "Books and Poetry," "The Theatre," "Story and Character," "The Last Phase."



A STUDY OF THE FAR EAST

SO much valueless matter has been written on the situation in the far East that all who take an intelligent interest in the great national problems that are being solved there will read with satisfaction Mr. B. L. Putnam Weale's new book "The Truce in the East and its

Aftermath" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$3.50 net). Mr. Weale is regarded as an expert on questions in that part of Asia, and as he has been on the spot and had excellent opportunities for enlarging his knowledge of the situation, his book may be accepted as authoritative. The work contains a comprehensive survey of the situation in China, Japan, Korea, and Manchuria, and it has the added merit of being written in an interesting and entertaining style. Mr. Weale knew the East well before the Russia-Japan War, but he followed the war closely and has been an incessant traveller in that part of the world ever since. The publishers have added to the value of the work by reproducing a number of important photographs and a good coloured map.



LECTURES ON PUBLIC MORALITY

PRESIDENT ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY, of Yale University, delivered, during 1906, the Kennedy lectures in the School of Philanthropy, conducted by the Charity Organisation Society of New York. The lectures were recently collected and published in a volume entitled "Standards of Public Morality" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1). The chapters are as follows: "The Formation of Public Opinion," "The Ethics of Trade," "The Ethics of Corporate Management," "The Workings of our Political Machinery," "The Political Duties of the Citizen." A perusal of these chapters affords an excellent insight into American political practices.



QUIET TALKS ON PERSONAL PROBLEMS

AFTER all there is no subject which attracts the attention of so many readers as practical Christianity. Several years ago the religious stories from the pen of Rev. Charles Sheldon, such books, for instance, as "In His Steps," reached an enormous sale. A religious writer in the same class as the Topeka preacher is the Rev. S. D. Gordon, whose first popular work entitled "Quiet Talks on Power," and its successors, "Quiet Talks on

Prayer" and "Quiet Talks About Jesus," have already reached the amazing circulation of 200,000 copies. Such a popularity is a constant incentive to this author to indulge in more quiet talks. This time his title is "Quiet Talks on Personal Problems" (Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 75c. net), and this collection of addresses will no doubt enjoy a very large sale.



LOVE IN A GONDOLA

IT is generally conceded that it is a pretty prosaic person that cannot respond in some way, at least, to the romantic environment of a seat in a Venetian gondola. Lucas Cleeve has taken advantage of the fascination that attaches to this picturesque means of locomotion, and has written a love story entitled, "Seven Nights in a Gondola," which is one of the latest additions to the colonial series of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, London. The action of the story is not actually confined to the seven nights upon the canals of Venice, but it is in that romantic atmosphere and during seven successive nights that the love-making takes place. A man and woman discover a natural attraction towards each other, but the man supposes that the woman is married. Nevertheless he gives way to the allurements and accompanies her night after night in a gondola, making love the while, with an ever-present conviction that it is wrong to do so and that it must be stopped forthwith. However, at the end of the seventh night he discovers that the woman is not married at all and that they are free to shape events to suit themselves. The story is not distinguished by depth of thought or absorbing interest.



A GREAT EVANGELIST

DR. BAEDEKER and His Apostolic Work in Russia," is the title of an extremely interesting biography by R. S. Latimer (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1.25). It should be particularly interesting to preachers of the Gospel, because, in the language of his biographer, Dr. Baedeker is described as "unquestionably one of the greatest evangelical preachers

of this or any age." The scope of his work may be imagined in reading the paragraph of the first chapter, which is entitled, "His Mission and His Parish":

"From the banks of the Rhine, in the neighbourhood of which he was born, to the last desperate penal settlement of Saghalien, beyond the Gulf of Tartary, in farthest Asia; and from the princely homes of devout nobles in Stockholm, to the rough and bare settlements of Stundist exiles in the Caucasus at the foot of Mount Ararat, lived this apostle of two continents."



KEATS IN A NEW DRESS

THE work of few poets is more studied to-day than that of Keats, new editions of whose poetry are being issued by various publishers. Among these is a splendid volume containing the complete poetical works of Keats, with an introduction and textual notes by H. Buxton Forman, C.B. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1). It is interesting to note that in this edition sixteen lines of *The Eve of St. Mark*, found by Mr. Forman in a Keats scrap-book, and reprinted in the introduction, have never appeared in any other edition. The volume is printed in magazine type on good paper, and contains copious notes. In the frontispiece there is an excellent reproduction of a drawing of Keats by Joseph Severn.



NOTES

—"Practical Health" is the title of a volume by Leander Edmund Whipple (New York: The Metaphysical Publishing Company. Cloth, \$1.50). The work is a presentation in a practical form for every-day use of the principles and ideas contained in "The Philosophy of Mental Healing," which was published in 1893. The book purports to show the effect that the mind has on cases of sickness either for good or for bad.

—"Shakespeare, England's Ulysses, the Masque of Love's Labours Won or the Enacted Will," is the title of a peculiarly contrived drama by Latham Davis (New York: G. E. Stechert and Company). It is taken from the sonnets of 1609, and

there is argument to show that Shakespeare was merely a pen-name of the dashing Robert Devereaux, second Earl of Essex.

—"Stray Shots from Solomon," by S. Davidson, which has been a feature of a well-known trade journal, have appeared in book form (Toronto: The James Acton Publishing Company). The "Stray Shots" are addressed to business men especially, and they give in a clever way a modern and practical interpretation of the thought of the wise old king.

—Lewis Ransom Fiske, LL.D., is the author of a new edition of "Manbuilding," which is published by the Science Press, Chicago. It is written by a graduate of the literary school of the late Samuel Smiles, though the present author has not acquired the anecdotal distinction of that master. Young persons of a certain order may derive benefit from the excellent platitudes of which it consists and the delicate obviousness of the morals. It treats of psychology, physiology, and sociology, furnishing such definitions as "consciousness is a state of awareness," "imagination, in general terms, is the power of imagining," and is unlikely to overtax the youthful intellect.

—"The Thompson Country," is the title of a neat little volume by Mark S. Wade, M.D. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1 net). It is a history of southern British Columbia, particularly of the city of Kamloops. The chapters are as follows: "Aboriginal Times," "The Coming of the White Man," "Superstition and Tragedy," "The Reign of John Todd," "A New Outlet," "Dawn of a New Era," "The Search for Gold," "The Coming of the Railway," "From Fort to City."

—"Writing for the Press," is the title of a comprehensive volume written by Robert Luce (Boston: The Clipping Bureau Press. Cloth, 60 cents). Its purpose is to tell reporters, correspondents and all literary workers how to prepare "copy" and make it presentable both to the editor as well as the printer. Besides that, it contains many excellent lessons in grammar, composition, choice of words, formation of sentences, paragraphing. It is a volume to be recommended to all persons who write or wish to write for publication.

What Others Are Laughing at

MARY'S WARNING

OUR hearts are sad, our faces grave,
We bear a common sorrow;
We do not heed our work to-day,
We're thinking of the morrow.
We sit in listless attitudes,
To hide our grief we're scorning;
Come weal, come woe, what do we care
For Mary's given warning.

But yesterday we played and sang,
The whole house rang with laughter;
We did not note the gathering gloom
That's clouded our hereafter.
We heeded not, poor blinded fools,

Till mother in the morning
Announced to all the dining-room
That Mary's given warning.

But now the blow has fallen, we
Our conversation flavour
With various remarks upon
Her ominous behaviour.
Her sullen looks, those ill-washed plates,
Her slowness in the morning—
How could we be surprised to hear
That Mary's given warning?

Now for a month the front door bell
Will shake in agitation;
Young persons will be coming for
The vacant situation.
And so we sit in attitudes,
All occupations scorning,
Since we all heard at breakfast time
That Mary's given warning.

—*The Royal.*



COULD NOT KEEP THE PEACE

CASEY and Flannigan, who had not
seen each other for two days, met
in the bar of the Green Dragon the other
evening.

"I hear it's mighty fine sport yez
been havin' down your court, Casey,"
remarked Flannigan.

"Sport, is it?" chuckled Casey. "Be-
dad, an' we have had all that. The finest
foight yez ever saw! Tin of us hauled
up before his worshup, an' Pat Branagan
foined for contimp av court."

"An' phwat was that for, Casey?"

"Well, Pat it was that bit half Murphy's



"Whatever are you doing to your new
dolly, Marjorie?"

"Cutting her hair like Pa's—with a little
hole on the top."—*The Royal.*

ear off, so when his worshop was tellin' us we would all be bound over to kape the peace Patsy burst out laughin' an' said he couldn't. Thin his worshop got vexed an' said to Patsy, severe loike, 'Me man, why can't you promise to kape the peace?'

"An' phwat did Branagan say to that?"

"He said: 'Sure, your worshop, I can't kape the piece—it fell to the flure, and Murphy's dog swallowed it!'"

—*The Kazooster.*



THE BARTENDER'S STORY

"A COUPLE of fellows came in here the other night," said Wiggie, the bartender, to the bunch who were sitting round the stove, "and one of 'em said gimme a glass of whiskey. I gave him a drink and he asks his friend to have something. Then he looks at his drink and says to me: 'What's that?' I says, whiskey. 'Excuse me,' says he, 'but I'm a little absent-minded—change it and give me a drink of rum.' I gives him rum and he kind of smells it and says to me: 'I'm awful sorry, but I meant to say gin.' I could see that he was a little off, so I changes his drink again and gives him gin. He up and drinks the gin and starts talking to his pal, so I says: 'Here, mister, you didn't pay me for that gin.' 'I know I didn't, says he, 'I gave you the rum for it.' 'Well,' says I, 'you never paid me for the rum.' 'I gave you the whiskey for it,' says he. 'But you never paid me for the whiskey,' says I, gettin' mad. 'I didn't drink it,' says he, 'and what I don't drink I don't pay for.' Well, I didn't get mad—I thought it was a good joke and I told him so. Then I told him I would give him five dollars if he would go over and work it on Tim Hurler that keeps the hotel. He says why he just gave me five dollars to come over here and work it on you."—*The Kazooster.*



PRESSED FOR TIME

—*The Kazooster.*

STRANGER THAN FICTION

"You'll have to take off that mask," ordered the policeman, as he stopped the motor car. "It's frightening everyone who sees it."

"But I'm not wearing one!" exclaimed the man in the motor.—*Selected.*



HIS LAST CONVERSION

He went into a heathen land,
Of converts made a few,
And then the rest converted him—
Into a tasty stew.

—*Fred. Buckley, in The Royal.*



THE CHAUFFEUR

THE chauffeur is a flying animal new to our fauna. Its original habitat is France, but it is hardy, adapts itself to all climates, and multiplies rapidly, so that it now abounds in most parts of the world. Its habits are as yet undetermined. It flies by night as well as by day, low toward the ground. It does not hibernate,



"The heroine flew from the room"

—*The Street.*

strictly speaking, although it shows some preference for warm regions.

Its reason for killing its prey is still in question. It does not feed upon its prey, but since increase of speed in flight accompanies each death some have supposed that the chauffeur draws vigour in some way from the victims.

The creature is difficult of capture and languishes in confinement, hence owners of rare specimens pay largely to protect them from the perils of capture.

No nest has yet been found nor any immature specimens. The chauffeur first appears full-grown, and may be taken in his haunt, the garage, about which they settle in flocks.—*The Naturalist.*



HOW JOSIAH FORESTALLED FATE

JOSIAH QUINCY, Assistant Secretary of State under Cleveland, was famed for the energy he showed in getting jobs for his constituents.

One day a labourer in the employ of the Department of the Interior was drowned while bathing in the Potomac. A Congressman who happened to be near when

the body was taken from the water, hearing that the dead man worked for the Government, rushed off to the Department of the Interior to secure the job for one of his followers.

When he reached the Department, however, Hoke Smith, who was Secretary of the Interior, told him that the position had already been filled.

"Filled!" cried the Congressman. "Why, the man hasn't been dead half an hour."

"I know that," replied Smith; "but Josiah Quincy heard the man was going in bathing, so he put in an application for the job by telephone."
—*Saturday Evening Post.*



A NATURAL DEATH

AN English tourist travelling in the north of Scotland, far away from anywhere, exclaimed to one of the natives: "Why, what do you do when any of you are ill? You can never get a doctor." "Nae, sir," replied Sandy. "We've just to dee a natural death!"—*Argonaut.*



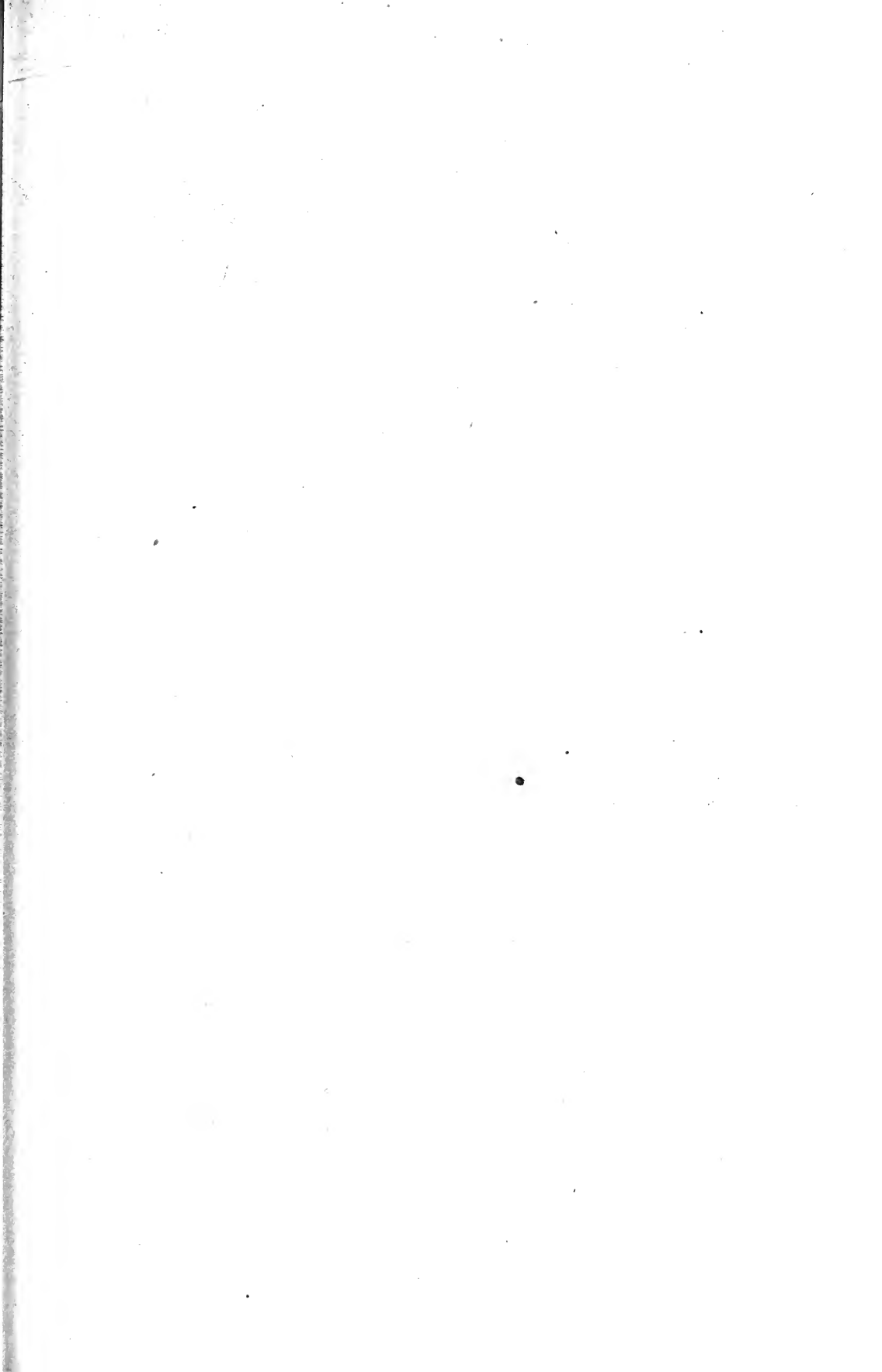
BREAKING THE SABBATH

THE late W. E. Gladstone was not a figure who suggested humour—unless it was to his great rival, Disraeli, who once described him as "a sophisticated rhetorician, intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity"—but there was humour in his comment when his house in Harley Street was attacked one Sunday by thousands of workmen, who were only driven off by a double line of mounted police. Gladstone gazed upon the *débris* of his hall and then remarked wearily that "the mob has broken the Sabbath."—*Bellman.*



A MISUSED FIGURE OF SPEECH

From a Novel—"He called his son an immoderate spendthrift, and did not fail, as he had done before, to cast his recently purchased automobile, a hundred-horse-power touring machine, in his teeth."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*





From the Painting by Aldi, in the Modern Gallery of Art, Rome.

JUDITH EXHIBITING THE HEAD OF HOLOFERNES

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The Dufferin Family

By MARGARET EADIE HENDERSON

To Canadians an extremely interesting sketch of a distinguished Irish family.

ON June twenty-fifth, 1872, the Right Honourable Frederick Hamilton-Temple-Blackwood, Earl of Dufferin and Viscount Clandeboye, took the oath as Governor-General of Canada. At this date it is not easy to think of the first Marquis of Dufferin and Ava apart from his splendid achievements in the sphere of diplomacy, which made him the first diplomat of Europe, and perhaps in his time the most conspicuous figure of our public life. We think of him as the triumphant pro-Consul, whose almost half a century of service to the Empire was recognised by Lord Tennyson in the lines he addressed to Lord Dufferin at the close of his diplomatic career:

Not swift or rash, when late she lent
The sceptres of her West, her East,
To one, that ruling has increased
Her greatness and her self-content.

Your rule has made the people love
Their ruler. Your vice-regal days
Have added fulness to the phrase
Of "gauntlet in the velvet glove."



THE MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA,
WHO FOR SIX YEARS WAS VICE-
REINE OF CANADA

Copyright Photo by Kate Praquell, London



THE FIRST MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.
ONE OF HIS LAST PHOTOGRAPHS

Photo by Johnston and Hoffman, Calcutta

But Lord Dufferin at the time of his appointment was not unknown in Canada. He was known as the brilliant son of a gifted mother—the Lady Dufferin idolised by the Irish people for the matchless pathos with which, in “The Irish Emigrant,” she voiced their love for their dear “Emerald Isle”—the mother whose passionate devotion to her only son cannot be forgotten in Ulster, where, among the hills of County Down, Helen’s Tower proclaims in lines composed by Tennyson:

Son’s love built me, and I hold
Mother’s love in lettered gold.

At the age of fifteen he had succeeded to the ancient Barony of Dufferin and Clandeboye—the fifth Baron. He was known to be accustomed to the atmosphere of courts, and conversant with their usages, for at the age of twenty-

three, the cultured young nobleman had been a Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria. Lord Dufferin was known, too, as an accomplished scholar, an observant traveller, a versatile writer, a diplomat of unerring judgment, a statesman of rare gifts, and a golden-tongued orator.

Something was known, too, of the admirable skill with which he performed his first important achievement in the sphere of diplomacy—the task Lord Palmerston in 1859 entrusted to him as British Commissioner in Syria, to prosecute inquiries into the massacre of Christians perpetrated by the Mahometans at Mount Lebanon. The Syrian maidens singing happily in the mulberry groves, as they work without fear of oppression, show how thoroughly Lord Dufferin performed that mission.

Knowing so much of the new Governor-General, it was not unnaturally felt by the Canadian people that the influence of the new *régime* could not be otherwise than distinctly marked. That the expectation then indulged was more than realised, is now a matter of history. It was a critical period. British Columbia had been admitted into the Confederation on the fourth of August, 1871, and there existed in the new Province a feeling of unrest and instability, inseparable from a new and unfamiliar order of things—a feeling that their former position as a Crown Colony gave them a status higher than that they now possessed as a Province of the welded Dominion, and a suspicion that the Dominion was unwilling, or at least inclined to hesitate, to fulfil its part of the contract of union.

Ottawa, still new to her position as capital of the chain of Provinces stretching from ocean to ocean, lived an isolated, depressing life, varied during the bright winter months of the session by the presence of the legislators, and the coruscations which served to relieve the ponderous arguments of dreary debate. The Countess of Dufferin assumed her position as Vice-reine, with a full sense of her responsibilities, and almost imperceptibly a new element of “sweetness and light” seemed to enter



LORD DUFFERIN AS HE APPEARED WHEN
GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA



SECOND MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN (FORMERLY
LORD TERENCE BLACKWOOD)

into the performance of every public duty.

The Vice-reine was a remarkable personality. A singularly winning manner enhanced the charm of a beautiful face, in whose brown eyes gleamed sympathy and kindness. Lady Dufferin, who was Miss Harriot Georgina Rowan-Hamilton, eldest daughter of Archibald Rowan-Hamilton, Esquire, of Killyleagh Castle, boasts not merely aristocracy of birth, but also aristocracy of intellect, being a descendant of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the famous dramatist, who was himself descended from the O'Sheridan who in the year 1014 subdued O'Rourke, Prince of Leitrim. The only surviving sister of Lady Dufferin is Lady Nicholson, wife of Sir Arthur Nicholson, the British Ambassador to Madrid.

His Excellency's first task was to endeavour to bind more closely together, for the common good, the several Provinces of the Dominion. To attain this object, and to get into close touch with the Canadian people, he undertook those vice-regal tours extending from the eastern seaboard of Canada to the Pacific

gateway of the Orient, the Vice-reine accompanying him, and like him winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people." On these memorable progresses through a Land of Promise, the Governor-General manifested so deep and intelligent an interest in the needs of the growing country, and such sympathy with its hopes and aspirations that on the eve of his departure from our shores he was able to say in a speech, a part of which Lady Dufferin quotes in *My Canadian Journal*: "During a period of six years I have mingled with your society, taken part in your sports and pastimes, interested myself in your affairs and business, become one of you in thought and feeling, and never have I received at your hands, whether in my public or private capacity, anything but the kindest consideration, the most indulgent sympathy and the warmest welcome."

Many years previously, Lord Dufferin had made a voyage in his yacht, the *Foam* to the polar seas, and from those ice-bound regions had written those "Letters from High Latitudes"



LORD FREDERICK BLACKWOOD, OF THE
9TH LANCERS

Photo by Mayall, London



THE EARL OF AVA, KILLED AT THE SIEGE
OF LADYSMITH, JANUARY 6, 1900. HE
WAS WELL KNOWN IN CANADA

which still hold their place as models of graceful, unaffected English writing. It occasioned no surprise that Lord Dufferin, who had, with all an explorer's zest, enjoyed the thrilling adventures 'mid berg and ice-floe, should at once interest himself keenly in Canadian winter sports. This interest was shared by the Vice-reine, who entered with gaiety into the skating and tobogganing for which Rideau Hall has since become so celebrated. Quadrilles danced on skates were usually a feature of the Saturday afternoon skating parties given by the Countess of Dufferin.

Then, many guests had to be introduced to the delights of tobogganing, for the enjoyment of which pastime Lord Dufferin had had a new slide built. A hesitating moment at the top of the chute was followed by bewilderingly mingled sensations, as the toboggan relentlessly sped to the foot of the slide. Then a long-drawn breath of relief, as the powdery snow was shaken off, while the novice, now a convert to the delights of the old Indian sport, prepared to ascend the slide for a second venture.

When twilight began to fall on the

short winter afternoons, the guests frequently found additional pleasure in store for them in the ball-room, where an operetta or play was performed, in which all of Their Excellencies' children took part, even the baby, Lady Victoria Blackwood, who, arrayed in white, wearing her Queen-godmother's gift—a gold medallion portrait of Queen Victoria surrounded with diamonds and pearls—crooned and crowed in orthodox baby fashion.

Though these juvenile performances never failed to delight the spectators of whatever age, the theatricals in which the Vice-reine herself took part were a revelation to her guests of the Countess of Dufferin's remarkable histrionic talent, for when Her Excellency appeared before the footlights in the theatre of Rideau Hall she quite captivated her audience by her vivacious acting.

Handsome, brilliant and talented, her infinite tact must have been a very tower of strength to His Excellency in the intricacies of state-craft, for a diplomatic mistake was as distinct an impossibility to Lady Dufferin as to this most diplomatic of Governors-General. No



LADY HERMIONE BLACKWOOD, A CHARMING
DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY
DUFFERIN

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LADY PLUNKET (NÉE LADY VICTORIA BLACK-
WOOD), WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR
OF NEW ZEALAND

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one understood better than the Countess how to set her guests at ease, and after the lapse of more than thirty years, her guests of the long ago delight to tell how assiduously she devoted herself to them, omitting nothing that might add to their pleasure, intuitively reading them, and drawing from them their best. More than one timid guest, preparing to depart from some function unobserved, not wishing to trespass too much on the attention of her kind hostess, was delighted to find that the gracious Vice-reine had perceived her amid the throng, and had hastened in order that she might give her hand in kindly farewell. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Her Excellency's entertainments were marked by a grace and a spontaneity hitherto unknown in Canadian society. In February, 1876, the Governor-General and the Countess gave what was at the time the most ambitious affair of the kind that had ever been attempted in Canada—the now historic Fancy Dress Ball, given in the Senate Chamber.

The names of those who moved amidst that gay throng excite now a melan-

choly interest, for some of the brightest are, alas, no more.

In August, 1876, the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin made the first vice-regal journey to British Columbia, going by the Central Pacific Railway to San Francisco—it was before the day of the Canadian Pacific Railway—thence by H.M.S. *Amethyst* to Victoria, where the Governor-General and his amiable consort won all hearts by their unaffected interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the Province, and by their undisguised admiration of its magnificent scenery. Patiently and thoughtfully Lord Dufferin considered the questions which were matters of vital importance to the Province, and the results of his deliberations were embodied in speeches so eloquent, thoughtful and sincere, and so appreciative of the possibilities and resources of the country, that the question of federal disconnection was settled for ever.

Lord and Lady Dufferin's warm interest in everything that tended to the moral and material advancement of the Canadian commonwealth is too well



CLONDEBOYE, COUNTY DOWN, IRELAND, HOME OF THE DUFFERIN FAMILY



HELEN'S TOWER ON THE CLONDEBOYE ESTATE, ERECTED BY THE FIRST MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA IN MEMORY OF HIS GIFTED MOTHER

known to require repetition in this article. In all the Provinces of the Dominion, educational and philanthropic institutions were visited by them in no perfunctory fashion, while their extended sojourns in different Canadian cities not only diffused an element of social brightness incident to the vice-regal presence, but also created a feeling of mutual trust and appreciation between the people and their illustrious visitors.

Their admiration of the magnificent scenery of Canada was unbounded, and they earnestly desired that the Canadian people should themselves fully appreciate the beauty as well as the magnitude of their unequalled heritage. To His Excellency's practical suggestion is due the laying out of the superb "Dufferin Terrace" at Quebec, while at Niagara the International Park is an evidence of his desire to preserve and enhance the natural beauty which was in imminent danger of being sacrificed to commercial aggrandisement. Of the charms of the St. Lawrence they never tired, and many a delightful fishing expedition they enjoyed on the banks of the Saguenay during the long summer days at Tadousac, where Lord Dufferin had a cottage built during his second year in Canada. Of these experiences, vivacious accounts gleam from the pages of Lady Dufferin's "My Canadian Journal," published twenty years afterwards. Apart from the bright record of vice-regal doings during the *régime* of the Earl of Dufferin, not the least valuable feature of the "Journal" is the light it throws upon the social conditions which then prevailed, and the gradual growth in the centres of population in Canada.

In 1878, after a six years' stay in Canada, Lord and Lady Dufferin returned to England, leaving an indelible impression of their influence upon the country during that critical formative period in the history of the Dominion.

That the affectionate regard of the people for the Governor-General and the Vice-reine was fully returned by those personages, appears from an entry at the close of the "Journal," when Lady Dufferin, writing of the regret with which they left our shores, says

that "Although the day itself was lovely, it was one of the most miserable I ever felt."

Of the constitutional questions, complicated as many of them were, with which Lord Dufferin had to deal during his vice-regal term in Canada, it is safe to say that abundant proof of the skill with which they were solved exists in the fact that the personal popularity of the future Marquis of Dufferin and Ava suffered no abatement from the day he set foot in the ancient citadel, until when, outward-bound, Lord and Lady Dufferin watched the shores of Canada receding from their view.

Amid the "swift vicissitudes of changeable time" the people of Canada followed with pride throughout all Lord Dufferin's subsequent career his brilliant diplomatic successes—at the Court of St. Petersburg, when British Ambassador on the banks of the Neva; at the Bosphorus, in the city of mosques and minarets; in Egypt, where he sojourned for a year after the suppression of Arabi Bey's revolt, to restore British prestige; on the banks of the Nile, afterwards returning to Constantinople to complete his ambassadorial term—until in 1884 he was appointed Viceroy of India, where fresh laurels were won by him. In India, a country where agricultural grievances had long occasioned difficulties in the administration of government, many complicated problems bearing on land tenure were solved by Lord Dufferin, who brought to the investigation of the land systems of India his experience of Irish agrarian questions.

The annexation of Upper Burmah to the territorial dominion of our Indian Empire is regarded as Lord Dufferin's most brilliant achievement in India, this step towards the solidification of British power in India having been secured at almost a bloodless cost. When Their Excellencies visited the new British possession—Burmah—to settle the arrangements for the new government, Burmese and British vied with one another in the cordiality of their welcome. And perhaps the buoyant wit, personal charm, unvarying tact, imperturbable good humour, and charming courtesy of

Their Excellencies may have been potent factors in the happy consummation which was not without its due effect in developing Oriental loyalty to the great Queen-Empress.

It might have been supposed that Lord Dufferin's happy faculty for saying pleasant things, and his unfailing resources of wit and tact might have failed to respond to the demands made upon them in a country whose climatic conditions are trying to Europeans and whose people are of alien race. But "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and Lord and Lady Dufferin's consideration for Oriental prejudices and their sympathy with the sufferings incidental to the Oriental mode of living won their way into the Oriental heart.

In Lady Dufferin's delightful "Our Vice-regal Life in India" many charming incidents reveal the Viceroy's adaptability to novel conditions. On Their Excellencies' first vice-regal tour, undertaken during Lord Dufferin's first year in India, on arriving at Dholpore, the Viceroy paid a State visit to the Maharajah of Scindia, at the conclusion of the visit, in accordance with established vice-regal usage, paying a visit of ceremony to the Maharajah's mother. The interview between the Viceroy and the Princess-Mother is thus described by Lady Dufferin: "His Excellency said to her that as she and I (Lady Dufferin) were members of the same order—Crown of India—we must be sisters, and that, as we were sisters, he must be her brother—all of which delighted her, and she laughed heartily. Then she sent him a rose, and he told her that the rose would fade, and the scent pass away, but that the remembrance of her gracious act would for ever remain in his heart; but that Her Highness had put him in a great difficulty, as on his return home his wife would certainly make a point of finding out who gave him the flower."

On the eve of the vice-regal departure from Rangoon in Burmah "His Excellency's little speech was a great success, everyone being delighted at the expression of a hope that when he returned to Burmah he should find the ladies

more beautiful and younger than ever." As this was the seventeenth speech the Viceroy had delivered that day, it is no wonder that Lady Dufferin adds: "His Excellency was rather tired: to make seventeen speeches, many of them requiring considerable thought, in addition to all social duties, is hard work."

His Excellency's capacity for work was marvellous. And India gave Lord Dufferin full opportunity for the manifestation of his powers in that direction. In "Our Vice-regal Life in India," frequent allusions to the Viceroy's work give some slight insight into the onerous character of his duties. And when it pleased his Sovereign to recognise the diplomatic services in India of this champion of Britain's honour, Ava in Burmah received the honour of being included in the new appellation, Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

In connection with the new designation, Ava, a reference in Lady Dufferin's Indian "Journal" possesses a pathetic interest. Under date of Aug. 28th, 1886, the following entry occurs:

"Archie (Earl of Ava) joins the 17th Lancers to-day. It is his twenty-third birthday, so he begins in this regiment a new year, and I hope a happy era of his life." A past happy era! Strangely appropriate seem the words of the old Latin poet: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

On the twenty-third of October, 1887, at Simla, Their Excellencies celebrated another happy anniversary, which is thus chronicled in the "Journal":

"This was our silver wedding-day. At dinner Sir Donald Wallace proposed our healths in a very kind and pretty speech, and Lord Dufferin replied. I think we both felt rather choky, for we have indeed had five and twenty very happy years together, and the termination of a quarter of a century of life almost unclouded by great sorrows, and full of many blessings, is a real epoch in life's history."

In India, as afterwards in Rome and at Paris, the Viceroy and Vice-reine practised the same free-hearted hospitality that had distinguished their *régime* in Canada; and European residents and

native dignitaries, as well as many of the little children, cherish happy memories of Lord and Lady Dufferin's four years' stay in India, Lord Dufferin resigning his Viceroyalty a year before the completion of his vice-regal term.

It was in India that Lady Dufferin's great administrative ability, marked as it is in the minor affairs of life, found opportunity for its fullest development. From the day of her arrival in India Lady Dufferin had been profoundly interested in the native women and children, visiting schools and *zenanas* as opportunity offered.

A sympathetic reference occurs in Her Excellency's "Journal" to the children for whom she was to do so much: "The Viceroy stayed at home to work while I went to give prizes at some native schools, where I dealt out dolls, boxes, and picture books as rewards for Scripture, Geography, Literature, Bengali and Usefulness. It was sad to give a doll to some poor little creature of ten or eleven, who, young as she is, is probably on the very verge of matrimony, or who, as a child-widow, may be condemned to a sort of outcast existence all the rest of her days."

Lady Dufferin yearned to devise a scheme for the alleviation of the sufferings of these native women, whose peculiar position withheld from them skilled medical aid. The result of her efforts was the noble "Countess of Dufferin Scheme for supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India." The "Scheme," to which Queen Victoria gave her patronage, has been of untold benefit to those whom it was intended to succour. The Lady Hermione Blackwood, Lady Dufferin's second daughter, has taken up the work so dear to the heart of her distinguished mother, and as one of Queen Victoria's Jubilee nurses, devoted herself to the work of relieving the suffering poor in their own dwellings. Lady Hermione was one of the seven hundred certificated nurses whom Queen Alexandra received at Marlborough House, and was by Her Majesty invested with the bronze badge and dark blue armlet of the order of Queen Victoria's Jubilee

Nurses. Lord and Lady Dufferin's eldest daughter, the Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson, is also deeply interested in the nursing question, on which subject she has written some valuable papers, dealing especially with the question of the State Registration of Nurses, concerning which on one occasion she was invited to give evidence before the House of Lords. Lord Frederick Blackwood and Lady Victoria Blackwood enjoy the distinction of being the only vice-regal children born in Canada, at least since Confederation. In Lady Victoria, Her late Majesty the Queen was specially interested, and expressed a wish to act as her godmother, to the end of her days manifesting the kindest interest in her Canadian god-daughter.

Lady Victoria is now Lady Plunket, and is herself a Vice-reine, her husband, Lord Plunket, being now Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the colony of New Zealand. Her Excellency has entered upon her new duties with all her mother's tact and energy, and shortly after their arrival in New Zealand, Lord and Lady Plunket arranged a three days' *fête* at the Government House, in aid of the endowment fund of the Veterans' Home in Wellington, N.Z. Lord and Lady Dufferin's third son, Lord Basil Blackwood, holds an important post in South Africa. The second son, Lord Terence Blackwood, who is in the Foreign Office, London, succeeded to the Marquisate on his father's death.

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava was perhaps the most potent personal force in public life to bring about that new era of Imperial unity and co-operation which may be said to be the most distinctive feature in the Britain of today. He may be called the pioneer of Imperialism, and he lived to see that splendid rally of the subjects of the Crown to the Mother Country on that day when British interests were imperilled in South Africa. He had advocated the principle of Imperialism with no mere eloquent lip-service, and gladly to the service of his Queen and country he gave the heir of his house, the Earl of Ava, a lieutenant in the 17th

Lancers, who in the far-away days had laughed and chatted himself into Canadian hearts. His youngest son, Lord Frederick Blackwood, an officer in the 9th Lancers, likewise responded to the call for men.

And when on that dark January day, 1900, there flashed beneath the seas the news that Lord Ava had been killed outside beleaguered Ladysmith in the final attack by the Boers, Canada grieved as for one of her own sons. And when the stricken parents' cup of sorrow seemed full to the brim, for their youngest son was so dangerously wounded that his life was despaired of, many a fervent prayer was uttered that the father and mother might be sustained in their intense anxiety, and that another sacrifice for the Empire might not be required of them.

A letter from Lord Dufferin to a friend in Paris appeared in *The London Times* not long afterwards, from which the following extract is taken: "I have indeed been wading in very deep waters, and it has required all my fortitude to go through the ordeal. . . . And now you will be glad to know that my poor boy is recovering. He was shot through the body, the bullet penetrating the lung, but we have had a feeble little line of pencil from himself to say he is getting on, and a telegram has reached us this morning to the effect that in a week or two he would be able to be sent down to Capetown; but it has been a dreadful trial to his poor mother, and happening, too, within a week of the day last year that our eldest son was killed."

In 1896, at the age of seventy, Lord Dufferin retired from the diplomatic service, his last appointment being Ambassador to France. On his welcome

home to what, it was hoped, would be a life of comparative leisure and devotion to literary pursuits, the firm tone of the experienced diplomat repeated the call to Imperialism in the words: "No nation's independence or possessions are safe for a moment unless she can guard them with her own right hand." It was his pride that the Empire whose prestige he had so nobly maintained, and indeed strengthened, commanded everywhere respect as a nation of "steadfast, truth-loving, humane, and indomitable people."

At his own home, Clandeboye House, from which he had been absent so many years in the Empire's service, yet to which his heart had ever fondly turned, the first Marquis of Dufferin and Ava passed away on the twelfth of February, 1902, and three days later he was laid to rest with his ancestors in the family burying-ground at Clandeboye. With the widowed Marchioness in her overwhelming sorrow world-wide sympathy was felt, for in almost every part of the world the influence of Lord Dufferin's personality had directly or indirectly been felt. In this connection the early anticipations of the mother for the future of her distinguished son possess a touching interest.

On Lord Dufferin's twenty-first birthday, his devoted mother had given him a silver lamp, surmounted by the motto, "Fiat Lux," and had addressed to him a benedictory poem from which the following lines are taken:

"Let there be light" in thy clear soul
When passion tempts, and doubts assail;
When grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll,
"Let there be light," that shall not fail!
So, angel-guarded, may'st thou tread
The narrow path which few may find;
And at the end look back, nor dread
To count the vanished years behind.



Black Mack

By NEIL DAWSON

How a young farmer was cured of horse-racing and the purchase of a winning steed called off.

"OH, mother, Mack is just fine!" exclaimed Grace Nugent, bursting into the room where her mother was sitting sewing. "And the moonlight was just grand, too. And Dan says Mack did extra well at his first practice, for a mere colt. He has quite decided to prepare him for the green race at the fall fair."

"Yes, and just make a show of himself," drily remarked the mother, as she bit the end off a thread. In a moment she continued musingly: "Now if Mack did do something at the race so that Dan could sell him for a big price, then he could afford to furnish his new house in grand style. But a young farmer like Dan Gibson has no call for a race-horse."

"Oh, mother, don't talk that way! I couldn't bear to think of Black Mack falling into the hands of those horrid racing men. If you loved horses the least bit, you could never want such a horse sold. I would rather do without the grand furniture, piano and all, than see Mack sold."

The mother gave a look of provoking pity at the girl, and went on sewing.

"Mother, if you had just seen us leave old Wilson behind!"

For the first time the mother looked really interested. It had long been a thorn in her side that no one kept a horse that old Wilson could not run past on the way from church with his rakey old sorrel.

"Could Wilson not pass him?" she asked eagerly.

"Pass him! Well, I guess not. He came tearing up with all his silly bluster, pulled out and struck his old sorrel. I glanced at Dan, and his eyes were just dancing. I could see Mack gather himself up as if impatient for the word, but Dan waited till the sorrel was just nosing past Mack, and then without a word he made some peculiar movement of the reins, and Mack was off like a shot. Wilson yelled at his horse, but it was no use; he was left away behind in less than a minute.

The mother looked for a moment at the girl, so pretty in her eagerness, and then said:

"Well, I'm glad someone has got a horse at last that old Wilson can't pass."

After a moment she added: "I hope Mack beats the whole of them at the fair."

The weeks slipped quickly away, and it was not long till the great day had arrived. The eagerness with which Grace Nugent sprang into her uncle Andrew's rig, when he called to take her into town, is only known to one whose interest had been gathering in intensity for months. She could scarcely speak of anything but Black Mack and his race, and long before they had reached town her uncle—a shrewd old man of seventy—had unwittingly got to the bottom of her eager little heart. He knew that first of all she was intensely

anxious that Black Mack should win, and that in the second place she was anxious that Dan should not under any conditions be persuaded into parting with his beautiful horse. And so the old man quietly resolved to keep his eyes open that day.

Having reached the fair grounds, Grace soon stole around to a point near the stables, where she was to meet Dan. Presently he appeared, but not with as cheerful a face as Grace had expected.

"Well, how is dear old Mack?" she quickly asked.

"Oh, Mack is all right; but the trouble is we are up against terrible odds to-day, Grace."

"Why, Dan, what's the matter?"

"The matter is that there is no green race after all, and the only thing left for us is to go in the free-for-all."

"What! Put a mere colt in a race with old racing horses? What a shame! How does that come?"

"Oh, it seems that the other green horses have withdrawn and so there can be no green race! But it is a shame to have to race Mack against old horses with good records. I was quite sure of winning the green race, but there is not much show for us in the free-for-all."

"I just wouldn't do it!" exclaimed the girl, with much vehemence. "I wouldn't race good Mack with their nasty old rakes at all. It is just some mean trick they are trying to play on you."

"Oh, yes, Grace, I am going to race him, anyway. He is in great shape to-day, and I want to see what he can do."

"Do you mean it, Dan?" she asked earnestly.

"Yes, I mean it."

"Then I hope you beat all their wheezely old things, so I do!" she exclaimed hotly.

"We're going to try hard."

"Well, good luck," and she turned away and hurried back to where she had left her uncle standing.

In a few words she told him how things stood.

"There's some game on," remarked the old man quietly. "I'm going to have a look around. You just wait here."

After a considerable interval he returned, but there was nothing in his face to encourage the anxious girl. In reply to her questioning look he remarked:

"Well, Grace, I think Dan has got into a pretty nasty nest of them to-day. There are four horses besides Mack in the free-for-all. One or two of them don't appear of very much account, but the others do. There is one old gray lad, a skinny, rakey-looking old gent called the "Gray Stranger," that looks as if he might be of tremendous account, or might not, just as he sees fit—one of those old chaps that seems to wink at you as much as to say, 'Well, I guess you don't know me. I'm from away down South.' And in truth he is a stranger; never was seen in these parts before."

"Well, never mind," continued the old man; "there'll be no fooling with Mack, anyway. He'll make some of those old blear-eyed fellows show what's in them, even if he doesn't win."

"But, oh, I can't bear to see Mack beaten!" exclaimed the girl, with a tremulous voice. "I think it's just a shame," and a tear glistened in her eye.

"Oh, don't you be afraid; Mack is all right!" and the old man assumed cheerfulness. He exerted himself to interest her in the trapeze performance and the other events till the free-for-all was called.

By that time the crowd of spectators was immense, and when the five horses came trotting briskly down the course, and wheeled before the judges' stand, the interest became very keen.

After two or three trials, they got away in a nice even start. The pole horse, a little flat-sided, long-eared bay, was leading by a half-length. He was closely hugged by a big, lanky chestnut, and he in turn by a thick, low-set roan. These three got away swiftly, and soon were going at what was for them a furious pace. Outside these three, the long, low-rumped, blear-eyed gray stranger was going along at a steady, loping stride, as if calmly considering the beautiful young black that was proudly bearing along on the extreme outer course. At first it appeared as if these last two

in their steadiness would be left far behind the others in their enthusiastic impulsiveness. But there was, notwithstanding, something in the appearance of the gray stranger and Black Mack that caught the attention of every horse-man in that vast crowd.

"Just wait a minute, the stranger doesn't feel at home yet," remarked a youth standing in front of Grace and her uncle.

"Oh, dry up about your ugly old gray!" replied his chum. "I'm going to bank on Black Mack. Just look at his beauty and his proud step."

"Yes, but beauty won't take him over the course in time to see the finish of my gray."

"Won't it! Won't it!" exclaimed the other; just look at him now! See the way he is forging ahead, and up-grade and into the wind, too. Now, is beauty hindering him any?"

True, Mack was now distinguishing himself. They had reached the far side of the course where there was a slight up-grade, and Mack had left the gray behind and was quickly closing up with the other three.

"Look, now! He's passing the whole bunch!" exclaimed the youth. "That's the horse for you!"

Grace's eyes began to shine, and she shot a quick glance at her uncle, who was gravely studying the old gray, now so far behind.

"Just wait a minute; keep your eye on my old gray, and you'll see something after awhile," remarked the other youth.

"Now see the gray," he continued, as the horses rounded the bend and started down the home stretch.

"Look! Look! See his stride now!" he shouted, as the old gray came tearing down the home stretch, sliding easily past the bunch of three.

"He'll do Black Mack just the same way, see if he doesn't?"

Grace glanced nervously up at her uncle's face.

"Looks like it. Looks like it," were the words she read there as plainly as if he had spoken them.

A rousing cheer greeted Black Mack

as he came in front of the grand-stand, nobly carrying himself at a very high speed, but the heat was not yet done. It was a half-mile track, so that there was another round. Then a second great cheer arose; it was for the gray stranger, who with wonderful stride was closing right up on the black, and went under the wire abreast with him. In another moment the gray was ahead, and was pulling in to the pole horse's place.

"What did I tell you!" exclaimed the youth, and he followed this remark with a short, shrill cheer.

A shiver ran through the slender form of the girl behind him.

But now the horses had once more reached the up-grade on the long side, and Mack began to close up on the stranger. With each step his spirit and strength seemed to rise, and when Dan pulled him out, he dashed past the gray with great ease.

"Mack again! Mack again! My beauty! He's going to get it."

"Just wait," drawled the other, with provoking deliberation. "Wait till they round the bend."

"Oh, yes, *wait*, but look at the distance Mack has got this time. The stranger'll never catch him."

"Won't he, just look now!" as the gray started on his spurt for the wire.

Grace bent eagerly forward.

"He can't do it! He can't do it," shouted the youth, as the gray swept grandly down on Mack. Mack was going fast, and the gray had more to do this time. When there were only a few rods left the driver of the gray, aroused to the danger, began to slash and yell. But it was too late; Mack had won the heat by a good length.

The crowd was wild with enthusiasm, for the majority were greatly taken with the beauty of the noble black.

The colour came richer in Grace's cheeks, and she added her little cheer to that of the mass.

"That was good, real good," said her uncle, quietly, and then added in an undertone: "You remain here, Grace. I'll be back directly."

The old man sauntered slowly around to where they were sponging and rub-

bing down the gray stranger; and when the crowd of younger horse enthusiasts had satisfied their curiosity and begun to move away, the old man drew nearer and seemed greatly to admire the legs and sinews of the steaming gray. Presently a self-important, blustering man hurried up to speak to the driver. This was evidently the owner of the stranger.

"Well, Jack, what happened you that time?" he inquired.

"I miscalculated a little," answered the driver.

"Well, don't do it again, make a sure job of it," said the owner with some emphasis. He was about to add something further but hesitated, and looked sharply at the old man, who was still looking admiringly at the gray trotter.

"It's a fine day, old man," said he in a loud voice, taking a step towards him.

The old man looked around with a puzzled expression, put his hand to his ear and said: "Did you speak to me, sir?"

The owner took a step nearer and repeated in louder voice: "I said it's a fine day."

"Yes, sir, a fine horse, a fine horse, sir," replied old Andrew, with a most innocent expression on his face.

The owner turned again to the driver, evidently satisfied that the old man was very deaf, and continued in a low tone:

"Say, Jack, that black is a wonder, isn't he?"

"For a colt, he certainly is, sir. He'll beat the gray some day, if he is handled right."

"Some day? Say, Jack, he'd do it to-day if the fool knew how to drive him."

"Yes, if he just had a little more grade to climb, for instance," said Jack, with a wink.

"Exactly, wouldn't you like to be sitting on that colt's tail, old boy?" remarked the "boss" with a slap on Jack's shoulder.

"Ah, wouldn't I!" said Jack, with a twinkle.

"Well, you're going to, Jack. I'm going to buy him. It's only a farmer fellow owns him, and he doesn't know what he's worth. And say, Jack, I'm

going to buy him when this race is over, so you know I mean business when I say I want you to beat him, and beat him badly. You know what it means," and he looked earnestly at Jack with his fierce eyes.

"Hundreds like enough, boss, and we'll do it, just trust us."

"Have you got any of the *stuff*, Jack?"

"Haven't I, boss?" and Jack slapped his hip pocket.

"Well, take no risks," was the owner's warning, as he turned away.

Still the old man was hanging around in front of the stranger's stall, but, when a few minutes later the crier rode past calling for the second heat of the free-for-all, he turned away, having just seen the driver, Jack, pull a flask of whisky from his pocket and pour half its contents into the Gray Stranger.

Grace Nugent was beginning to wonder what was keeping her uncle, when he hurried up and excitedly grabbed her by the arm.

"Grace," he almost whispered, "you can get through the crowd quicker than I can; hurry over to Dan's stall and try to catch him before he starts, and tell him I said for him to make the up-grade longer for Mack."

The sensitive girl seemed to shrink from the task. "Couldn't you tell him better than I, uncle?" she faltered; "there are a lot of men over there."

"No, Grace; it would not do for me to be seen talking to him. You go, and hurry; the race depends on it."

The girl hesitated no longer, but hurried away. The crier went up and down calling out the horses. The judges were impatiently ringing the bell.

Soon the five were again on the track. Old Andrew was looking eagerly for the girl. In a moment she appeared. Her face seemed drawn and haggard.

"Oh, uncle," she whispered tremblingly, "I failed; he was started when I got there."

In spite of his best efforts to hide it, a look of pain passed over the old man's face.

The driving in the second heat was very similar to that in the first. Black Mack forged ahead on the up-grades,

and the Gray Stranger distinguished himself on the downs. But especially on the long home stretch did the stranger do some wonderful travelling, and at a flying pace he went under the wire four good lengths ahead of Black Mack.

The crowd was wild with enthusiasm; and eagerness for the third heat ran high. In the confusion it was easy for the uncle to whisper instructions to his now pale-faced niece, and send her off to Dan.

"Tell Dan that they're trying to work a dirty game on him to-day; that the cutting out of the green race was only a part of it. And tell him the only way for him to smash their game is to win this race. Tell him I said to make more up-grade for Mack, especially on the home stretch. Run away now, Grace, and for your life don't fail to see Dan himself."

"But hadn't you better explain more fully what you mean by making more grade?" she asked.

"No, Grace, Dan will know; and he knows his horse better than I do. Come back here after you see him."

To the old man, as well as to the two youths in front of him, who kept up a continual argument about the merits and prospects of the two horses, the wait for the third and last heat seemed very long. And, indeed, to the great multitude of spectators, in their nervous eagerness, it seemed a long while before the free-for-all again had the track.

Meanwhile the girl had returned, having satisfactorily performed her task, and now with considerably more confidence they waited for the manœuvring horses to get away. They were even forced to smile now and again at the good-natured banter of the two young men in front of them.

The first round of this heat was much like the others. Mack got away ahead on the far side and seemed to keep gaining till well around the bend at the south end. Then the stranger overhauled him on the down stretch to the wire. In a few moments they were on the far side again, and once more Mack pulled out and tore away from the gray. Faster

and faster they went till the gray was left far behind.

"Ah, ha! Look at that," said the youth; "he's going to leave the old gray altogether this time."

Just wait, my boy; the gray is only having his regular nap now."

"But, look! Mack is around the bend, and he is still keeping it up."

"You're right; he doesn't seem to know that he's done with the up-grade," assented the other thoughtfully.

"No, sir, your old gray isn't in it this time. Mack's going to keep it right up till the wire is reached."

"Well, let him, it will only give the stranger more chance to distinguish himself. Now, see! The gray is just waking up! Now, look at the way he is coming!"

"Yes, but he's whipping him already; he'll make the old gray beggar break before he reaches the wire."

"No danger! You couldn't make him break, he's been on the track before, and against other things besides mere colts."

And true enough, though the driver slashed and yelled the whole way down the stretch the gray never broke, but steadily tore along at such an awful pace that he quickly began to close up on Mack.

Harder and harder he went, till finally Mack had only two lengths to the good and there were still a half-dozen rods to go. Then a piercing scream burst from the driver of the old gray; the whip descended with an awful blow; the lines were shaken out over his back and the old gray spurted wildly and went under the wire abreast with Mack, and still no sign of breaking.

Cheer on cheer rose from the great crowd. Then discussion on discussion followed, admirers of each horse claiming the victory.

"Which got it, uncle? Which got it?" demanded Grace nervously.

"I can't say, Grace. It's very close. I never saw a finish so close before. We'll know in a minute what the judges say."

But even the judges seemed to hesi-

tate. They could be seen talking among themselves for some moments. Then one took the chalk and began to write, and when the board was hung out it said: "Black Mack and Gray Stranger even. Another heat will be run."

A great cheer greeted this announcement, and the interest became intense.

"Come with me, Grace," said the old man, and he led her around to a position where from a distance they could see the Gray Stranger in his stall.

For sometime the girl was interested in watching the attendants slapping and rubbing and sponging. Then she said:

"Have you no message to send to Dan, uncle?"

"Not yet, Grace; but I brought you here so that I could get you away with it in time if I got any. You just stay here till I go over nearer to the stall."

"The farmer is waking up a bit, Jack," was the owner's greeting as he came up to the driver.

"Yes, sir, there's stuff in that horse if it were brought out."

"But, say, Jack, you can do it this time, can't you?"

"I think so. The black must be about played. He can't have the staying power yet at that age."

"Jack, come here," said the owner, with a wink and a nod.

"Ah," thought the old man, as the owner drew the driver aside and began to talk. "He suspects me, or else this is something so important that he won't take any risks of being heard, most likely the latter."

The old man was terribly annoyed at missing what he knew must be something very important in the game, and so in hopes of still hearing a hint of what it had been he still waited around.

At last the owner seemed about to turn away, and the old man was able to catch the final words: "So, Jack, you will send him over in any case. For no matter which way it turns out, it will pave the way, and perhaps save a hundred or two. But, say, Jack, the winning of this means at the very least six hundred to me; you do it and it will

mean a good hundred to you. Do you see?"

"All right, boss; if it's in the old lad, he'll do it."

The bell began to ring. The driver pulled a fresh flask from his pocket, uncorked it, ran his thumb more than half down on the glass, and holding it there for a mark, poured a big draught into the horse. Then, holding the bottle up, he saw that he had gone even below his thumb mark. A look of reckless venture came on his face, he shot a glance of inquiry at the owner who was just turning away. A nod was the only reply, and the driver put the flask once more to the horse's mouth and drained it to the bottom.

"Well," thought the old man, "I wouldn't wonder if you've overdone it. I hope so, anyway."

When he reached the slender girl he saw that there was scarcely any colour left in her face, but fire was flashing in her eyes.

"Did you see that, uncle?" she asked in trembling voice.

"See what, Grace?"

"Was that whisky, uncle?" she demanded.

"Nothing else, Grace."

"The horrid brute, to go to use a horse that way; and that's the way they are trying to beat Mack?" and her voice trembled with indignation.

"Come on back to our place," said the old man quietly; "the heat will soon be starting."

Time after time the horses came down, but failed to get away. Sometimes it was the old gray that was too far behind, sometimes it was the little bay.

"Oh, such rot!" exclaimed the youth who was backing Black Mack. "I believe it's just a game they are working to try to rattle Mack, since he's only a colt. The sneaks think they will get him tired out before they start."

Grace, on hearing this, turned her pale, nervous face to her uncle.

"I think that's the game, all right," remarked the old man quietly, "but I don't think it will work. Mack is taking it very coolly, and his driver isn't letting him go far enough to tire him."

"No, but the danger is," added the youth, "that in trying to keep Mack cool the driver will not have him roused just at the time they do make up their minds to go."

"That's the only danger," assented the old man.

And indeed so it happened. Nearly all the others, and especially the gray got a very swift start, while Mack got a very quiet, slow start, and so was at first left behind. But when they reached the far side, Mack soon began to close up on the others. All the fierce determination in the horse seemed to be aroused to make up for his having been caught napping. He held his head high, and tore past the others as if in utter contempt; but when he came to the gray he could not race past with such ease. The gray was going harder than he had ever gone before on the up-grade; but up against the wind was Mack's forte, and once more he established the fact, and finally left the stranger behind.

"Ah, you rascal!" exclaimed the youth, "just keep that up now. You can, you beggar. Good! Good! The stranger can't catch you on that pace. Oh, look at the pace! Mack hasn't even noticed that he's on the down grade yet."

"But hold on," exclaimed the other; "wait till the gray gets alongside the cheering crowd, just wait; he's a finishing horse, he is! Oh, see him now; see the fierce look in his eyes! Isn't he a terror? Now see him go!"

And go he did, with such an awful vehemence that he was just passing Mack as they went under the wire. On they flew, but before they had made the bend, the gray was ahead and had pulled in and was hugging the bank, with Mack close on his heels. Around the far side they whirled.

"Now wait till you see Mack pull out and leave him," was the encouraging word from the eager youth.

But Mack didn't seem to do it. Up that long grade they flew, rod after rod, without change of position.

"Ah! ha! Ah, ha! Guess your black is played; not going to shine this time at all!"

"What in the mischief is wrong with

that fool of a driver?" exclaimed the youth excitedly. "Doesn't he know that the grade is slipping past? Why on earth doesn't he pull out and give Mack a chance? He'll keep him in behind till they've reached the bend, and he won't have a rod of a start of the old gray on the home stretch, when he ought to have five."

Grace turned horrified to her uncle. Her face was very pale and her lip was trembling.

The old man's keen eyes were on Mack and his driver, but he turned a kindly look on the excited girl and whispered in her ear:

"Don't give up yet, Grace. I think Dan is just moving the grade around a little nearer the goal, and I believe it's a grand idea—just watch."

With new courage, the girl turned again to the race. But, oh, how could she bear to look! Mack was still behind, and the horses were right at the bend. Already the gray seemed rousing for the final struggle. All at once Dan pulled out and with a word of encouragement and a little touch of the whip he lifted the noble black to the idea of conquest, and away he went like a whirlwind. But the gray's pace was increasing every instant. It seemed an impossibility to think of passing a horse going at that rate, but Mack never yet in his life had been pulled out to pass a horse and had failed. All the latent strength of his powerful frame seemed to rise in answer to the challenge, and in a few moments he was seen to be closing on the gray. On they came, the gray still rousing, but Mack reaching for the conquest.

"He'll do it! He'll do it!" exclaimed the old man, his excitement breaking loose for the first time, as Mack came even with the gray.

In a few moments more Mack was ahead. All the way the driver of the gray had been whipping and yelling, and the gray was looking wilder and wilder. Just then they came opposite the extreme end of the wildly cheering grand-stand, and the old horse caught the fire of the applauding thousands and spurted grandly. He was fast clos-

ing on the black, but when only half a length behind, he failed to further gain anything perceptible to the crowd, for Mack, in answer to some mysterious working of the reins by Dan, was also spurting. At this the driver of the gray became furious, and, letting out a more terrible scream than had been yet heard, he reached far over and struck his old gray a stinging cut on the ears. For one moment the gray seemed to bound ahead.

"The stranger has it," was the shout.

"Oh, oh!" rose a mighty groan on the next breath.

The stranger had broken, and went under the wire running, and barely abreast with Mack.

Cheer on cheer rose from the vast crowd.

"Mack has it, hasn't he?" exclaimed Grace, in a gasp.

"Yes, Grace, Mack has won," replied her uncle, and a moment later he observed:

"I thought when I saw them empty that flask, that they had overdone it, and would end up by getting their old horse excited."

Grace was full of gladness, and kept bubbling over in all sorts of gleeful expressions, but the old man was all business.

"We are not done yet, Grace," he observed; "you wait near the main entrance to the large hall till I come. I want to find out their next move."

The girl was perplexed, but patiently waited. After some time the old man returned.

"They're a pack of scoundrels, Grace."

"Who, uncle?"

"The Gray Stranger gang."

"Why, what are they trying now? Hasn't Mack got the race all right?"

"Yes, that's all right, but—"

"But what, uncle?"

"You wouldn't care to see Mack sold, would you, Grace?"

"Do you mean that the Gray Stranger fellow is trying to buy him? I'd sooner see him die before he left these grounds."

"You're more likely to see him sold before he leaves, Grace. But I must be quick, for every minute is precious. The

owner of the Gray Stranger got his eye on Mack yesterday, and made up his mind to get him. He easily saw that Black Mack could not help but win the green race. So there must be no green race, for Mack must be beaten so as to take hundreds off his price. And the driver of the stranger is promised a hundred if he wins, and the gray is dosed and driven for the last inch that is in him, and it is planned that immediately the race is over a fellow dressed like a farmer is to slip around to Dan and become confidential, and tell him that he has heard it hinted that the owner of the stranger is thinking of making him an offer for Mack, and then talk about what a good chance it will be to realise well on him, as he will never sell for so much again. If Mack had been beaten he was to tell Dan he ought to at least get four hundred for him; if he had won he was to put it at seven hundred. Then later the owner would offer even more than these figures, and Dan was sure to be caught.

"The mean sneaks!" exclaimed Grace. "They won't get Mack at all, so they won't."

"But, do you think Dan would sell Mack without letting us know?"

"I don't know," answered the girl, with a frightened look, as she thought of her mother's hints to Dan about getting a big price for Mack.

"Well, the scoundrel is over there now trying to work his game."

"Then I'm going to see Dan," said Grace, with quick determination, and she was off through the jostling crowd.

Meanwhile Dan and his visitor were closeted in the stall with Mack. An offer of thirteen hundred had been placed, and every effort was being made to get Dan to close at once. Dan turned his eyes away from Mack and thought only of the big sum of money, and had his mind about made up when they were interrupted, and Dan was called out to see a lady. The owner of the gray impatiently bit his lip. Dan came outside, and was pointed over to where Grace Nugent was standing.

"Congratulations, Dan," said she, as he came near.

"Thanks, Grace. And say, do you know, I'm just now offered thirteen-hundred for Mack. Won't your mother be tickled?"

"What about? Why, she hasn't mentioned your selling Mack since I told her about leaving old Wilson behind."

"Is that so?" said Dan, with a puzzled look.

"Yes," was the answer, and they walked along in silence for some minutes. "Do you see that?" asked Grace, pointing to an empty flask. "They emptied that into the stranger before the last heat. Would you like to see Mack used that way?"

Dan looked at the girl as if she had hit him.

"Did the owner know they were doing it?" he demanded.

"Yes, he was right there and ordered it done."

"The brute!" exclaimed Dan, and then he became thoughtfully silent.

In a few words Grace told him the whole game that had been played against him and Mack, and when she had finished Dan continued to stare at her in speechless surprise for some moments. Then a look of unutterable anger swept over his face, and he said with a voice whose very quietness pulsated with terrible energy:

"Well, that finishes it. Mack won't be sold; and, what's more, he'll never go on the track again."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed the girl, with tears shining in her eyes, and with a glad heart she turned away to find her uncle and tell him the good news.

The Canadian Abroad

BY W. INGLIS MORSE

THOU native son, yet wandering far
From Canada, thy natal soil,
What fate hath carved thy destiny
Amid the city's vaunted toil?

Forth from the Northland thou hast gone
To seek the world's enticing gain—
To bind the fetters round thy soul
Or reach the goal of freedom's plane.

Whether in academic walks,
Or midst the factory's throb and stress,
Where'er thy place and duty lie,
Be thine to live for righteousness.

A Study in Silence

By S. A. WHITE

An outing romance, in which the caprices of two lovers make a pleasing tableaux for an interested youth and a sympathetic bittern.

THE sun was under a cloud when we stepped into the boat. Down in the east hung a misty haze. I offered the oars to Dick, but he shook his head, and I sighed as I bent to them. I never was overly fond of work, and, then, I always liked to watch Dick's shoulders as he rowed. Dick had good shoulders.

He sat in the stern, pipe in mouth.

"Rise to-day?" he grunted.

"Ought to," I answered. "That still water by the cliff should be fine about now. Kelly told me he took some four-pounders there yesterday after we left. We were a bit early."

The still water by the cliff was fine. Dreamy, deep and black, it looked just the spot for four-pound black bass. I sculled gently, and Dick took his green-heart rod.

He cast so clumsily that I felt like reaching for him with my foot, but as the fly splashed the surface, the reel sank, "chirr-r-r!"

It was a good one. I aided with my oars and the fish was coming in in fine form when suddenly he thought better of it and darted sideways toward the cliff. The idiot slacked his line, and in a flash the fish was gone.

Dick had his back to me, but his ears got red. No doubt he could feel the reproach in my look.

Again he cast. Another rose, and he missed it.

I groaned.

This time he cast viciously, and the fly

hit the water with a spat. Splash! and a third one had it. He leaped, but Dick failed to keep the line taut. A twist, and he was free, flourishing good-bye with his tail, as his green-black sides split the surface.

I knew what was wrong, for my friend was no novice with the rod.

"Dick!" I said, "you're thinking of Virginia."

"Blast it!" groaned Dick, and threw the rod down in the boat. He sat down, too, and filled his pipe.

"There," I went on, "you've missed three beauties in succession, and I know why. You're not fishing, you're thinking of her."

Dick said nothing, so I enlarged:

"Old man, forget her. Ever since we came to this resort you have blundered at everything. Only day before yesterday, at tennis, you smashed your racquet against a post instead of the ball. Then you said "damn" so loud that Miss Streene heard you."

"Wish I had never come to the god-forsaken place."

"Forsaken!" I exclaimed. "My dear boy, it's the finest resort on the list—only Virginians never come here. She's not here, Dick, otherwise you might not call it god-forsaken. You might as well be in the wilderness as here, for all the pleasure you are getting. Why the deuce don't you go and patch up your quarrel?"

"Can't!"

"Oh, the deuce! I never saw one yet

that couldn't be fixed up. Yours can, too."

Dick shook his head. "Afraid not—besides, the old gentleman learned of our quarrel. He forbade Marjorie to speak or write to me till I make an apology."

"Whew!" I ejaculated—"and she?"

"About as proud as I am."

"You always were an ass with that pride of yours. Stow it for once. Go down to Virginia, make it right; then come back and we'll fish. Old boy, will you go?" I asked with a sort of mock enthusiasm.

I could see that wretched pride of his had still a hold on him, so I let him think, and pulled into the shade of the cliff past some bushes next the white-sand shore. Dick gazed moodily about and looked at everything in reach but my eyes. I watched him, waiting for his answer, and in about two minutes he gave such a jump from his seat that I thought he was overboard.

The boat lurched, and I got nearly a pail of water over my ducks.

Now, there is nothing more exasperating than to get soaked with weedy water, so I started to call Dick something not in the guide-book, but he was standing on one foot on the seat and frantically jabbing in the direction of the rock with the stem of his pipe.

"Egad! Look there," he exclaimed, excitedly.

"Sit down, you blooming idiot," I said, for my trousers were clinging clammy to my legs.

"But look!—look!" he reiterated.

"Sit down!" I roared, and shoved an oar among his ribs—"sit down, or in you go."

He scrambled down.

"Why the deuce did you wet me?" I demanded crankily.

"Oh, fudge! Look at the cliff."

By this time we were close along the shore, and the wall of the cliff was not many yards from it. Across a smooth spot on the surface was written in blue chalk the name—Marjorie Dale.

The next minute the boat grated on the pebbles, and Dick was out like a shot.

"It's her writing," he sputtered, examining it closely.

"You're a fool, Dick. She's not within five hundred miles of here."

"It's hers—hers," he repeated.

Just then a girl tripped over the bluff behind the cliff. She was clad in a fluffy summer gown. Without a pause she came down toward our little strip of beach.

"Shades of Cupid!" I said to Dick; "here's the girl or her ghost."

"What!" exclaimed Dick.

"The girl—Marjorie. Look! Coming down—"

He looked, and one glance told him I was right.

"Gad, man!" he said, "let's get out of here quick."

"No; stay and make it up. It's a Providence-sent opportunity."

"No, no!" Dick cried, and came for the boat, but with a shove of the oar I sent it out so that a dozen yards of water lay between us.

"You stay there," I said, "and don't make an ass of yourself this time. I'll row down and get some dry clothes. I wouldn't let her see me like this. Look for me in an hour; by that time you'll be friends, at least."

"But, good lord, Jim, I can't speak to her before I apologise, and how the deuce can I apologise without speaking?"

"Oh! I thought you were too proud to apologise."

Dick looked ashamed.

"Well!" I continued, "perhaps you're not so proud as you were. A few minutes makes quite a difference sometimes. I advise you to do so. Good-bye," and I swung the blades.

"Hold on, Jim," Dick groaned, in an agonising tone. "Don't leave me here like a mummy. The uncle swore she shouldn't speak and I shouldn't till I gave a suitable apology—O damn!"

"You might try the cliff," I suggested mercilessly, quickening my stroke. "There's blue clay at its foot."

So I shot round a bend of the shore, seemingly for the hotel, but such was not my intention. Immediately turning, I noiselessly oared the boat back along the bush-covered beach till I lay again just opposite the cliff, hidden by the foliage.

Another stroke and I would be in plain sight. I took no more strokes, but lay in shelter.

I could hear Marjorie's step on the pebbles, and parted the bushes so that I could see. In doing so I found I had a companion in concealment. Almost at the end of the boat, in the shallow, a lanky bittern stood sentinel-like, watching me with one eye and the pair on the shore with the other.

There was a twinkle of merriment in Marjorie's eyes when she came face to face with my friend. He raised his hat, but never spoke. She nodded prettily, and the twinkle became a smile.

What a spectacle! Think of it: Two persons in love with each other, each dying to make up the quarrel, and both unable to speak, because of mistaken notions of pride—at least on his side.

The ludicrous feature of it appealed to me, and I had to hold my sides to keep from roaring out. My companion, the bittern, opened his mouth. I knew he, too, was moved to laughter.

Would they never speak? Dick stood on one leg, then on the other, stooped and picked up a piece of shingle, toyed with it, threw it down and crushed it beneath his heel. Then he twirled his hat on its string. Marjorie, bewitching in her white gown, stood smiling.

"The blasted fool!" I said in an undertone, and the bird drove his beak downward with an emphatic "yes."

"Why doesn't he use the cliff?" I asked of my friend of the long legs, and he drove his bill down with another "yes."

Our united thoughts must have reached Dick at that moment, for he turned to the rock, picked up a piece of hard, blue water-clay and deliberately wrote his name, Richard Jarvis, under hers. The girl watched him, still smiling. He finished and offered the chalk to her without a word. She took it and enclosed the two names in a well-defined heart.

Their eyes met in a look of understand-

ing, Dick's arm went round her and then—ahem! Just then I looked at the bittern. His lordship gaped askance at this new turn of affairs, rubbed his head reflectively against a reed and pruned his wings, as if for flight.

"Old chap," I said, sympathetically, "you're right. We're left out in the cold. Let's make tracks. You go first and I'll follow." I feinted at him with a rod, and he went. I followed.

The next evening I was going alone toward the beach when I met Marjorie. Now she was an old friend of mine, a neighbour, in fact, for some years. That was why she had asked me to arrange a meeting between Dick and herself when she came to visit her cousin, Colonel Barring. Barring owned Barring Bluff, that pretty place by the summer resort of Washford. Dick hadn't known the Colonel was her cousin.

"Hello!" I said. "Were my calculations of time and place exact?"

"Perfect!" she trilled. "Oh, how much I owe you!"

"You owe me the price of one pair of best duck trousers," I said sternly. "Dick wet me in that boat."

Her merry laugh was soul-refreshing. No wonder he loved her.

"Oh, yes; what about your uncle and the apology?" I inquired on sudden thought.

"It is on the cliff," she naively replied. "If he raises objections I shall take him with Colonel Barring to see it when they fish over there to-morrow. You may send in that bill of yours. Good-bye!"

I watched her go down the level beach toward a party of people she knew, and I said to myself Dick had done well—better than his foolishness deserved.

He is a bit of an ass still, and he insists that it was fate and the cliff that brought them together, which goes to show that my services never are properly appreciated.



Canadian Art and Its Critics

By J. A. RADFORD

A history of the growth of art in Canada, an appreciation of its difficulties and the inexperience of its critics.



CREST OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN
ACADEMY OF ARTS

Designed by A. H. Howard, R.C.A.

IN Canada there are two chartered art societies, the Canadian Royal Academy, and the Ontario Society of Artists. The Canadian Royal Academy was founded by Her Royal Highness Princess Louise and her Consort the Marquis of Lorne, who was the Governor-General of the Dominion at the time of its incorporation in 1879. There are forty members, and its membership, like the English Royal Academy, is limited. Those who formed the nucleus of this society (with but one exception) were chosen from painter members of the Ontario Society of Artists, the pioneer chartered art society of Can-

ada, which was incorporated in the early seventies with the following members, many of whom have gone to their reward:

CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS, 1880

Patron—His Excellency the Governor-General.

Patroness—Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise.

OFFICERS

President—L. R. O'Brien, Toronto.*

Vice-President—N. Bourassa, Montreal.

Treasurer—James Smith, Toronto.

Secretary—M. Matthews, Toronto.

COUNCIL

A. Edson, Montreal.*

D. Fowler, Amherst Island.*

J. A. Fraser, Toronto.*

Jas. Griffiths, London.*

Eugene Hamel, Quebec.

Robert Harris, Toronto.

Thos. M. Martin, Toronto.

Wm. Raphael, Montreal.

Henry Sandham, Montreal.

T. S. Scott, Ottawa.*

Jas. Smith, Toronto.

W. G. Storm, Toronto.*

ACADEMICIANS

N. Bourassa, C.A., Montreal.

W. N. Creswell, C.A., Seaforth.*

Allen Adson, C.A., Montreal.*

D. Fowler, C.A., Amherst Island.*

J. A. Fraser, C.A., Toronto.*

*Deceased.



A CORNER OF THE PROVINCIAL ART GALLERY IN THE NORMAL SCHOOL, TORONTO.

Jas. Griffiths, C.A., London, Ont.*
 R. Harris, C.A., Toronto.
 E. Hamel, C.A., Quebec.
 J. W. Hopkins, C.A., Montreal.*
 H. Langley, C.A., Toronto.
 T. M. Martin, C.A., Toronto.
 L. R. O'Brien, C.A., Toronto.*
 Wm. Raphael, C.A., Montreal.
 Henry Sandham, C.A., Montreal.
 Mrs. Schrieber, C.A., Toronto.
 T. S. Scott, C.A., Ottawa.*
 Jas. Smith, C.A., Toronto.
 W. G. Storm, C.A., Toronto.*
 F. C. VanLuppen, C.A., Montreal.*

Both societies have an individual annual exhibition, which includes paintings, drawings, designs, architecture, pastel, book covers, stained glass designs and decorations. The Academy pays the freight charges and insurance on the works of members, and all members are entitled to send ten works, and non-members are limited to four. It has been found advisable to hold the Canadian Royal Academy Exhibition in the three principal cities of the Dominion—Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto—although one exhibition was held in Winnipeg, and another in Halifax, with dire results financially.

It is this indifference or lack of appreciation which has caused many of our best and most promising men to leave us

and seek a new field for their endeavours, where they justly obtain recognition and the reasonable recompense they are entitled to for the fruits of their labours.

Among the most prominent of these men may be mentioned Blair Bruce, Paul Peel, J. A. Fraser, Fred. Verner, F. C. V. Ede, Percy Woodcock, Horatio Walker, Henry Sandham, J. C. Forbes, J. G. Brown, Seton Thompson, Arthur Hemming and F. S. Coburn.

The first exhibition of the O.S.A. was held at Toronto in April, 1873, and 250 works were chosen by the hanging committee, representing the work of thirty-four artists. At that time there were 4,000 paid admissions. The annual exhibition of this society, according to the last one, shows that the patronage is still about the same, although the number of canvases are a hundred less than in 1873. They receive a Provincial grant of five hundred dollars a year, two hundred dollars of which is expended on pictures for the Provincial Art Gallery, in which hang one hundred works of Ontario artists, and it may be said that they are not the great efforts of these artists, but the best the present Government can apparently afford.

The Provincial Gallery began in a most peculiar way. When the Ontario Government built the new wing to the Normal School they had not enough ethnological, etymological, geological or

*Deceased.



THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS

Back row, from left:—Dr. A. P. Coleman, F. McG Knowles, F. M. Bell-Smith, C. M. Manly, R. F. Gagen, W. E. Atkinson and C. W. Jefferys,
 Middle row, from left:—H. Spiers, W. Cutts, J. T. Rolph, Miss Martin, Miss Spurr, James Smith G. A. Reid N. Cruikshank and O. P. Staples.
 Front row, from left:—J. D. Kelly, F. S. Challener, J. W. Beatty.

archæological specimens to make a fair exhibit, or at least to fill so large a space. The Minister of Education suggested to the members of the Ontario Society of Artists that they fill the gallery with works of the members of the society, to aid in the education of the public in art, and he intimated that in all likelihood the Government would give them a substantial grant. This was the basis on which the O.S.A. began to meet the views and expressed wishes of the Minister. They toiled under extreme difficulties, but were enabled to accomplish the arduous task imposed upon them. The following year the grant was given, and, like most grants, it had a string tied to it. The artists were obliged to leave their works hanging in the gallery for a year at their own risk before they could be removed or replaced, even if during that time an artist had been fortunate enough to have found a patron for his work.

Since that time the O.S.A. has carefully expended this grant in the purchase

of pictures, until this year, when it was taken out of its hands and given to a committee appointed by the Guild of Civic Art, who selected the pictures knowing full well the requirements appertaining thereto, and chose one entirely ineligible and at a prohibitive price. This committee overruled the Government and railroaded the constitution of a chartered society wittingly.

The Guild of Civic Art has been in existence many years, and has done absolutely nothing tangible for art in Toronto, except the so-called mural decorations on the walls of the City Hall by the President of the Canadian Royal Academy. The committee of this Guild was hybrid in its character, not one artist being upon it. It was composed of two newspaper writers, a picture dealer, a manufacturing chemist, an ethnologist and a lawyer. As the grant is given to the Ontario Society of Artists, surely they are responsible to the Government and the people for its proper disbursement.

At Ottawa is our "National Gallery," and it can truly be said that it is a disgrace to any country worthy of the name, for few of the best men are at all well represented. This is partially the artists' own fault, as they are supposed to place there their Canadian Royal Academy diploma picture or one acceptable to a committee of the Canadian Royal Academy, and on viewing the collection one is very forcibly impressed with the thought that there must be many delinquents.

An unofficial art collection is held at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, where a fire-proof gallery has been built to house the pictures loaned by the Ontario Society of Artists from the various Provinces. During the last two exhibitions many masterpieces by foreign artists were hung, some of them generously loaned by our beloved Sovereign, and the Liverpool and London City Councils. These pictures drew an attendance never before equalled in Toronto. This is a good work, and is really the best public art educator we have, as thousands of people view the paintings during the two weeks of the fair who probably never saw a work by one of the great masters in their lives before.

A good number of the most noticeable and attractive pictures in our annual exhibitions are the work of women, and those who shine out pre-eminently in this respect are Laura Muntz, Florence Carlyle, Strickland Tulley, Clara Hagarty, Harriet Ford, Mary Reid. The men who have made, and are making, an impression in the Canadian Art World are Homer Watson, William Brymner,

Blair Bruce, William Cruikshank, E. Dyonnet, Maurice Cullen, Fred. S. Challenor, G. A. Reid, E. Wyly Grier, F. H. Brigden, Curtis Williamson, R. F. Gagen, F. M. Bell-Smith, W. E. Atkinson, C. M. Manly, J. C. Innes, F. McG. Knowles, F. A. Verner, A. H. Howard, F. Brownell, Robert McCausland, J. W. Beatty and I. L. Banks, Philip Hebert and W. Alward the sculptors.

After all, art in Canada is simply in the embryonic stage, and what it will really be at maturity is an open question.

There is one thing certain; none of our art exhibitions shows any degree of excellence. Nor yet can it be truthfully said that they are all mediocre. The large majority of Canadian painters have the deplorable habit of sacrificing altogether too much to technique, and many of them sadly lack individuality, drawing, composition, perspective, variety in choice of subjects and spontaneity in colouring.

It is rarely that one sees a really good piece of figure work in any medium, a well-painted historical picture, a splendid portrait, pastoral



R. F. GAGEN

Secretary of the Ontario Society of Artists

or sea-scape, and yet there are few countries with vaster leagues of coast, more picturesque historical possibilities, gigantic forests, endless waterways and fertile plains. There is an appalling monotony in our landscape paintings, which seem to be devoid of subtlety, and garishness usually predominates. Many are painted through foreign spectacles, although Canadian subjects, and they breathe not the scent of the soil, nor have they the gorgeous colour of our skies or foliage. They look studio-painted and composed—not taken direct from the fountain-head of truth,

which is Nature. It is more than likely that these have caused many of our best collectors to think it unwise to purchase any work that is not foreign.

Portraiture appeals to the uninitiated as being essentially commercial. There is a *penchant* for broadcloth coats with sleeves that resemble corrugated stove-pipe elbows, splendidly varnished and beautifully framed, which leaves no doubt in the critic's mind as to whether the portrait should be hung or the artist hanged.

Some of our painters are so imbued with the idea of rapidly accumulating wealth that their work is advertised in the daily papers, and as a greater inducement to the public are sold over the bargain counter at "so much" each, and if any one pot-boiler is a distinct success, the artist paints repeat orders *ad nauseum*.

Canada is either too young, too poor, too ignorant, or too busy making money to take much interest in art, and the evident indifference of her people is more than echoed by Federal and Provincial Governments, which give art and artists but meagre encouragement. Canadians are easily led in art matters, and they depend to a certain extent on what the newspapers say. The newspapers, by the way, are usually wrong, for the man assigned to report the studios and art exhibitions may, as likely as not, be the very one who the same afternoon described the police court mendicants or a boxing bout. The newspapers rarely employ on their staffs a competent and acknowledged authority on art, who would in all probability give a just and truthful criticism, thereby hurting some-

body's feelings. The critic least to blame is this reporter who is told by the city editor to write up the picture show, and not to forget that space is valuable. It being his first visit to an art exhibit, he feels uncomfortable, knowing full well his own inability to grasp the first principles of art. Under these circumstances the poor fellow applies to the secretary or curator, who perhaps introduces him to an artist, if one be present; if not, he instructs him from his own personal view. The artist, when in-

troduced, walks the reporter through the gallery, calling attention to certain pictures which he deems advisable to notice, and of course in his rather delicate position shows his real manliness. The reporter, however, jots it all down, possibly qualifying it with his own observations. Then the editor prints as much as his paper has space for, and the public, without the slightest idea of the way in which the article was written, speaks with awe and respect of what so and so says about the best picture in

the gallery which, strange to say, was no doubt the very opinion expressed by the artist to the reporter.

Then we have innumerable volunteer art critics who are accustomed to pose as such on the strength of a collection picked up as bargains in junk shops and auction rooms, and who are delighted to have the opportunity to air their knowledge and point out with no degree of uncertainty what the public ought to admire and what to condemn. The latest crude decorative scheme to his mind is the proper thing, and his ideal as the



F. M. BELL-SMITH, R.C.A.
President of the Ontario Society of Artists.

highest type of art; or, it may be that he is a slave to technique, without a load of paint showing every brush or knife mark there is no art worthy of the name. One would imagine he could tell a really good picture blindfold by passing his hand over it and feeling the surface with his fingers.

Again the critic may bow before the dreamy, non-committal, low-toned, washy style, where all things are gray and where all things are without form and void; a smudge of greenish gray and a perpendicular stalk is a willow; a brown smear with a darker stalk, an oak; a round daub of orange in a yellow sky, a rising moon. Figures must be formless and legless, sheep and cattle must merge without the semblance of an outline into the surrounding fog. And this is supposed to represent the verdant mead of the poets. The true believer goes into a state almost hypnotic over a spot of dim orange surrounded by dark purple and supported by two or three olive green trees like cabbage, and that is called "Sunset."

But whatever style is chosen, the pictures which do not resemble it in some respects receive no mercy, and are called fossils, out of date, behind the age; and yet such a critic forgets the obvious fact that the conflict is a permanent one, for the living school of to-day tends to be the fossil school of to-morrow. So it would seem that other critics must be born to guide the artist aright and to more living and realistic works. One shudders for the living school, if this be true.

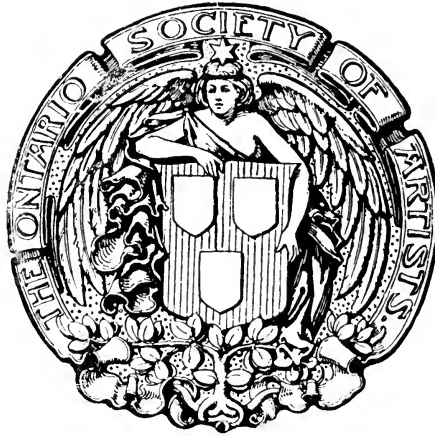
It is these irresponsibles who continually use fluent and facile terms picked up in the studios of their particular friends, or more likely from art periodicals, who expect to shine as cultured

men in art and letters with powers of great discernment. The really good critic in Canada dislikes being bitter, even when a little of the bitters might bolster up our Art and prove an antidote to many so-called pictures, if the artist would only take the medicine prescribed in the spirit in which it is given.

Some of our artists scatter their abilities in many directions, and it may be owing to this fact that they obtain small gain. Some make pen-and-ink drawings and sketches for the daily newspapers. One stumps on the political platform, and other members of the foremost art society in Canada paint photographs, design fashion plates, lecture through the country, build houses and churches in the mountains. One has made a number of inventions, among them being a patented reversible turbine, and the last the writer heard of a certain artist was his being lashed to the mast with two sailors holding his material, while the captain stayed his vessel in the raging billows of the North Sea to allow him time to paint a picture.

There is something quaint in the idea of a portrait painter lecturing to a girls' seminary in the morning, and the same day lending money out at interest. Even this is hardly so humorous as the story about a Toronto painter who received a commission for a portrait and took tombstones in payment.

The Ontario Government fathered the Central Ontario School of Art and Industrial Design for many years, but it was evidently more than they were capable of superintending, for it proved a distinct failure. In fact, so much so that the Minister of Education requested the Ontario Society to take it under its wing, and make a kirk or a mill out of it with the grant less than the former



CREST OF THE ONTARIO SOCIETY
OF ARTISTS

Designed by Gustave Hahn, O.S.A.

deficit. So questionably generous has the Minister been that the school has received no casts for the antique class in twelve years.

The school under its present *régime* has the full confidence of the public and the respect of the pupils. It is managed by a staff of able teachers, and so advanced are some of the pupils that they draw and paint from the nude. The funds necessary to keep this class in existence is furnished by the artists themselves. No one is hardy enough to refute that it takes experts to succeed in any art, and the teachers of this school have more than proved this very obvious fact. Especially is the good work of the veteran artist William Cruikshank noticeable, he having educated some seventy-five pupils who are making a competency, and who are a credit to the community in which they live. The school to-day has a greater number of teachers, pupils and obligations than when under the

Government, and yet the Minister has not seen fit to increase the grant so urgently needed.

What a subtle and sublime joke for a Minister of the Crown to ponder over, that artists who are proverbially improvident, in a financial sense, can conduct an art school successfully, show greater results, and without a dollar deficit! The school is more than deserving, because it is absolutely necessary to train men and women thoroughly in their preliminary art education. For it is acknowledged that the intrinsic value of nearly all textiles, fabrics, utensils, furniture, and the majority of manufactured articles is based entirely on their artistic merit. It takes no more material to make a beautiful object than one utterly ugly and commonplace, but it takes art, and that we must have, or foreign imports of art wares will be increased to our shame and disgrace.





Special Photo by Kennedy

J. A. MACDONALD

A Personality in Journalism

By PROF. ADAM SHORTT

An appreciation of the editor of the Toronto Globe, his independence and forcefulness in public discussion.

NOT a little interest was aroused in many quarters when, on Mr. Willison's retirement from the managing editorship of *The Globe*, the chief position in Canadian journalism was offered to one who, though not without considerable journalistic experience, had never served on a regular newspaper, much less a great

daily. No one who had listened to Mr. Macdonald's discourses, or had read his articles in *The Westminster* and elsewhere, could doubt of his intellectual strength and independence of judgment, his directness and vigour as a writer, or his Celtic fervour and enthusiasm for whatever enlisted his sympathies. Yet

some of these very qualities, and especially the latter, might occasion doubts as to his adaptability to the exacting requirements of a great newspaper, with its inexorable demand for a daily bill of fare which must maintain a high average, alike in tone and substance. These doubts, however, were soon resolved, for, with the assistance of an experienced and loyal staff, Mr. Macdonald has demonstrated that a man whose personality embraces the proper qualities, with sufficient experience to insure a grasp of the essentials of the editorial function, may attain to the successful management of a great daily by a somewhat unaccustomed route.

Such an experiment when successful may have special advantages. A new man of strong personality comes to the managing editor's chair untrammelled by certain professional traditions, but with new and stimulating ideas, which, if sometimes impracticable and occasionally embarrassing to his colleagues, may nevertheless introduce some new and vital features. This is the more likely in a community of expanding and plastic conditions which favour the acceptance, at one stage, of what might be rejected at another. In Mr. Macdonald's case such results are particularly noticeable, for he is undoubtedly to-day the most striking figure among Canadian editors. This is probably due in some measure to his original endowment with a rather unusual combination of qualities which have fortunately received an equal development.

From his student days Mr. Macdonald has combined, in a manner perfectly natural and spontaneous, the two great functions of preacher and journalist, and even in the editorial chair of *The Globe* they are not divided. As a student of Knox College his journalistic instinct found congenial outlet in developing the *Knox College Monthly* into a periodical which in quality and influence far outran any college journal of the time. Here, too, was revealed his strong interest in the world of affairs—the concrete life of men and communities. For him the essential function of religion was to redeem from gross materialism and sordid selfish-

ness the living, practical interests of men—their business, their politics and their social life. This will account at once for the very practical character of his preaching, notwithstanding its spiritual fervour, and that insistence on righteousness in business and political life, without abating its work-a-day character, which is so strong a factor in his editorials and addresses. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Macdonald should have passed quite naturally from journalism to the pulpit, and later from the pulpit back to journalism through the medium of *The Westminster*, where he repeated in maturer and more permanent form his experiment with the *Knox College Monthly*.

While not blind to its weaknesses and temptations, Mr. Macdonald has a strong faith in democracy as the only stable form of modern society, and in the essential soundness of public opinion—its ultimate basis of government—if only frank and reasonably enlightened. He recognises therefore the transcendent importance of education for a people who have to solve their own problems and control their own destiny.

Having a keen interest in the varied expressions of modern society for their own sake, and having from a broad outlook upon life acquired certain well-founded standards, in which intellectual foundations and moral purposes are harmoniously related, he steers a confident though watchful course in all weathers. But though his attitude be confident it is not arrogant. To accomplish anything one must act with decision, though not claiming one's knowledge to be complete or one's judgment final. But it is only the man of sound standards who can distinguish between relative and ultimate truth, and who is therefore in a position to receive instruction gladly and amend his judgments without reproach.

Faith in fundamental principles accounts for much in Mr. Macdonald's attitude towards the world and its problems. It is the basis of his invincible courage, the inspiration of his wholesome optimism, and the touchstone of his vigorous criticisms, whether of callous selfishness and active corruption, or of enervating cynicism and Pharisaic com-

placency. Knowing well that nothing worth while is attained without effort, and that there are many dangers which threaten both public and private life, yet he knows also that a sound faith backed by vigorous effort will enable the higher ideals to prevail. He has no patience therefore with the cynic, the pessimist, or the idle optimist.

No further argument is needed to prove that such a man must occupy an independent position, not only in politics, but in religion and education, in civic and social life, and therefore of necessity in journalism. It is equally clear that his independence will not be manifested in performing fancy feats of balancing on the narrow and uncertain lines which separate parties and factions. He who would see things actually accomplished must take sides. If he would procure better instruments for the future he must work with the best that are now available. In politics he must give a general support to one party or the other, in religion he must co-operate with some church, in civic life he must support some definite policy. There may be a score of possible ways of accomplishing a national object, there is but one way of actually getting it achieved.

How then may an active citizen, and especially a journalist, find it possible to support a political party and still maintain his independence? Obviously the most direct method is to take an active part in the counsels of the party, to do one's utmost to shape its policy, and to endeavour to direct public opinion to that end. This, in a word, is the line which Mr. Macdonald has laid down for himself. As a supporter of his party and a believer in its fundamental principles and traditions, he claims and exercises the right to criticise its operations in detail in the light of its own standards and the public good. He protests against its being made a city of refuge to protect individuals or cliques from the consequences of their own misdeeds, or as a drag-net to gather spoils for political manipulators. Thanks to the attitude of *The Globe*, this position is coming to be better understood and more largely adopted by papers on both sides of politics, and it is

an encouraging sign for the future. But it was not always so.

Fortunately in few cases as yet do Canadian papers represent purely commercial enterprises, in which the functions of the editor are entirely subservient to the production of revenue. Even a blind devotion to party, which has been the chief weakness of Canadian journalism in the past, is preferable to an open-eyed sacrificing of principles for gain. Loyalty to party has, of course, its economic aspects. A newspaper cannot be maintained without sufficient income, and in the past experience seemed to indicate that the paths of independent journalism led financially to the poor-house and personally to oblivion. But while the successful newspaper was usually a party organ, it is not necessary to assume that strong party convictions had always to be purchased. On all questions involving differences of opinion men naturally take sides and follow leaders. It is much easier for the majority to accept ready-made convictions than to laboriously construct them for themselves. Yet we may hope for increasing wisdom in the selection of leaders and policies. Still, the lack of independent journalism, as regards politics, gave colour and encouragement to the tacit conviction that the active politicians alone controlled the oracles of public policy and gave direction to public opinion. Editors, accepting the party standards as their own, found ample scope for their varied talents and originality in expounding the doctrines of the party, in defending the leaders and their administration, if in power, and in maintaining a steady fire of criticism, not to say abuse, against everything that was said, proposed, or accomplished by their political opponents.

With increasing intelligence and the diffusion of knowledge the unqualified laudation of one party and detraction of the other began to ring with a hollow note. Although there seemed to be no immediate possibility of mitigating these resounding sham battles without appearing to admit real defeat, yet the fiercest assailants were becoming bored with the din of the stage warfare, which had long

ceased to alarm the real enemies of the State who treated the whole performance with cynical indifference. From such a situation serious-minded journalists, with the courage of their convictions, began to see two channels of escape. They might either abandon all party connections and, adopting a neutral attitude, appeal to public opinion on general principles, or, retaining their party affiliations, they might exercise the right which naturally belongs to every member of an organisation, to discuss its principles, point out its defects and advocate improvements in accordance with the objects professed by all political parties, namely, the public good. Each of these forms of independence has its merits and advantages. But independence beyond the party limits without independence within them is as vain as a voice without a responding ear; for it is, after all, to those within the parties that the appeal of the neutral independent is directed. The larger and more effective work must be done by those within the fold. It is, as indicated, this form of independence which Mr. Macdonald has done so much to promote and which is plainly gaining ground within both political parties. The "barnacle" editorial in *The Globe*, which created such a stir at the time of its appearance, has, in spirit at least, had many counterparts in other papers within the ranks of both parties. Angry protests have not been wanting on the part of minor politicians, who resent the efforts of *The Globe* and other papers to amend party methods and shape party policy, as an unwarranted interference with their prerogatives. Their coercive power, however, to check this form of independence is plainly on the wane and they must prepare to reckon with new expressions of public opinion.

The effect of Mr. Macdonald's advanced attitude, as expressed in *The Globe*, and on the platform, is not confined to his own party; for his attitude toward his own party gives to his criticisms of the opposite party a weight and influence which they could never otherwise have had. The standards by which he judges both parties are the same; and though

his sympathies are naturally with his own party, and his principles and policy more in accordance with its traditions, yet the justice which he does to those features of Conservative policy which commend themselves to his judgment, adds weight to the force of his criticism of what he regards as its mistakes or faults. We have here the grounds of rational and effective criticism, as contrasted with the reckless slang-whanging which so commonly passes for political criticism, but which obscures all issues and loses all corrective effect in the dust-cloud of wordy abuse which it raises.

The treatment of individual politicians is naturally one of the severest tests of a truly independent attitude. A volume might be written, and not without profit, on the relations of individual politicians to political parties and public life, and the extent to which private and official life react on each other, rendering certain phases of private and business life legitimate subjects for public discussion. The fact is that the extent to which personalities may or may not be matter for legitimate discussion in the public interest cannot be decided on general principles, so much depending on concrete conditions and circumstances. In the last resort it is the individual who counts; he originates ideas, he administers affairs, he leads men. To discredit the leaders is to discredit the cause, hence the importance of having leadership in the right hands; hence, too, the reason why personalities furnish the easiest and most effective avenue of attack for the unscrupulous. Here abstract rules count for little and personal standards of honour and chivalry count for much. Here also Mr. Macdonald's standards do not fail, for he neither fears the face of man nor deems it worthy to attack individual character on lower grounds than the public safety. Every one is liable to be mistaken in matters of fact and hence in judgments based upon them, but when Mr. Macdonald deems it necessary to criticise a man in public life there is no question as to the uprightness of his motives, or the frank directness of the attack. If the accused can make effective reply, the

issue is plain and the process simple; if he cannot, the public have no difficulty in drawing their own conclusions.

The source of Mr. Macdonald's power does not lie in his command of details or in the patience and accuracy of his research. The fruits of detailed study he is content to take from the best sources available, and reliable sources are increasingly available. His strength lies rather in the wide range of his sympathies, his clear and rapid appreciation of ultimate issues and the things that count, his enthusiasm for the great objects of human interest and the inspiration of great movements. His idealism is unquestionable, but fortunately it is sane

as well as strong. He is quite aware that progress must cover every step of the distance from the actual to the desirable.

In Canada at present so many forces are enlisted in the active promotion of material success that there is urgent need for strong personalities and inspiring voices to insure a corresponding regard for spiritual, social, and political integrity and progress. Such a condition furnishes at once a great opportunity and an urgent demand for men of Mr. Macdonald's powers and qualities. That his services are fully appreciated is amply witnessed by the widening circle of his influence, not only in Canada, but beyond it.

A SOUL

A SPARK from God's great meteor set free,
Is outward through unfathomed chaos hurled;
To flash a smile upon that puny world
Midway 'twixt Life and the eternity.

ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

Elected

By VINE B. WHITE

The story of a lifelong ambition and the sad, strange way in which it was attained.

"OH, father, don't fidget so! What's the matter?" Mary inquired, as she bustled into the room.

"Nothin', lassie," the old man calmly replied. But as soon as his daughter left, he began pacing the floor, looking out of the window, and in a hundred nameless ways showed his restlessness.

Mary soon re-entered the room, and as if she feared her tone a moment before had sounded impatient, and wished to atone at once, she drew the little, low rocker close to her father's big arm-chair, took his hand in hers, and softly stroked it while she whispered, "Tell me about mother, dad."

It was a story which the old man never tired of repeating, and the telling invariably caused a feeling of peace, something not unlike a benediction, to fall upon his spirits.

"Wall, wall, Mary lass, it is an old story now. Let's see; you must be nigh on to sixty year old, lassie?"

"Yes, dad, will be, come next April."

"And you was only three months old when your mother died. My, how happy we was, and how your mother loved you—not better than the boys, only you was so little and helpless-like, while Dan was five (quite a lad) and Charlie only a year younger, but you was such a mite, and bein' a girl, and her heart fairly sot on havin' one, why in course it was uncommon hard havin' to leave you. But we had six year of bein' together—yes, six year, three months and twenty-one days of happiness; and

what days they was, what days they was," and he smiled as he, in memory again, lived over the days so long gone by.

Mary listened patiently to the story she had known by heart ever since she could remember.

When she first heard it, it was the saddest story a father could tell, or a child listen to, and the strong man and the little girl always mingled tears at its recital, but now, while the old man smiled at his past happiness he did not weep for past sorrow.

The sorrow was so long gone by, but love and happiness never grow old, and time had so mercifully dimmed the sorrow and freshened the joy that the memory of the former only increased the blessed remembrance of the latter.

Yet to-day the story did not seem to soothe the old man as these reminiscences usually did, and his child (this little lass of sixty years) grew solicitous and gently murmured: "Dad dear, something is worrying you—tell me all about it."

"Wall, lassie, if you aint a cute one. Now, who would have thought you would have noticed it? But you're right, child. There be somethin' on my mind—there be—there be," he dreamily muttered.

"What is it, dad, dear?" And if the hand was harder and browner than it was fifty years ago, the touch was just as gentle, as Mary softly stroked back a stray lock, which lay like a monstrous snowflake across his withered brow.

"I declare I am clean ashamed to

tell ye, but oh, you little rogue, your coaxin' ways always got everything from your old dad that you asked for," and he chucked her gaily under the chin, but never once saw this woman of sixty, for with keener eyes than ours—with eyes sharpened by sixty years' practice of looking backward—this old man, whose years were many, saw only a little, helpless child, which he was taking care of for Mary's sake—the wife of his soul. He cleared his throat, and with a sheepish-looking smile, began to tell this *child* what he would never have told to the woman.

"Well, lassie—you'll laugh at me, I'll warrant—but I've always had a longin'—a hankerin-like as it was—for an office of some kind—for a position—a place of authority—somethin' a leetle above the ordinary. In course I wa'n't fitted for much but a small one, a very small one would have answered, but it never come my way.

"Now, Si Smith could neither read nor write, actually couldn't write his own name. Many's the time I have seen him make his X—yet he was chosen school trustee for this very deestrick, for three solid years; and there is Bill Brown, he is dead now, but he was always sort o' flighty, a little stupid you know—not quite all there, and yet he served on the jury time and agin, while Ed. Sampson was actually supervisor of this yere town of Harmony, and between you and me, your mother *refused him to marry me*"—and the shrunken chest actually expanded at the recollection.

Mary did not reply, but the gentle pressure of her hand told her father she was listening, and after a short pause he resumed.

"Ye see why I first had this hankerin' was because I was so anxious to do somethin', and be somethin' in yer mother's eyes, specially after her old beau, Ed. Sampson, was elected supervisor, for I tell ye, that was a bitter pill for me to swaller, seein' every day as how she could have been a woman of distinction, and could have seen her husband's name in print; but she never minded, and

often said as how she preferred a plain, common man, but, lord love ye, that was only said to pacify me, for she could always look right through me, and she knew the yearnings I had. If I could just have seen my name in print, I would have given the best colt I had, but it wa'n't to be. Why when we was married, I sent a notis of it to the *Jamestown Journal* by Charlie Lee, and gin him a dollar to have them put in an extry word or two. Wall, child, how I looked for that paper, I never told yer mother, but sort o' casually remarked, 'We ain't such plain folks after all, and I wouldn't be surprised if the papers got hold of it.' 'Why, Dan Perkins,' she would say, 'it would scare me most to death to see my name in print,' and then she would flush up so pretty, and I could see by her dancin' eyes how pleased she would be. Wall, lassie, I looked for six months for that blessed notis, used to look through the advertisements and all thinkin' it might by mistake have got in the wrong place, but I never found it, it wa'n't to be found, and it made me so cussed mad that I just stopped the paper, and have never took one since."

"How mean they was, father, and—

"Tut, tut, lassie, I ain't through yet. They wa'n't to blame, for a little spell after, I found out Charlie never went near the *Journal* office, but went and got drunk with the dollar. So you see things was agin me even then—and then after she died I still had the same longin', for I felt as if she could look right down upon me, and I wanted her to know I had somethin' in me, somethin' a leetle above the ordinary. And then I'd think as how the boys would do great things—big things, and though I never calculated on 'em bein' a Premier, I thought one of 'em might be a Senator, or Supreme Judge, and the other maybe member, and that when they was makin' a fine speech, their mother would listen, and smile'n say: 'That gift came from their father,' for I was always a rare talker, lassie, a rare talker. Wall, Dan died afore he was twelve, and Charlie was never up to much—that is, never had no gumption, so now if he be still alive—I aint heard

from him, but once, since he went west, more than twenty years ago—there aint no use lookin' to him."

"Poor old dad," Mary sympathetically murmured.

"Another disappointment has been in ye havin' no children, fer when you brought Albert to this old farm, and old home, thirty-five year ago, I to once begun to look forward to your sons climbin' where I never could, and thought how pleased Mary (my! ain't Mary a pretty name) would be to watch her baby's children risin' higher and higher, but God never gin you a child, so there it is agin."

Mary softly stroked her father's hand, but never spoke.

"Wall, lassie, to-day as I was crossin' the road to go over to the north lot I happened to meet Ben Moore and Alf Goodwin, and we had quite a chat, and they told me sort o' confidential-like that they was goin' to nominate Albert for Trustee at school meetin' to-night, and tho' 'ts a small office—about as small as is goin'—'twould comfort me uncommon if he got it, seein' as how neither Charlie nor me could never do things, and how you never had children to do things. Course it wouldn't, it couldn't reflect any credit to me, yet he's 'n the family, and it would please me. I know it is silly—an old man's silliness—but somehow thinkin' about it has sort o' got on my nerves. He is all there is, lassie, everything's over with me—over with me—" he musingly repeated.

There was a moment's silence, broken only by the song of an imprisoned bird in the next room.

Then the old man with a look of infinite yearning in his eyes, almost whispered: "Say, lassie, do you think folks hold offices, have responsible positions, or ever have a chance to sort o' redeem themselves in heaven?"

Mary clasped his hand a little tighter, while she firmly asserted: "I believe, father, that we git whatever we want there, and if our heart is sot on any particular thing here that we can't get, we get it there. I expect, dad dear—" and here her voice became as soft as

the sighing of the autumn wind—"I expect to be a mother in heaven."

Another silence, while the old man tenderly patted the head so near his own, and never noticed the hair had changed from brown to gray.

A step was heard, and Mary's husband entered, and with an air of indifference he was far from feeling, for he had heard of the honour which was to be conferred upon him, remarked, "Wall, I guess I'll go up to school meetin' to-night."

"Yes, you better go," the old man asserted with a sly look at Mary.

"Yes, I'll go, but between you and me, I feel more like goin' to bed. The punkins was uncommon heavy this year, and I am all tucked out, but still I'll go," and with a calmness his fast beating heart utterly belied, he slowly filled the lantern, slowly lighted it, and sallied forth.

Father and daughter were again alone. The canary had gone to sleep, and only the crackling and sputtering of the wood in the big kitchen grate broke the silence.

At last the old man spoke, and his voice seemed so much a part of the silence, that Mary never knew when he began, and was only aware he was speaking when she heard him softly murmuring, "Yes, I am an old, old man—my, I hope they do elect Albert—I can't quite make out whether I am eighty-eight or eighty-nine. In course 'taint so high a position as is goin', but still there's a certain amount o' dignity that goes with it, and it is somethin'. He can have his say as to hirin' the teacher, and can exercise his authority on occasion, and it is somethin'—it is somethin'."

Another silence, then, "Wall, wall, I am an old man, a very old man, and—"

"Why, father, not so very old," Mary broke in, and in her voice both love and care were blended. "There is Mr. Donald, who is ninety-four, and as chipper as can be, and old Granny Ward is far older than you be, and anyway 'a man is never older than he feels,' and just think how young you feel, and you know you don't look a day over seventy, and Dr. Parker said, that even with your

weak heart, you might live for years, but you mustn't worry or bother over a single thing."

"Yes, yes, I know, but lassie, I feel that I am like a worn-out clock, and am pretty near run down—pretty near run down."

"Oh, dad dear, it breaks my heart to hear you speak like that," Mary cried, with brimming eyes, for she had a deep and strong affection for her father—an affection which little children, with their soft hands and smiling faces might have crept between, but no such sunbeams having entered Mary's life, she had given the entire love of her heart to her father and husband, a love she could otherwise only have shared with them, and now in her father's declining years she—in the great evolution of nature—became the parent, he the child.

To-night the old-man child is restless, and seems doubly feeble, and the drops the doctor left failed to quiet his heart's rapid beating, so Mary with tender care tucked him in bed, gave him a few more drops of the soothing mixture, and turning the lamp low, sat by him until he said: "There, lassie, I feel better now, I'll try to catch a wink of sleep. Be sure and let me know the minute Albert comes in."

"I will, dad," and with a kiss, Mary left him, and as she softly closed the door she heard him murmur, "I do hope they will elect him."

Mary went back into the kitchen, and after poking the fire into miniature fire-works, took from her huge apron pocket a half-finished sock, and softly rocked to and fro, while the needles gleamed and glistened in the fire light.

As soon as familiar steps were heard, the old chair ceased its monotonous rocking; the glistening needles were laid aside, and Mary arose to greet her husband, for as bare and barren as these three lives must seem to other people—as bare and barren as they really were—there had ever beamed upon them the blessed sunshine of love, and woven into the myriad of gray which composed both warp and woof of their lives was a bright thread of tender love and thoughtfulness which, now looking back

over the many decades, gave to their past a golden gleam, and raised it above dull mediocrity.

"Well, Ab, be ye an office-holder?"

"That's what I be, Mary, and I can tell ye it was a tough fight. You see, all the north side folks was for Rube Bennet, and they fit hard. I didn't think I had any kind of a show, and didn't, till Alf got up (I tell you he can talk powerful, for all he is so little), and he proved, that is he said, and dared anybody present to deny it, that Rube had sold for veal a three-day-old calf, and also a sheep who died of rot-foot; and he said he himself seen him empty a big pail of water in his milk-can, just afore he started for the factory, and I tell you them things count, and after that Rube didn't have a sign of a show, not a sign."

"Did they try to say anythin' agin you, Ab? But, of course, they couldn't."

"Wall, Mary, they didn't say anything exactly agin me, only Sam Perkins went on to say as how I had never in my life held the smallest kind of an office, and had lived in this community ever since I was born, and that if I had lived sixty-five years without bein' chose, it proved mighty clear as how I wa'n't good for much, wa'n't capable as it was, and I guess he was pretty near right, Mary, though right then and there I thought to myself that I had held a pretty high office for thirty-five years."

"What office, Ab?"

"The high office of bein' Mary Warner's husband."

"Oh, Ab, don't be so silly!" Yet the remark, accompanied as it was by a loving smile, brought a soft flush to Mary's cheek, and a tender light to her eyes; and right then and there, the great loom of life gave a click, and another golden thread was woven in.

"Honest injin, Mary, them was my very thoughts—well, anyway at the last I was elected, was elected fair and square, but it was a hard tussle, and a tight squeeze, I can tell ye," and honest Albert Warner laughed aloud as he described the expression upon the faces of the opposing party when they realised they were really defeated.

Mary joined in the merriment, then suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, Ab, we must go and tell father! Somehow his poor old heart was fairly sot on you bein' elected, and it is for his sake, I am so glad. As far as I am concerned it makes no difference, for all of this honour and distinction can't change you in my eyes, and Ab, to me you look just the same as you did afore you went out to-night—just the same as you did thirty-five year ago too."

"Tut, tut, Mary, don't you go to try and make me believe my hair was this colour thirty-five year ago, or the top of my head so bare," and they both chuckled with enjoyment.

Then this couple so old to the young, so young to the very old, wended their way to the little room above. They softly opened the door, and softly entered. One glance showed that the old man was not sleeping. Yet the one glance showed them he was very near the great eternal sleep—the immortal sleep where men rest from their labours.

Mary clutched her husband's arm, and in a voice in which was blended all the love and fear she would have felt for the children God, for some wise reason, had denied her, cried, "Oh, my darling, you are sick, very sick. What shall I do?" The white old face looked unearthly in the flickering light of the lamp, and feebly trying to rise, he gasped,

"Albert, be ye, be ye?" Mary gently raised his head to her arm, and with the divination that love ever gives, knew at once what was on his mind, and repeatedly answered, "Yes, dad, darling, Ab is elected, Ab is elected."

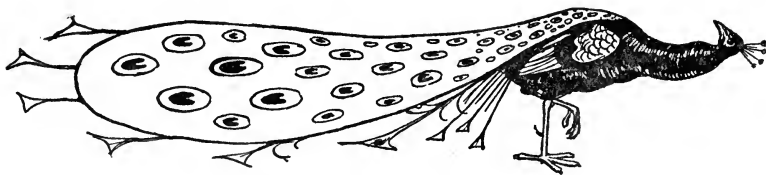
For some unaccountable reason, the old man's ears had suddenly grown deaf to the voice he loved so well, and he kept vaguely repeating, "Be ye, be ye?"

A moment's laboured breathing, and then in a clear voice, in which every sign of weakness had fled, he pronounced the word "*Elected*." There was no inflection in the voice—no question was asked, only the word was pronounced in a firm, strong voice that had a ring of finality in it—*Elected*.

Some might think he had heard Mary's words, and wished her to know he understood, but I think at that moment he caught a glimpse of his own immortal election to a higher and nobler office than he with his puny mind, and limited vision, could ever hope to obtain, and in that one word he wished to assure her that his heart's desire was gratified, and that the honour and distinction he had so long pined for was at last his.

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The old man never spoke again, but the look of peace which rested like a mantle upon his face verified beyond a doubt the truth of my interpretation of his last word—*Elected*.



The Murder Trap

By TOM GALLON

Telling how the murder of Gilbert Canning was finally avenged

HE sat on the bank by the side of the road, with his chin propped in his hands. All about him was the dead silence of the night; high above him the moon sailing through a floating drift of cloud. It was a fine night, and yet as he sat there the man shivered, and glanced over his shoulder, and held himself tense, listening.

This was the first time he had shown himself in the open. All day long he had crept behind hedges and hidden in ditches; all day long he had been hungry and afraid; soaked with moorland mists, his feet and legs clogged and stiff with the moorland mud. Now, as he sat by the roadside, he would have given much to be back again in his cell, with the knowledge that he was fairly well filled, and that the dawn would bring even his meagre breakfast.

He glanced down at his clothing in the moonlight, at the poor shift he had made to disguise himself, by turning his jacket inside out and rubbing clay into those tell-tale stripes on the rest of his clothing. He smiled grimly to think of how he had got away that day, of the hue and cry after him, of the tolling of the great bell in the prison to tell the world outside that a prisoner was at large. He remembered with set teeth the coming of the unsuspecting warder to his cell, of the sudden close grappling of one man with another, with the convict's hand hard at the warder's throat; of the thud with which the man went down; and the

convict stood over him, keys in hand, listening. There had been no running of feet, as he had half anticipated; he had crept out of the cell like a gray ghost and locked the cell door—and so for freedom.

He had bungled badly at the finish; he cursed himself now when he thought how he had stopped agape when, on rounding a corner, he had come full tilt against another warder, and so had given the man time to cry out and grapple with him. Only superior strength had served the convict then, and luck had shown him that ladder leaning against the wall. The rest resolved itself into a mad flight over hedges and ditches and walls, with the sound of firing in the distance, and the great bell booming out and seeming to fill the world with its clamour.

His mind went farther back to the cause of it all; went back to that time when Mr. Michael Fishlock, adventurer and man of the world, had taken his shifty way through life, looking out for easy victims to despoil—for, after all, a man must live. And then the finding of that easiest victim of all—a young man of great possessions, and with the true ability to spend money. That had been the chance of a lifetime.

Well, young Gilbert Canning had died, and there had been an end of him. It was unfortunate that tongues should wag, and that it should be discovered that the lad was heavily insured, and that the insurance money must come to that gentlemanly, undesirable friend of his—Michael

Fishlock. Unfortunate, too, that the insurance companies should raise objections; more unfortunate still that the friends of the dead boy should rise up and clamour against the adventurer. Most unfortunate of all, that Michael Fishlock should be compelled to carry his gentlemanly presence into a criminal dock to answer a charge of murder.

He remembered with some pride now, as he sat on the bank in the moonlight, starving and despairing, how well he had borne himself under that ordeal, and under the fire of many pitiless eyes. It was the more difficult because he knew in the secret black heart of him that he was guilty; saw, over and over again, while he stood there apparently quietly confident, that he had committed a foul and brutal crime, and had killed one who liked and loved him and had given him his confidence. But even a Michael Fishlock must live.

While they droned on with their theories and their possibilities, and their suggestions, Michael Fishlock had gone through the ghastly business of killing the boy again and again. It had been well arranged; a lonely country spot, where these two had gone fishing, and where, too, they had gone drinking far into the night. Quarrels over cards, squabbings over this, that and the other, between a cool-headed man and a half-drunken boy. And the boy found dead with his head battered in, and Michael Fishlock recovering apparently from a drunken bout, and badly bruised and mauled also. That was his defence; a maddened boy attacking him, and he merely defending himself, drunk as he was, as best he might.

And so he had saved his neck. It was a scandal at the time, and there was much writing in the papers about it; but Michael Fishlock got off with five years' penal servitude for manslaughter. He was young still, and five years were as nothing; he could begin again when he came out, perhaps even enter a suit for the insurance money for which he had stained his hands with blood.

And then had come the great and overwhelming temptation. The world had called to him with no uncertain voice;

he could not and would not wait, a mute and obedient prisoner, for his five years. There would be a way in which he could get out of England; he knew continental cities as few men knew them; there were sure hiding places. What though his hands were stained with blood; what though the dead boy seemed to cry out to him sometimes in the still watches of the night, and to demand a life for a life?

And this was the result, that he was out here, at the side of a road on the wide moorland, debating within himself what was best to be done for his safety. A change of clothes he must have, food and money he must have—the coming day must not find him dressed like this for any chance wayfarer to see.

He got up and limped down in the direction of a sleeping town. There was danger in that, and yet at the same time the promise of safety. For there men slept, and he might get fresh clothes, and food, and something of value. He would choose some substantial-looking house and break in and get what he so sorely needed. So, like a gray shadow, limping along, and halting every now and then to listen, certain that he heard the sounds of men running and calling to him to stop, Michael Fishlock went down towards where the dark houses seemed to wait for him.

He found the place he sought—a great square mansion standing in its own grounds. He scaled the fence, and then crouched down among some bushes, for he had heard quite near to him as it seemed the cautious sounds of feet crunching gravel. He lay there, trembling in the darkness, while the sounds came on towards him, then he heard voices. He could not distinguish the words, but he strained his eyes in an endeavour to make out who the speakers were. His heart gave a leap and sank again as he saw, not twenty yards from him, silhouetted against the night sky, the helmet of a country constable and the flat cap of what seemed to be a prison warder. He lay there motionless, until presently the men strolled away towards a gate in the fence; he heard the click of the latch, and knew that they had passed out into the road from which he had come.

There was no going back; on such a night as this he would be seen at once, perhaps shot down before he could have time to surrender. And he did not mean to surrender; he meant to make a fight for it when the time came; more than all else, in some sunnier land where men of his kidney foregathered, he would be able to tell of this night and laugh at the remembrance of it.

He crept on towards the house, stealing from one tree trunk to the next, a mere shadow among shadows. He came to the house itself, and saw that it was in complete darkness; he began to make a circuit of it cautiously to find some way by which he could enter, and so came, surprisingly enough, upon an open window, the sill of which was only some three or four feet from the ground.

Here was Providence indeed! He raised himself by his hands until he was seated upon the window-sill, stretched out a hand and touched the dark, heavy curtains that hung over the window. Very cautiously he pulled them aside and stared into the blank darkness of the room, laughed softly at his luck, and swung his legs over the sill and dropped into the room. The curtains fell back into place, leaving him in darkness.

He began to make the circuit of the room, softly touching each article of furniture as he came to it, until, presently, he reached the mantelshelf. Groping with great care, he found matches, and remembering the thickness of the curtains, struck one softly, saw a candle within reach of his hand and lighted it. And so looked about him in a place that was strange; breathed easily for perhaps the first time at the thought that, for the moment, he was safe.

It was a strange room, in the sense that it was littered with odds and ends of furniture, and was in great disorder. Some bottles and glasses were on the table; one of the bottles had been overturned, and had rolled almost to the edge of the table. A chair also had been flung down, and lay on its side on the floor. Turning to get his candle from the mantelshelf, the better to inspect the room, Michael Fishlock saw with some amazement that the mirror above the

fireplace was cracked and starred, as though from a heavy blow; in the fireplace itself a couple of china ornaments lay smashed in fragments.

"There's been a row, I should think," he muttered to himself. "I sha'n't find anything here to suit me, unless it's drink; I must explore the house."

He would not even wait to drink then, exhausted though he was; he made straight for the door of the room and took the handle in his hand to open it. The door was locked, and the man shook it impatiently, annoyed that he could not get through. Curiously enough, his hand slipped on the handle of the door; the handle was wet. He drew back and came to the table, meaning to pour himself out a drink before undertaking the breaking down of the door. In the very act of stretching out his hand to a decanter he looked at that hand in the light of the candle; bent forward with a gasp to look at it more closely. His hand was wet, as the handle of the door had been. Wet with blood!

He stared stupidly at the hand for a long time; in a sudden access of horror rubbed it violently on his clothes, in the vain hope to cleanse it. Then, trembling in every limb, went back to that door to look at it; saw the frightful stain on the white handle, just as someone had grasped it. He came back, swaying unsteadily, to the table, and put down the candle, then on an impulse poured out some spirit from the decanter and gulped it off. In the very act of drinking he moved a little nearer the table the better to grasp it for support, and suddenly stood rigid, with every muscle in his body frozen as it seemed. Very slowly he set down the glass, and stood there, breathing hard and not daring to move.

For his feet, thrust forward a little under the table as he stood near to it, had touched something. Instinctively, he knew that the soft, almost yielding, thing against which his feet pressed was a human body; he knew it with certainty. He waited there, wondering what he should do; wondering if the thing were alive and would stretch out a hand suddenly and grip his legs; wondering,

above all else, if the thing would grip his legs, even though dead itself.

At last, very slowly, he moved his feet one after the other, and a mere inch or two at a time. Nothing stirred in the room save himself, and in some fashion he contrived to get away from the table, and then to stoop and look under it. Something lay huddled up there—something that he knew with certainty would never move again.

A dreadful fascination was upon the man; he felt that he must see the thing—must see its face. Working slowly round the other side of the table, he got his candle, and in a stooping posture crept round the table until he came to where he could see the face of the dead man. Flaring the light at it nervously, he saw that the head was horribly battered and broken—just as the head of someone else had been battered and broken years before by one, Michael Fishlock. Was he going raving mad, or was there some grim resemblance between this battered thing at his feet, and that other battered thing he had seen at his feet before?

He must get out of the place; that much was certain. He staggered to the window, with the intention to jump out there, and go racing away into the night—anywhere, so that it might be away from that room. He got to the curtains, and gripped them; stopped, panting and listening.

Outside the window he heard steps; then the cautious whispering of voices. There was no escape that way; it was impossible for him to go blundering out of this room where that thing lay dead, straight into the arms of those who were probably searching for him. For now it seemed, dreadfully enough, that the whole world had risen against him; the whole world seemed to be round about that house and that room, closing in upon him.

He was afraid to move, because movement must bring him nearer to that stark thing lying in the shadows; he dared not blow out the candle, because that must leave him in the darkness with it. He stood still until he heard the voices and the sound of moving feet die away; here was his chance at last; he

could slip out of the window, and get clean away.

But even then he hesitated; for a touch he gave to the curtain showed him, as the edge of it slipped away from the window, the brilliantly lighted grounds flooded with moonlight, as in a panorama; he was a marked man if he dropped out there. While he waited, quaking with fear, a sound at the further end of the room arrested his attention; someone was beyond that locked door, and was opening it.

Some blind instinct drove him to the table; he puffed out the candle. Then he groped his way back to the window and waited; it seemed hours before the slow key turned in the lock, and the door opened, and someone came in. He could distinctly hear the breathing of a man who, with surer touch than his own, groped on the mantelshef; and, not finding what was wanted there, apparently got a light from his own pockets, and struck it, and held it aloft.

An old man, as seen in that momentary glimmer; he had a kindly face almost, as he lowered his match to the table, and went groping about there to find the candle. Then the fuller light flamed in the room, and he began to look about him.

Michael Fishlock stood perfectly still, drawn up close against the curtains by the window, and watching wide-eyed this man who held his fate in his hands. Very slowly the eyes of the old man travelled round the room, until at last they settled on that still gray figure in the corner; then the old man drew back, as though expecting an attack, and waited.

"What do you want?" he asked at last; and his words scarcely reached above a whisper.

"To get away," replied Fishlock, in the same tones. "There's blood on everything here; murder's been done. I'm afraid; I want to get away!"

The old man took up the candle, and came slowly round the table, holding the candle aloft. He saw the stained and muddy thing before him; noted the cropped hair; understood in a moment who this was. And as he moved back-

wards to the table he began to laugh slowly and horribly, like one who jests with Death itself.

"A convict?" he said. "I heard the bell; they told me guns were firing. And you are the man? What a Providence! what a Providence!"

He went back to the table, and leaned with one hand upon it, looking at that quaking figure by the window. Michael Fishlock never took his eyes from the man for an instant; while he watched him, he seemed to listen also for the sound of footsteps outside, and for the murmur of voices. The curtains swayed gently in the night wind, and, glancing out, he saw the moonlight lying white and still over everything.

"There's a dead man at your feet—a man who's been murdered," said Michael Fishlock in a strained whisper at last. "I was trying to get away; I broke prison to-day; all day and all night I've been hunted over these moors. I'm sick! I'm dying!"

"What a Providence!" murmured the old man again. "A convict who breaks jail hears in the distance men pursuing him; knows that if he must keep the sorry game alive at all he must have food and drink, and must change his clothing. So he breaks into the first house he sees; breaks in to steal, and if necessary to kill."

"No—no—that isn't true!" exclaimed Michael Fishlock, with a cold sweat of fear breaking out upon him. "You know it isn't true!"

"Suddenly there springs up in his way a man who rightly resents his intrusion—who demands to know who he is, and what he wants," went on the old man imperturbably. "There is an altercation—a struggle; the hunted man seizes the first weapon that comes to his hand, and strikes down the man who confronts him. See, there he is! he lies at my feet!"

"It's a lie! you know it's a lie!" exclaimed the other, looking wildly round the room. "I came in here, and I found—I found that—lying under the table. It's murder; but I can swear I found him dead when I entered. God of Heaven!" he exclaimed passionately, "you wouldn't

play a hunted wretch such a trick as that!"

The old man came slowly round the table, still watching the other; his eyes were very bright, and almost his lips seemed to smile. He waited there for a full minute before he spoke.

"The way is open to you," he said at last, pointing to the window. "Why don't you go? The whole wide world is before you; why do you stay here?"

"I can't! I can't!" panted the other. "Men are in the grounds searching for me; in this cursed moonlight I should be seen at once. I came in here hoping to get a change of clothes—shelter—food—anything. I tell you I can't go back."

"Exactly." The old man nodded slowly, with close shut lips. Then, surprisingly and wonderfully, he suddenly raised his head, and clasped his hands, and spoke not to the convict at all.

"Oh, God! Who judges well in all things, I thank Thee!" he said. "I thank Thee that Thou hast saved the man who struck the blow in righteous anger. I shall bless Thy name all my days! Amen!"

"Why, what the devil are you talking about?" demanded Michael Fishlock roughly. "What do you mean?"

"Answer me a question or two," said the old man, speaking hurriedly, and leaning nearer to Fishlock. "What was your crime? What did they shut you away for?"

"For—for manslaughter," whispered the other.

"Ah!" The old man drew a deep breath.

"I tell you it was manslaughter; I killed a man in self-defence," panted the other. "The jury were on my side, though the judge summed up dead against me. The man was stronger than I was, and I——"

"You murdered him. I know it; I can read it in your frightened eyes now," broke in the other. "You escaped the penalty; you're trying to escape the lesser punishment they gave you. Truly Justice is very wonderful!"

"And if I did murder him," whispered Fishlock, "what's that got to do

with this case? They only gave me five years, and I——”

“And even from that you would escape, though you deserved hanging,” the old man exclaimed quickly. “Now you shall understand what has happened. That thing lying there”—he made a movement of his foot towards it, as though he would have spurned it—“that was once a man, who robbed a woman of that which was most dear to her—her honour. It was only discovered to-day; and another man who loved her struck him down, as you see. They battled in this room, until the right man won, and slew his fellow. I’m an old man, but I love the boy who killed this creature; I came away, not knowing what to do. And at the last, as it seemed, God showed me a way. There have been many tramps about here lately, and we have been menaced more than once. So I left the window open, and I locked the door; for it seemed to me that some worthless life might be sacrificed in place of the boy, who had only done what was right. And God has heard me,” he ended quietly.

Michael Fishlock attempted a laugh. “And I suppose you think you’ll get me decently hanged in his place, eh?” he demanded. “I can tell my story; I can tell anyone what you’ve told me.”

“Murderer—once almost convicted—who’ll believe you?” asked the old man in his quiet voice. “Any other man with a clean record might have gone free; but you tried this game before. I tell you you are sent here to-night, as surely as though your feet had been guided.”

“Well, in that case, if I’m to swing for one, I’ll swing for two!” exclaimed Fishlock, with an oath. “This is Michael Fishlock’s way—and not a bad way, either.”

For he had seen, lying almost at his feet, the heavy poker with which doubtless that other man had been killed; he stooped swiftly, and picked it up. He had a wary eye upon the old man, who had made one swift movement to put the table between them; the old man now cried out in a strange voice:

“Look at your hands!”

Fishlock stared down at the thing he held; shuddered, and dropped it. His hands were red; in his horror it seemed as though he must cut them off, or beat them off, to get that which clung to them from them. When he looked up he saw that the old man had gone; he heard the turning of the key in the lock too late.

And now, after cleansing his hands as best he could, he seemed to know as by instinct that the end had come. He might perhaps make a fight for it, if only he could get this shaking horror out of his limbs—this sheer terror that shook him as with a palsy. He staggered to the table, and poured out some more spirit, and tossed it off; the glass dropped from his nervous hand as he heard far away in the house a loud cry for help; then the far-off barking of dogs, and the slamming of doors. He ran to the window, and peeped through the curtain; all seemed clear there, and he recklessly thrust the curtain aside, and got one leg over the window-sill. And there was a shout, and he heard men running towards him.

Braced now for the desperate fight before him, he got back into the room, and looked about for a weapon; but there was nothing there, save that weapon he had already touched. Gingerly enough he picked it up—by the other end; then ran to the door, and flung his weight against it, meaning to break through, and escape by some other way. But there were men outside that—men talking together in gruff tones. He drew back and got behind the table, so that he had the window on one hand and the door on the other. And he saw the door opening.

It opened slowly, and a tall man, evidently a servant, came in, followed by the old man he had seen before. Fishlock raised his weapon to aim a blow, but a voice spoke in the room, and he turned swiftly to the window.

“Drop it, Fishlock, or I fire! The game’s up!”

He turned his head, and in that moment the big man had made a leap at him, and had wound his arms about him. Men swarmed in at the window, and in a moment he was overpowered.

"He—he murdered my friend," stammered the old man. "He came in here, and my friend faced him—fought with him. See! the weapon you've wrenched from his hands; it's red with my friend's blood."

"I didn't do it—before God, I didn't do it!" screamed Fishlock, struggling with his captors. "I came in here, and found him dead. It's a trap!"

A warder was stooping over that

prostrate figure on the floor. "I remember at your trial," he said musingly, "that the man you killed had his head battered in with a poker—something like this." He rose slowly to his feet. "Michael Fishlock's way, eh? Bring him along, boys!"

And already he knew, with the certainty of despair, that the noose was round his neck, and that the boy Gilbert Canning was avenged.

An Exile's Toast

BY C. LELAND ARMSTRONG

HERE'S a toast to Canada,
 From across the line,
 Drunk in pure cold water,
 Better, far, than wine:
 Sing me not of other climes;—
 'Till my voice be done,
 I will sing her winter snow;
 Sing her summer sun,
 Fertile field and bulging sheaf
 And hearts to guard the Maple Leaf.

Here's a toast to Canada:
 May the kindest sky
 Smile upon her golden fields,
 Smile eternally.
 Loving hearts to guide her,
 Loyal hearts to guard;
 Know she nought of war-cloud,
 Nought of iron shard;
 But by the good that's in her
 Make friend instead of foe.
 Our little baby nation—
 God teach her how to grow.

That's my toast to Canada—
 Weak her smile to share.
 But deepest songs oft choke the voice
 When all the soul is there.
 That's my toast to Canada,
 From here across the line,
 Drunk in pure, cold water,
 Better, far, than wine.
 Sing me not of other climes;
 'Till my breath be done,
 I will sing her winter snow;
 Sing her summer sun,
 Fertile field and bulging sheaf
 And hearts to guard the Maple Leaf.

The Deer of British Columbia

By ALLAN BROOKS

A description of the mule deer, blacktail and cottontail, with particulars regarding their habits, haunts and availability.



THIS is not the writer's intention, in the present article, to deal with the entire deer family of British Columbia, but only with the group generally specialised as "deer" by sportsmen in America—elk, moose, and cariboo never being spoken of with this cognomen.

In British Columbia there are three species of the genus *Odocoileus* (formerly known as *Cariacus*), viz., the mule deer, *Odocoileus hemionus*; Blacktail, *O. columbianus*; and Cottontail, *O. leucurus*.

The mule deer, often incorrectly called "blacktail," is the largest of the three, a fine, large animal about the size of a Scotch red deer. But for the enormous ears this would be one of the handsomest of game animals, for otherwise it is a beautifully proportioned beast. In British Columbia it reaches its highest development, being considerably larger than the mule deer of the plains; but the horns, though often long and heavy, have a tendency to grow close together, but occasionally one may see a head with a really good spread. The colour of the animal in winter coat is rather variable, but generally it is darker than when found east of the Rockies; the brisket is glossy black, and the belly blackish with some fulvous markings. The characteristic triangular white patch at the root of the tail is in some individuals almost absent, and the tail in these has a dark-coloured line down its upper surface. In summer

the coat is bright fulvous, but not as red as the coast blacktail, and the tail at that season is more like a pig's than a deer's, being almost denuded of hair, save the black brush at the tip. The mule deer ranges over the greater portion of the southern half of British Columbia, east of the Cascade range; and like the Virginia deer of the East is steadily extending its range northwards. In 1902 I heard of



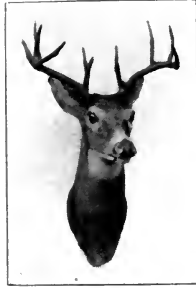
HEAD OF MULE DEER

a single straggler being killed at Ft. McLeod on the Parsnip River, the northernmost record I have. About Ft. George and Stewart Lake it is seen regularly, though it is scarcer than to the southward. The centre of its abundance is reached in the southern Chilcote and Lillooet country; and it is still plentiful in Okanagan and Southwest Kootenay. Roughly speaking, its range ends where the cariboo's begins, though, in a few localities, both can be found in summer on the same ground.

Without having the regular migrations of the cariboo, the mule deer has more of a migratory habit than either of its congeners, in some localities travelling fifty miles or more between its summer and winter quarters. In the north it leaves its winter feeding grounds about June 1st, straggling back in groups of two or three towards the end of October; but farther south, where the mountains are higher, and snowfall heavier, the majority do not leave the foothills until August, but remain in the high mountains until forced to descend to lower levels by the snows of winter.

In spite of its larger size, the mule deer is a stupider animal than either the blacktail or cottontail, and this failing, together with the more open country it frequents, makes it an easy animal to hunt, as a rule. But in the southern portion of its range the killing of a good buck is usually attended with considerable labour, because of its habit of de-

scending to the lower levels only at night. Before daylight they start to ascend and generally keep travelling upwards until they reach the very highest summit or are compelled to bed down by deep snow. To have a good chance of success, the hunter must either camp up in the mountains the night before, or else start at or before daylight, and, paying no attention to the maze of fresh tracks on the lower benches, climb and climb until he gets to where the big fellows lie up in the thickets along the highest ridges. Here he will find the snow two or three feet deep, and the deer will often follow their



SPECIMENS OF THE COTTONTAIL

trail of the night before to save labour. Their beds will now be seen, long oval slots in the snow, often worn smooth and icy through being used night after night.

The still hunter's test of a fresh deer bed, touching it to see if it is soft or frozen, is not reliable here, as I have often jumped mule deer out of beds that were impressions in ice of the animal's lower surface, the shanks of the legs being clearly defined in the icy mould. The greatest caution should be taken at this stage by the hunter; if possible, the deer should be shot in the bed.

When first alarmed, a buck will usually give *one* good chance before making off, but after that it is little use following, for like cariboo, and unlike other species of deer, a mule deer will, when thoroughly alarmed, travel steadily without stopping for sufficient length of

time to enable the hunter to come up with him.

Big bucks, when in good order, will weigh about 275 lbs. entire, and, though occasionally much larger ones are heard of, the average will be below this figure. The horns of average bucks have four points, and a small crown point, on each horn. Such heads seem to be acquired when the buck is three years old; for several succeeding years he will in most cases grow a larger set without increasing the number of tines.

Such heads are the rule in bucks up to the age of about six years, though sometimes younger animals may be seen with a greater number of points. After that age the number of tines increase until he is about ten or twelve years old, when, as in other deer, the horns decrease both in size and number of points.

Unlike deer of the whitetail group, the tines are not single spears off the main beam, but are arranged in bifurcations.

Sometimes heads are seen that are much palmated, others again have "club" horns, heavy with tines all close together; while freak heads with a tangle of small points, "bell tags," and excrescences, are far more frequent than in other deer.

The horns are dropped, in most bucks, about January, rarely later, and I have shot bucks that had lost theirs as early



MR. BROOKS EXAMINING HIS LATEST SPECIMEN

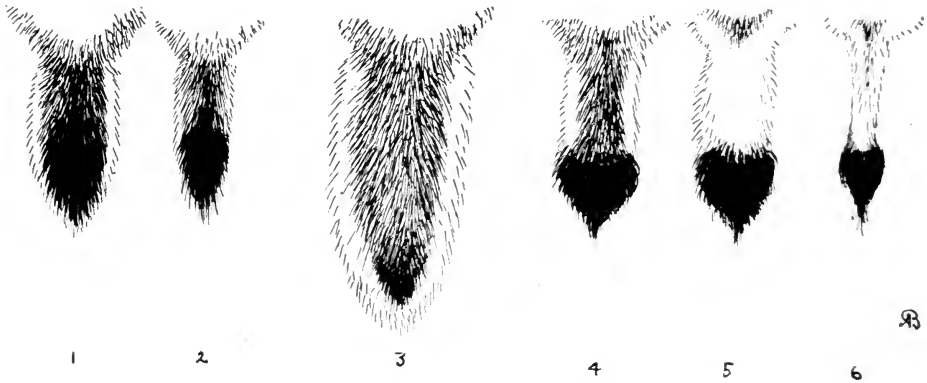
as the middle of December. The following May the horns will have grown to an appreciable size, but it is not until the middle of September that the velvet is rubbed off and the buck is in "hard horn." November is the running season, but this varies a little with the state of the moon. The fawns are dropped about the first week in June, sometimes as late as July.

And now we come to the little deer of the coast district, the true blacktail, sometimes called Columbian blacktail, to distinguish it from the "blacktail" of the plains; but it is high time the latter animal were universally known by its appropriate name of mule deer. A glance at the cut illustrating the tails of the three species will show which has the better right to the cognomen of blacktail. The mule deer's tail is usually more white than black.

While the mule deer is a lover of partially wooded country, and is scarce or absent in unbroken stretches of dense forest, the little blacktail delights in the thickest wood. There are few localities in the almost unbroken forest of the coast district that do not, at some season of the year, know its presence. Small of size, and with poor horns, yet the excellence of his venison begets him a host of enemies, both biped and quadruped. Keen of scent



MULE DEER, JUST SHOT



TAILS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA DEER

No. 1—Blacktail, in winter.
No. 2—Blacktail, in summer.

No. 3—Cottontail, in winter.
No. 4—Mule Deer (variety), winter.

No. 5—Mule Deer, in winter.
No. 6—Mule Deer, in summer.

and hearing, he would still run a good chance of extinction were it not for the character of the forest in these humid regions. Few places there are that are not choked with undergrowth, through which he threads, silent as a rabbit, while his pursuer crashes in vain pursuit.

Probably the hardest brush to travel quietly through is the almost ubiquitous sal-lal, a glossy-leaved evergreen shrub that grows thick from two to four feet high. Even with the greatest care, the still hunter makes a noise that usually makes his occupation a farce; yet the blacktail glides along without a rustle, unless he is thoroughly scared and travelling at the "double jump." With anything like proper legislation and the continued prohibition of hounding, this deer will be numerous for centuries to come.

The chief danger of its extinction lies in the universal practice of "jacking" and "pit lamping" at night, when the deer are brutally murdered with shotguns. Also, in the northern portion of its range (which extends far up along the Alaskan coast), great numbers are killed for their hides alone, when feeding along the seashore in winters of heavy snowfall. The cougar also kills great numbers. I have seen one locality, at least, where cougars had exterminated the deer in a period of four years; and in one day's travel in the Quatsino district, Vancouver Island, I have seen three deer killed by cougars,

and in no case was more than a small portion eaten.

The Cascade range marks the eastern limit of this deer, though they travel in summer to their summits, where in a few localities they may meet their larger relative, the mule deer. As the snow falls each drops down its own side of the mountains to its respective winter quarters.

The blacktail of the Cascade slopes is a far larger animal than the same species found farther north or on Vancouver Island. They are found throughout the Coast district and islands, except the Queen Charlotte group. Heads with five points on each horn are about the maximum, and many large old bucks have "pinched in" horns with only two points.

In general, the shape of the horn is intermediate between those of mule deer and cottontail, though smaller than either. The whole formation of the animal more nearly resembles the latter, but the nasal bones are shorter and the interorbital region wider, giving the blacktail a much shorter-looking head.

The running season occurs about a month earlier than that of the mule deer, commencing about the middle of October. The fawns are dropped in May, and resemble those of the mule deer more than the cottontail, in that the spots on the body are placed irregularly, and not arranged in rows.

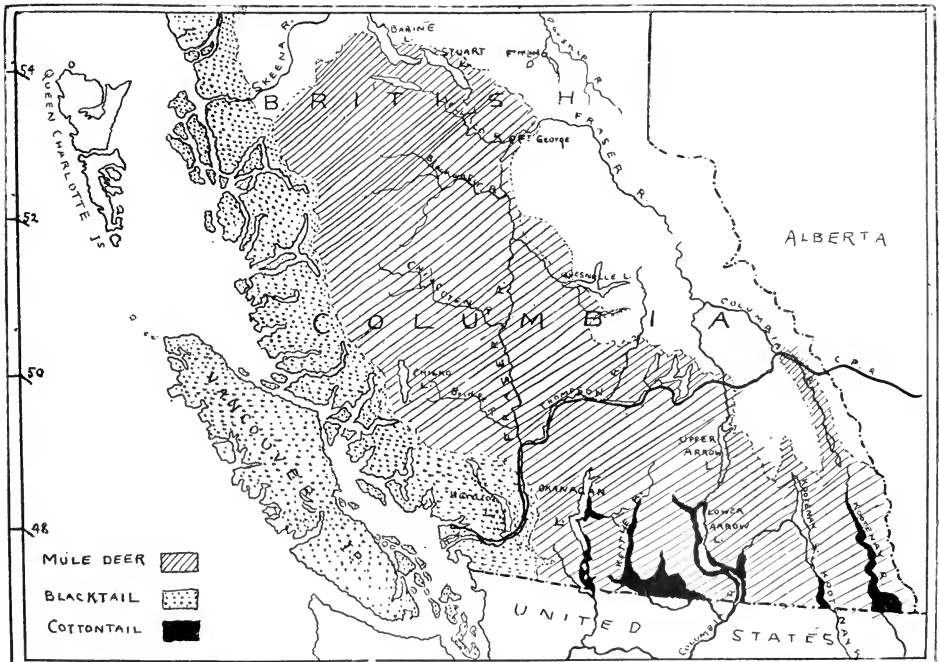
The cottontail, often spoken of as the "whitetail," is the handsomest, as well

as the rarest, of the three species of the genus found in British Columbia. Its range is confined to the valleys of the southern interior of the Province; east of the Rockies it is replaced by a closely allied species—the true whitetail, *Odocoileus virginianus macrourus*; it is possible that this last species is the form found in extreme South-eastern British Columbia in the valley of the Kootenay River. Unlike the mule deer, which is found in the same region, the cottontail is a very local species, a frequenter of the heavily timbered and brush-clad lowlands, seldom venturing up into the mountains. Here it remains throughout the year, not changing its ground with the seasons, like the mule deer and coast blacktail, which for the most part ascend the mountains in summer, returning to the foothills when driven down by the snows of winter.

Twenty years ago the cottontail was abundant in the Southern Okanagan country, but was remorselessly slaughtered by the early settlers, until now it is on the verge of extinction there. The remaining few are now shifting about; most of them have migrated eastward into the more

thickly timbered Kootenay; a few have been seen far north of their former home, one being killed at Mabel Lake, and others seen north of Vernon. They may ultimately form a colony in the Spallamacheen valley, which offers a favourable haven of refuge. In the Kootenay district there is a better chance that the species will hold its own, as the country is more heavily timbered, and the brush thicker. There, it extends north to the northern end of Lower Arrow lake, perhaps farther. Reliable records as to its range would be of great interest; and the sportsmen of Kootenay who are acquainted with the species should publish any data as to its present and former distribution.

The cottontail can always be distinguished from its congeners in British Columbia by its small ears and huge tail, the lower surface of the latter, with the inside of the thighs and buttocks, is snowy white. A certain mark of identification is the callosity on the outer surface of the shank of the hind leg; in the cottontail (and others of the whitetail group) this is small and round, and surrounded by a dense whorl of whitish hair.



MAP, SHOWING PRESENT RANGE OF DEER IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

In the mule deer and blacktail this callosity is an elongated ridge, longest in the first-named species.

In habits the cottontail differs from both its congeners, possessing a cunning far superior to either. When disturbed it seldom runs far, but pulls up in the first thicket, trusting to its keen sense of smell and hearing to warn it of the approach of the hunter. The thickets it frequents favour this game of hide and seek; an old buck will circle for hours in a small stretch of brush, just keeping out of sight of his pursuers. When standing motionless in the brush it takes a trained eye to catch his outline, as all his colours are protective; the upper surface of the tail, with the long hair on the sides of the buttocks, completely covers the large expanse of tell-tale white. But when alarmed, the change is marvellous, the tail is thrown straight up over the back, and the whole rear view of the animal as it bounds away is a blaze of white. Often it will crouch in a form like a hare, jumping out of this at a single bound, with a jack-in-the-box suddenness most disconcerting to the hunter who is used to the more deliberate actions of mule deer.

When going at full speed the cottontail travels in long bounds close to the ground,

tail up and head low. Under similar conditions the mule deer jumps high, with head up and tail batted down.

The horns of the cottontail resemble those of the Virginia deer, being low set, with the tips converging together; the crown points—those nearest the burr, are long and slanting slightly backward. The spread between the tines widest apart is usually considerable, but the extreme tips sometimes come so close together over the forehead that the points are within an inch or two of each other.

Very small horns are frequent; some of four or five points are not larger than a man's hand with outspread fingers. The largest buck of this species I have shot, measures twenty-two inches along each horn, with a spread of nineteen inches.

In the sketch map that accompanies this article I have endeavoured to define the present ranges of these three species of deer in British Columbia, and I would be glad of any corrections or amendments by competent persons. There are some isolated places in the given range of the mule deer where they are not found, owing to lack of suitable conditions, but as a whole I think the map will be found to be fairly correct.



The Voyageurs

BY ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS

—"And so they entered the harbour, a pitiable remnant of the mighty fleet which had left France. Some died of disease, some of despair and heartbreak, some threw themselves upon their swords, some, frenzied, fought until they fell. And here, among the hills overlooking the harbour, many of them were buried."—Account of D'Anville's Fleet, 1746.

SLEEP well, *Voyageurs*,
The quiet hills enfold you,
The mighty dark shall hem you in,
The endless silence hold you.
But the hill winds and the hill calms,
That dwell where you are lying,
Are changeful as the restless sea
That drew you to your dying.

Sleep well, *Voyageurs*,
Your merry day is over.
Ah! how can ever heart be still
That once as free, a rover?
The winds that blow no more for you
In the gay dawns are calling,
The seas you may not sail again
Mourn when the dusk is falling.

Sleep well, *Voyageurs*,
The sleep so dreary seeming.
But who can tell what wonder ships
Drift ghostlike thro' your dreaming?
Ships of the air, ships of the dark,
That speed beyond our hailing—
And who can tell how wide and free
The sea you may be sailing?

A hidden sea, a solemn sea,
For hearts so wild and daring!
And never one comes home again
To tell us of his faring.
Oh, strange and far and dim the way
The *Voyageurs* are going!
The distant music of their dream
Is sweet beyond our knowing.

Who knows what friendly voices cheer
Where fearless souls are steering?
Who knows what radiant harbour lights
Their shadowy ships are nearing?
Dream, dream, *Voyageurs*,
Oh, deep and long your sleeping!
But the hill winds and the hill calms
Shall hold you in their keeping.

A Gentleman of Temagami

By ANNA C. RUDDY



LIVING CLOSE TO
NATURE

HE was an old man and full of years, fifty-five of which had been spent in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Tall and strongly built, like one of the giant pines of his native forest, he carried with him the atmosphere of God's out-of-doors, while his step retained something of the free swing of youth, making it hard for us to realise that he was almost blind.

It was at the point where dream-like Mattawapecta Lake joins the Montreal River that we came upon the clearance where he was raking hay by the water's edge.

MOOSE LEAVING THE
WATER

The little farm with its waving cornfields and sloping meadows was surrounded, except on the water side, by a fringe of pine and birch, beyond which lay the great trackless forest which we had learned to

know and love so well during the weeks of our canoe trip. At night as we sat around our camp-fire it had closed us in, deep, dark, impenetrable, and by day it had hailed us from nodding tree-tops along the shore as the dancing waves beckoned us on from lake to lake in the matchless Temagami region.

Since we had left the Hudson's Bay

Company post at Bear Island, we had seen nothing but Indian camps and fire rangers' cabins. We had tracked the moose and followed bear trails, and had fished to our heart's content. But our supplies needed replenishing and the farm was a welcome sight.

We never knew before what real music there was in the sound of a cackling hen, or how much more to be desired a herd of cows at times than the most magnificent moose that roamed the forest. In other words, we were shamelessly hungry. It was high noon and we hoped to dine from fresh vegetables and other produce of the farm.

"A Scotchman," was my inward comment, as he of the flowing white beard and bronzed cheeks came down to meet us with grave, kindly welcome, holding the hand of his little grand-daughter as a safeguard.

"Mr. Moore, how glad I am to find you here!" exclaimed my companion enthusiastically, as she stepped from the canoe. "Your fame reached us away down on Lady Evelyn Lake, and we have been hoping that you would be at home when we got here."

"I am glad to be here," he replied, simply, and with a perceptible Scottish accent; "for though I cannot see your face, your voice tells me that I should have been the loser had I been absent."

John pulled the canoe up on the bank, taking out our cooking utensils and everything necessary for preparing dinner, when I broke up the mutual admiration combine by asking timidly if there were fresh vegetables to be had, and suggesting something of our half-famished condition.

In an instant Mr. Moore was all interest and attention. "My daughter will give you anything you need," he said, leading the way to the little hovel which constituted the farm-house, and introducing his daughter, Mrs. Mowat, who was unmistakably Indian of an unmixed type, which puzzled me greatly.

The children searched the out-houses for eggs, and Mrs. Mowat gave us fresh home-made bread, milk and vegetables from her garden.

Will the rest of your party be here to

dinner or have they gone on?" asked Mr. Moore, as John made the fire and set about preparing dinner.

"We constitute the whole party," I replied, laughing. "It may be unusual for two women to make the trip with only a guide, but we have enjoyed it immensely. We are now on our way to Bay Lake and Lake Anima Nipissing, through which we will set back to Bear Island after a few portages and smaller lakes."

"You must have a good guide," he said, musingly. "Is he Indian?"

"Half-breed Algonquin," I replied.

"Ah, half-breed?" he repeated slowly. "Then I am just a little better than that, for I am a trifle more than three-quarters Ojibway."

The person who had always prided herself on recognising a Scotchman at first sight felt this as a sad blow to her self-esteem.

While John cooked dinner our new-found friend took us to see a famous Indian battleground in the field back of the house, for we were on historic, or rather prehistoric, ground. The ground rose to a considerable height and was crowned by a natural fortification, the top of the hill being scooped out, making a hollow place where two score warriors might remain in ambush while they watched their enemies coming up or down the river, for the hill commanded a magnificent view of the water in three directions.

For hundreds of years this clearance has been a favourite meeting-place for the Indians, and is still the camping ground of the tribes coming from the north to trade. The plow-share turns up many an arrow head, and occasionally it rests in the breast or back of a buried brave.

From our post in the rude trenches we saw John waving to us from the shore a signal that dinner was ready, and we made haste to respond, at the same time inviting Mr. Moore to sit with us while we dined. We were loath to lose a moment of his companionship, for he had a fund of Indian lore and local information which charmed us.

Three of his grandchildren joined the

group on the grass under a spreading tree. How silent and solemn they seemed, those little children of the woods, listening so gravely to what must have been to them more than thrice-told tales!

The old man's mind seemed to dwell especially on the forties and early fifties of the last century.

"This country belonged to the Indians and the Hudson's Bay Company in those days," he said. "I was sixteen years old before I ever saw a preacher or knew there was any such thing as religion," and the light in the fine old face showed that religion meant much to him now, at least.

"The only law we knew," he continued, "was that which was enforced by the company. I saw many years of hard work in the company's service. I never knew anything else. I was born to it, I guess."

"Did you have much trouble enforcing the law?" my companion asked.

"Sometimes," he replied, "but we always did it. The Indians around the post were a hard lot, and we had to make them respect the company or we could not have done any business."

"Did the Indians make a living worth while at hunting and trapping?" I asked, as John took away the last of our dinner and began packing up ready for departure.

"Not always," he replied; "if it was a hard winter and game was scarce, they suffered a great deal from hunger."

He sat silent for a time looking out over the water beyond where the birch-bark canoes lay moored, to the purple hills in the distance, a strange light in the sightless old eyes, and we waited, dimly wondering what visions he saw.

Then he began to talk. Never before had we heard such story-telling. It was the primitive man, strong, vigorous and unspoiled, relating facts as they impressed him. He did not linger over needless details, but in forcible language, simple as a mother might use to the child at her knee, he made us see visions as he saw them.

The memorable winter of 1849, when the whole north was a land of starvation, when the Indians hunted long and

vainly for the deer, and making the round of the traps found them always empty. We heard of families dwindling down, the children disappearing one by one, and the parents half crazed afterwards coming out as self-confessed cannibals. Then of the troubles of the Hudson's Bay Company with the Indians, and their manner of dealing with law-breakers; of the finding of an Algonquin grave on the upper Ottawa, showing the result of a bloody battle between the Algonquins and their enemy, the hated Iroquois. Then by easy transition the scene changed to the famous battlefield behind and around us, and sitting looking down the river we saw the fleet of war canoes coming up to do battle with the painted warriors, who were in ambush behind every tree and who were hidden in the trenches up on the hill, and we heard the swish of the arrows through the trees as the fight began.

It was John, our Indian of flesh and blood, who brought us back to real life by reminding us that the afternoon was wearing away, and that our proposed camping ground at Port Rapids was eight miles off.

In a moment we were ready to say good-bye to the little farm and its occupants, who were all gathered around the canoe to see us off. Many tourists called during the summer to buy provisions, they said rather wistfully, but few stopped to have anything to say to them. We felt sorry for those who had missed so much real pleasure without knowing it.

We plied the paddles vigorously, for the sun was already in the west, and in calculating time we always left a margin for interruptions in the way of much-coveted opportunities to photograph moose and for fishing if our larder was low.

Two miles from the farm we heard a distant shout, and turning saw a canoe approaching. It was Mr. Moore and his little grand-daughter breathless and worn with the chase. We had left a head of cabbage, and they had followed us with it. When we remonstrated, the old man said with simple dignity: "It is yours; we took your money, and the

least we could do was to see that you got what you paid for, but," he added ruefully, "you led us a chase, and I thought we would have to give up before we could make you hear."

The sun was going down in a blaze of glory. The clouds which all afternoon had hung fleecy and white against the deep blue of the sky were suddenly turned to crimson and gold. Splotches of scarlet along the shore among the deep green pine and hemlock were made

by the moose maples touched by the early September frost; the whole being reflected in the water as in a mirror, making a spectacle of magnificence never to be forgotten. The silence of the north-land was about us as we paused a moment to watch the striking old figure in the birch-bark canoe until he had disappeared into the sunset, and was lost to view. Then we turned and went on our way.

We had seen one of God's good men.

Long Ago

A Villanelle

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

LONG ago in a garden olden
 Dwelt my poppy maid with me—
 All my heart in her hand was holden.

Poppy Maid of the tresses golden,
 Dost thy heart remember me
 Long ago in a garden olden?

Love must ever Young Love embolden,
 Unto lovers is love made free—
 All my heart in her hand was holden.

In my heart was her heart enfolden,
 There of heaven we forged the key
 Long ago in a garden golden.

Unto Love were we much beholden,
 Love's own lotus-eaters we—
 All my heart in her hand was holden.

Golden days in the sunlight golden,
 Golden dreams by a golden sea—
 Long ago in a garden olden
 All my heart in her hand was holden.

The Special Correspondent

By J. E. B. McCREADY

*Personal reminiscences of newsgathering at the Capital
forty years ago.*

THE duties of "Our Own Correspondent" for a leading Opposition daily are many and varied; they are also arduous at times. If he is at all fitted for his task, he will find it often very interesting, sometimes intensely so. If he knows the ministers of state personally, so much the better; if he does not know them he will find it of advantage to make their acquaintance, choosing his time carefully, for most ministers are busy men. They are also men of like passions with other men, and like men of lower station in life, have differences of manner, temperament, their likes and dislikes, are sometimes jealous of each other, and so on. To get on some sort of footing, at least that of a speaking acquaintance, is most desirable. Sometimes a word dropped by a minister in the most casual way will supply a missing link, or serve to solve a political riddle on which one may have spent weeks of patient investigation. Moreover, it may be found that the information you are seeking will be frankly given by the minister for the asking, when it could in no other way be obtained.

It is of almost equal importance to know the deputy-ministers, the permanent official heads of the several departments. The deputy may know more of the matter you are for the time seeking to find out than the political chief of the department, especially if the latter is comparatively new to official life.

The phrase is current that "ministers come and ministers go, but deputy-ministers go on forever." If you are known to him, it will count in your favour with the deputy and with all the subordinate officials. Again, to be favourably known to the deputy may give easier access to a minister whom it is desirable to cultivate or to see from time to time. The correspondent should also know the private secretaries of the several ministers. They can usually give information as to many matters, not of a private or political nature, which the correspondent may desire to learn.

So much premised, let it be added that in the course of many conversations some things may be told even to an Opposition correspondent which he may be required to withhold from his newspaper, or not to make use of until a specified time. It will be all-important for him to keep his trust sacredly in such matters, and so establish a bond of confidence between his informant and himself. The bond so established will grow stronger. Playing the game as a gentleman among gentlemen, he will in the long run obtain more reliable news, and be less often misled than if he stooped to less reputable methods. Speaking from some experience as a special correspondent at Ottawa in years past, I ought to add that I never knew of an instance in which an official or civil servant treacherously, wantonly or corruptly betrayed a Government secret to

an Opposition newspaper directly or indirectly. But that there were not cases of inadvertence and indiscretion, sometimes leading to important disclosures, I would not affirm.

Twenty-five years ago I was the resident correspondent of the *Toronto Globe* at Ottawa. The late Mr. George Kingsmill held a like position for *The Mail*. We were always friendly, and I have many pleasant memories of him. He had what sportsmen would call the inside track for political news, and it was no easy task to keep approximately even with him. It had been a tradition with both parties that important news from the Government or the departments should be first disclosed to the public through the newspapers supporting the Government of the day. Sir John Macdonald was Premier and Minister of the Interior. *The Globe*, under Mr. Gordon Brown's editorial management, was vigorously hostile to him.

And those were the days of frequent and radical changes in the land regulations of the Northwest. The influx of settlers consequent upon the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway gave great public interest to matters affecting the lands and their settlement. My immediate predecessor in *The Globe's* service at Ottawa, Mr. J. T. Hawke, now of the *Moncton Transcript*, had cleverly captured the first batch of these changes and all their important features had appeared simultaneously in *The Globe* and *The Mail*. "There will be other important changes soon," he said, on handing the work over to me, "but I fear you cannot get them." I resolved to try, however, and so found myself at the very outset playing at cross purposes with Sir John Macdonald's own department. The officials to whom I applied for information were courteous but reticent, and would tell me nothing. It seemed useless to apply to Sir John himself, *The Globe* being so hostile and he so busy, and I did not make the venture.

At length I learned positively from an outside source that the changes had been made, from which it followed as a matter of course that the amended reg-

ulations or a full synopsis of them would be forwarded that night to *The Mail*. That was a busy night for the correspondent. I knew the existing regulations well, and also had advance knowledge of several of the changes sought for. As to what had been done, beyond some scraps of information, I did not know, but at the last moment, in the most casual way, I learned that the more important changes sought for had been conceded. On this, with some guessing as to minor points, the despatch was made up and forwarded. It was fairly full, and turned out to be entirely accurate so far as it went.

The Mail people did not like this, and on going up town the following morning, I learned that the fact had been wired from Toronto to Ottawa that *The Globe* had again got the purport of the land regulations simultaneously with the Government organ. I could not forbear calling at the Lands Department to enjoy my small triumph and found not a little perturbation there. I learned that an investigation was being made as to the leakage, that Sir John was angry, and that half a dozen theories, all of which were wide of the mark, were afloat as to how the news was obtained.

But for what was to follow this story would not be worth telling, and would never have been told in print. Some months later the land regulations were again changed, and of course would be sent first to *The Mail*, as usual. But very special care was taken this time that the news should be exclusive to that journal. I went at once to the Lands Office, applied to Mr. Lindsay Russell for the particulars of the changes which had been made. He was courteous, even jocular, but much more inclined to criticise newspaper men's methods than to give me any information. He would not admit, neither would he deny, that the changes had been made. Putting on as bold a front as possible, I assured him that I knew the changes had been made; that any newspaper applying had a right to the news, and that peace was better than war. But, of course, if he would not give the required information, *The Globe* had beaten the department

twice already, and could do it again. Bluff was, however, equally as ineffective as persuasion. He assured me that he could guess pretty well how the news had been obtained before, and that this time the best efforts of *The Globe* correspondent would fail. Feeling sure that he did not know and could not guess how previous news had been unearthed, I offered him the chance of making three guesses with the promise to admit the fact if he conjectured rightly. His guesses were ingenious, but certainly wrong in every case.

As he would not give up the information, and plans formerly successful were not again available, I resolved to appeal to Sir John Macdonald himself, although very conscious that he would be under very strong incentives to refuse me. I felt that he was fair-minded; I knew that he was generous and free from petty vindictiveness. The conversation that followed between Mr. Russell and myself was about as follows:

"Is Sir John in the department?"

"No; he is at Stadacona Hall."

"Will you give me a messenger to take a note to him?"

"Yes. But do you expect him to reply to your note after all the irritating episodes just past?"

"I do. The humblest citizen of Canada has a right to ask a question of the highest in the land on public affairs, and expect a courteous answer."

"Well, try it and see!"

So the note was written. I did my best on it, and the messenger carried it away. I remained at the department till his return. He brought a letter which he handed me. I thought my official companion was a little surprised that an answer had been returned. He was more so when, after smiling as I read it, the note was placed in his hands. It was entirely courteous and friendly, its essence being in the following words:

"The amended land regulations will not be given to any newspaper in advance of their publication in the *Canada Gazette* to-morrow."

The effect of this was, of course, that both the Government and Opposition journals would have the news at the same

time, which was all we asked for. Another effect was to strengthen a certain Liberal correspondent's growing admiration for the old Conservative chieftain.

I had not yet met Sir Alexander Campbell to speak with him about affairs, when circumstances combined and suggested a call. Sergeant-at-Arms Macdonnell, of the House of Commons, one day pleasantly mentioned that on the previous evening at an official dinner at Rideau Hall, he had heard Sir Leonard Tilley in conversation with Sir Alexander Campbell pay a perhaps unintentional compliment to *The Globe's* correspondent. What did he say? "Oh," laughingly, "he simply said you were a very dangerous man!" The next day at the telegraph office I was told that Sir Alexander Campbell had been inquiring what the new *Globe* man was like, and that he had been told in reply, "Why, Sir Alexander, only yesterday I saw you borrow his pencil at this counter to write a message." This had indeed occurred as stated. Moreover, the news had come that day of a new postal convention made between Canada and the United States. It was surely now time to call upon Sir Alexander Campbell.

My card was sent in, and I was at once admitted. He received me courteously, but was apparently on his guard. At first he would neither admit nor deny that a new postal agreement had been concluded, but cautiously inquired, "If it were so, why should I give the news to *The Globe*?" This gave an opportunity to argue the matter briefly, setting forth that the treaty was something affecting all the people of Canada, and done on behalf of all, whether Conservative or Liberal, and it would seem they were all entitled to learn of it at the same time. There was something more said in reference to his well-known courtesy and fairness. Sir Alexander replied very frankly and promptly that in this case he would give me what I had asked for, although he might not always be able to do so in the future. He rang his bell, the Deputy-Minister, Mr. Griffin, came in and was instructed to give me the purport of the new agreement. In this case, if I remember rightly, the news not being applied for by the Govern-

ment papers, first appeared exclusively in the leading Opposition daily.

The census of Canada, both in 1871 and 1881, as well as since those days, has been a subject of great interest to the reading public for several reasons. Our vast territorial area, sparse settlements, and the rather disappointing growth of population in the earlier decades, contributed to cause this anxious concern. The young nation, like a young boy, was perhaps over-anxious to grow up quickly. This very gradual growth will in the end bear fruit for good. In the meantime, the unsettled West has been settled with British and Canadian people, carrying with them the laws and institutions of a British community in advance of any large and uncontrollable influx of foreign elements. A solid British-Canadian foundation has been laid from Sydney to Vancouver. This was important.

Let me drop back for a moment to the census of 1871. It was a census of four Provinces only, but at the time the work of tabulation was completed there was great interest to learn the result, and a prominent Opposition paper had then privately offered \$500 for first exclusive and accurate figures showing the Provincial totals. Under this stimulus a number of the young newspaper men attending at Ottawa made persistent effort to get the figures, but failed. The secret was in very few hands, and those who knew it and were not ministers, were supposed to be sworn to secrecy. Four of us formed a partnership to earn the reward by each undertaking to ascertain if possible the population of his own Province. By close watch and careful inquiry it was at length learned that the figures had been summed up and would that night be sent to the Conservative press. We had so far accomplished nothing and were destined to fail. I did, however, succeed in getting at the population of New Brunswick. Going over to the Customs Department to see the Minister, I casually met him in the corridor. He paused a moment to speak a few words, and I mentioned that it was regrettable the population of our own Province was so disappointing.

"How disappointing?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, Mr. Tilley—275,000!"

"You are quite wrong," he said—"285,594." Then quickly checking himself he added, "But you must not use that." And it was not used for publication, but if we had been able to get the figures for Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia, the information would all probably have been sent to the newspaper offering the reward. Capturing news by surprise is, however, an old trick.

It was ten years later, under similar conditions of secrecy, that the census of 1881 was nearing completion. Months before, all sorts of plans had been laid to get early or exclusive information in regard thereto, but all these plans were destined to fail. The best I had hoped for was to get the figures for *The Globe* at the same time they were given out to the newspapers supporting the Government. And so one day the information was secretly gained that the census was completed as to population and that the main features would be given out the following night to a few only of the ministerial journals. I promptly applied to Dr. Taché, the Deputy-Minister, who declined to inform me whether the tabulation was completed or about to be given to the press, or to give me any information in regard to it. The Minister of Agriculture, Hon. John Henry Pope, was not in his office at the time; it was not known when he would be in, and I was told very positively that it would be quite useless to apply to him. This was disappointing, indeed. Then for a time there was a rapid exchange of telegrams between Ottawa and Toronto, of which the following are specimens: Ottawa to Toronto: "Census coming out, but can't get it." Toronto to Ottawa: "Must have it at whatever cost!"

There was much more by way of explanations and reasons for things on the one hand and of insistence on the other hand. If only I could see Mr. Pope! I knew him quite well, and he had always been kind and considerate in news matters, sometimes testing me with, "Now, if I tell you this, you are sure you will not use it till I give you leave?" This is sometimes a hard test, and the correspondent may be severely tempted to

break faith, but woe betide him if he does! I had certainly kept faith with Mr. Pope. He was astute, shrewd, genial, with a dry humour that, together with his tall figure, reminded me of Abraham Lincoln. He was, moreover, a trusted lieutenant of Sir John Macdonald, and was from time to time acting minister of other departments than his own when the responsible head was absent or a temporary vacancy had occurred.

Mr. Pope was again in his office during the afternoon, and I lost no time in seeing him. He knew my business in advance and was very serious in referring to it. "You seem to know," he said, "that the census figures will be given out to-morrow. I will be quite candid with you; your information is correct that far. We are giving the news to only a few of the papers friendly to the Government. I would like very much to oblige you personally, but I fear I would not be warranted in giving it to *The Globe*."

But Mr. Pope was willing to hear such argument as I might present, and he had a number of formidable objections to urge in reply. It was true, he admitted, that the news was in no way political; equally true that the census was taken for the information of all the people and at the cost of all, and they might be considered to be all entitled to the news at the same time. But that was not quite the way things work out under party government. Liberal governments, as well as Conservative governments, gave some preference to their friends, and in the long run the account would be pretty fairly balanced. Moreover, those of the electors who were so unfortunate as to be in opposition, could always buy and read a newspaper supporting the Government if they desired to get early news of the more important doings at Ottawa.

The interview was of some length and my final appeal was to his generosity, coupled with the suggestion that it might be the more popular course to treat the matter in a broad and magnanimous spirit. Mr. Pope admitted that there might be something in this view of the case, but they had to consider their friends, and what would the scores of Conservative newspapers, which would not get the

news say, when they found it had been given to an Opposition paper? In the end he conceded to my request, making mention that since the beginning of my correspondence, *The Globe* had treated him and the department fairly. When I had thanked him as best I could he rang the bell for Dr. Taché, the Deputy-Minister, and told him in a few words that he had decided to give the census to *The Globe*, in addition to the other newspapers of which he had a list. "Give him what he wants," he added, and then, drawing on his gloves, went out. In the Deputy-Minister's room, with a shrug of his shoulders that spoke volumes of mingled surprise and special favour, Dr. Taché handed me the precious sheets of figures prepared for transmission to the most favoured class of newspapers.

A little later I had wired jubilantly to Toronto: "I have got the census!" and in reply had received from the managing editor the too flattering message, "You have won fame at a stroke." But alas, how easily things go wrong! The next morning's *Globe*, which contained the census figures, contained also a paragraph, apparently based on one of my earlier telegrams, blaming the Minister for having refused the information he had so generously given. This was, of course, promptly corrected in the next issue, with due credit given to Mr. Pope and honourable amends made.

There were special correspondents at Ottawa other than myself in the early years of Confederation, who no doubt had more varied and eventful experiences, closer touch with the great men of the time, and who made fewer failures and better success in that interesting field, but they have not told their story. Much is known to the few and now gray-haired survivors of that little band that may never be told, and much is already covered in the shadows that tenderly wrap those who have gone from life's activities. Possibly the loss may yet be felt, and when the Dominion shall come to celebrate its centennial sixty years hence, it may be matter for regret that too little was committed to paper even in the way of such seemingly trivial reminiscences of the Fathers and their times as are here set down.

Canadians in Telephone Development

By RANDOLPH CARLYLE

The evolution of Bell's manual system to the automatic system of the Lorimer Brothers.

PROBABLY no public utility is so supremely important at the present time as the telephone—from the standpoint of convenience if not of absolute necessity. And yet, everybody knows that even at the end of a third-century since Professor Bell exploited his system for the transmission of sound the telephone, while it has reached the status of a business facility and necessity, is still to a very large extent in the dignified yet doubtful position of a private luxury. That is true, at least as far as Canada is concerned. But there is assurance that the time of exclusiveness in the control of this great boon to mankind is passing, for quite recently, at Toronto, there was a meeting whose significance cannot easily be properly appreciated. It was the second annual meeting of the Canadian Independent Telephone Association, an institution whose Secretary reported that at the end of this the second year of its existence the number of "independent" telephones in use in Canada was 19,000, compared with 12,000, as reported by him a year ago.

The importance of an efficient and satisfactory telephone service in all parts of the country has become a factor in municipal, provincial and even Dominion politics. The Government of Manitoba faced the polls at the last general election in that Province with the question of the control of telephones as the chief plank in their platform; the Government of Alberta have undertaken to build trunk telephone lines in order that independent

systems may have connections with one another and the subscribers be immeasurably benefited thereby; and the Government of Saskatchewan have engaged an



THE COMPACT AND SIMPLE AUTOMATIC DESK TELEPHONE AS SEEN IN USE AT PETERBOROUGH



G. W. LORIMER

E. S. LORIMER

THE LATE J. H. LORIMER

Inventors of the Lorimer Automatic Telephone

expert to advise them as to the best way to give the people of that Province an efficient, economical telephone service. So it would seem that even if the attempt made by Sir William Mulock to induce the Dominion Government to adopt a "telephone" policy for the whole Dominion is not carried any further, the Provincial Governments are ready to deal with the situation themselves.

Canadians are justly proud of the fact that a Canadian citizen, Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, invented his system of telephonic communication at Brantford, Ontario, a little more than thirty years ago, and it is gratifying to know that the Board of Trade of what has come to be known as the "Telephone City" have undertaken to erect a monument in honour of that notable achievement. But there is another good reason why Brantford should be known as the "Telephone City"—the fact that the Lorimer system of automatic telephony, a system that promises to revolutionise the ordinary method of telephony, was invented in that same city by the Lorimer Brothers.

For years these young men, like hundreds of other engineers and electricians, worked incessantly with a view of producing an apparatus that would automatically perform the delicate work that had all along been performed by the "helloa" girls, and the fact that they have succeeded

and that their system is the pioneer in the "independent" field in Canada will undoubtedly place their names on the scroll of honour side by side with that of Prof. Bell. They had two main objects in view—to give the subscriber, the one who uses the telephone, a service that would be prompt, certain and absolutely private, and to reduce the cost of operation.

When Bell made his invention the people of his day could hardly realise that it was a useful one, capable of coming into general commercial use, and that it would command the investment of hundreds of millions of dollars. Yet we all know how the telephone has entered into the life of all communities and that millions have been invested in and made out of its manufacture and operation. Central energy automatic telephony, as discovered by the Lorimers, and as embodied in their system, marks the next great step forward in telephone development, and it now looks as if it will sooner or later supplant present methods, and come into general use, commanding the investment of large sums of money.

To visit the exchange room of the Canadian Machine Telephone Company, Limited, at Peterborough, Ontario, where the first exchange of this system has been installed and successfully operating for about two years, gives one the eerie sensation of being in an enchanted

realm, for the spectacle of a mere machine, a thing devoid of sense or understanding, performing what was described at the Telephone investigation as a nerve-racking operation, is nothing short of marvelous. Most persons have heard of how the girl at the keyboard sits throughout the long, weary hours watching the little incandescent lights as they appear and disappear, and doing her best to keep up with them. Of course, the Lorimer invention cannot see, but it can feel, which is in some respects a much more delicate operation. And, what is of supreme importance, it feels more rapidly and more persistently than a girl can see, and its capabilities are greater.

It is rather difficult to fully appreciate what it means to talk with a person miles away from you, simply by means of an automatically operated telephone. As well as I am able to describe it, the operation is as follows: You wish to call number 361. There are in front of you on the telephone box four slides, each representing units, tens, hundreds or thousands. The slides are worked up or down, and the desired number is obtained on about the same principle as one adjusts an everlasting calendar. For number 361, you take up the hundreds, stopping at three. Then the next slide is stopped at six, and the next at one. The process seems to be a little awkward at first, but it really is very simple, and during the short time that I was there I found a fascination about it that increased as I became more used to it. Having arranged the numbers you swiftly turn a crank and place the receiver to your ear, and if you do not get the busy buzz, you press the button. That is all you have to do, except to talk when your call is answered.

The response by the machine to your call is amazing to one not used to it and connections are always made in a uniform time.

The simplicity and durability of the system were two features which were impressed upon me. The method of making the call is simple, and the telephone is so made that one cannot make any mistake that would put it out of order. In other words, it is called "fool proof." The central office apparatus is very substantial, and was handled in my presence in such a manner as to demonstrate beyond all doubt that it is a positive working machine, strongly built, not requiring delicate treatment, and not in any respects an apparatus of flimsy springs or wires, liable to wear quickly or get out of order. This is further borne out by the fact that no attendant remains with the apparatus during night time, although it continues to give service.

But while it is not necessary for me to explain how the machinery does its part, it is possible for all to see and appreciate its advantages over the manual system. For instance, it is impossible for any one to "butt" in when you are talking. If a person should call up your number while you are using your telephone, all he will hear will be the "busy buzz," which tells him that your telephone is in use. When you are talking over a line you are satisfied that there is no third party on the line. This advantage of secrecy is one that I believe will commend itself to the subscriber the more he uses his telephone, as the most private matter can be discussed with safety. The Lorimer system has no listening board. So important is this feature of absolute privacy, one is inclined



A SINGLE CONNECTING DIVISION OF THE LORIMER SWITCHBOARD. IT DOES THE WORK OF THE GIRLS' HANDS AS WELL AS OF THE CORDS AND PLUGS OF THE MANUAL BOARD.

of secrecy is one that I believe will commend itself to the subscriber the more he uses his telephone, as the most private matter can be discussed with safety. The Lorimer system has no listening board. So important is this feature of absolute privacy, one is inclined

to think that Shakespeare must have had it in mind when he put into Polonius' mouth the following advice to his son Laertes: "Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice." Now that there is some party talk in favour of Government control of the telephone systems, one cannot help wondering whether the party in power and controlling the telephones would not take an unfair advantage of their opportunity by establishing a listening board, as is possible with any manual system, and recording the communications of their opponents. The adoption of the Lorimer automatic would remove such possibility.

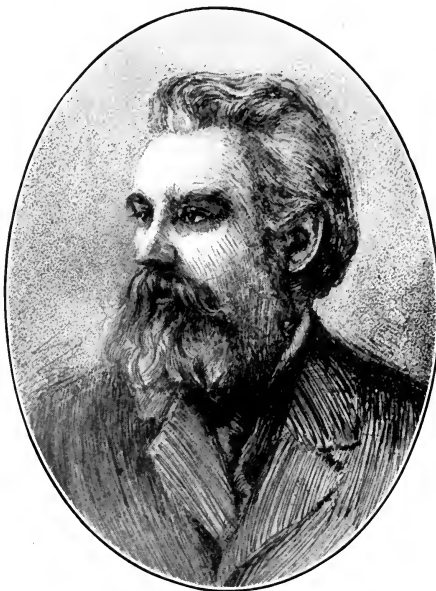
Again the fact that you make your own connections removes any annoying uncertainty about the truth of "Central's" assertion of "busy," and there is no further annoyance in the form of the interruption "finished?"

No matter whether the person you are speaking to thinks you have finished, and accordingly hangs up his receiver, you can call him back by simply pressing the button and without having to await the pleasure or convenience of "Central." When you have finished, the simple operation of hanging up your receiver disconnects the number, and you are ready to make another call. That brings to my mind a further advantage. Instead of having to wait, sometimes indefinitely, until the girl observes that you are trying to get another number, and not merely continuing your first conversation, you change the numbers yourself in a twinkling, turn the crank, and away it goes. When a number of calls have to be made this advantage is very material. And, again you get no wrong numbers; the machine does not make mistakes, and it gives as

prompt a service at night or on Sunday as during week days, as the same number of machines or operators are on duty all the time.

An important point in connection with the Lorimer system is the fact that if a telephone gets out of order, if a wire is broken or cut, or anything else goes wrong to interfere with the service, it is not necessary for the subscriber to complain, for the fact will be immediately recorded in the exchange room. Even should a subscriber turn in a call and go away and leave it, thus tying up his telephone and the one called, the exchange room will

receive a warning in the shape of an alarm which will continue sounding until the man in charge takes action by restoring the telephones to their normal condition, an operation that is performed in a second of time. In this, as well as in other respects, the apparatus seems almost human in its sensitiveness, because it is always ill at ease whenever anything is out of order. There is an intimate, personal touch about the thing that is extremely attractive, and it grows on the



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

subscriber with a peculiar fascination.

The economical side of the Lorimer system is, from the owner's standpoint, the most important of all. In the first place, all manual labour by the girl operators is eliminated, and therefore the saving in that alone is an important item. This elimination of the girl operator also solves all of the serious questions considered and reported upon by the Royal Commission appointed to investigate the rather startling conditions which came to light during the strike of the operators in Toronto last winter. Then the principle, the percentage principle,

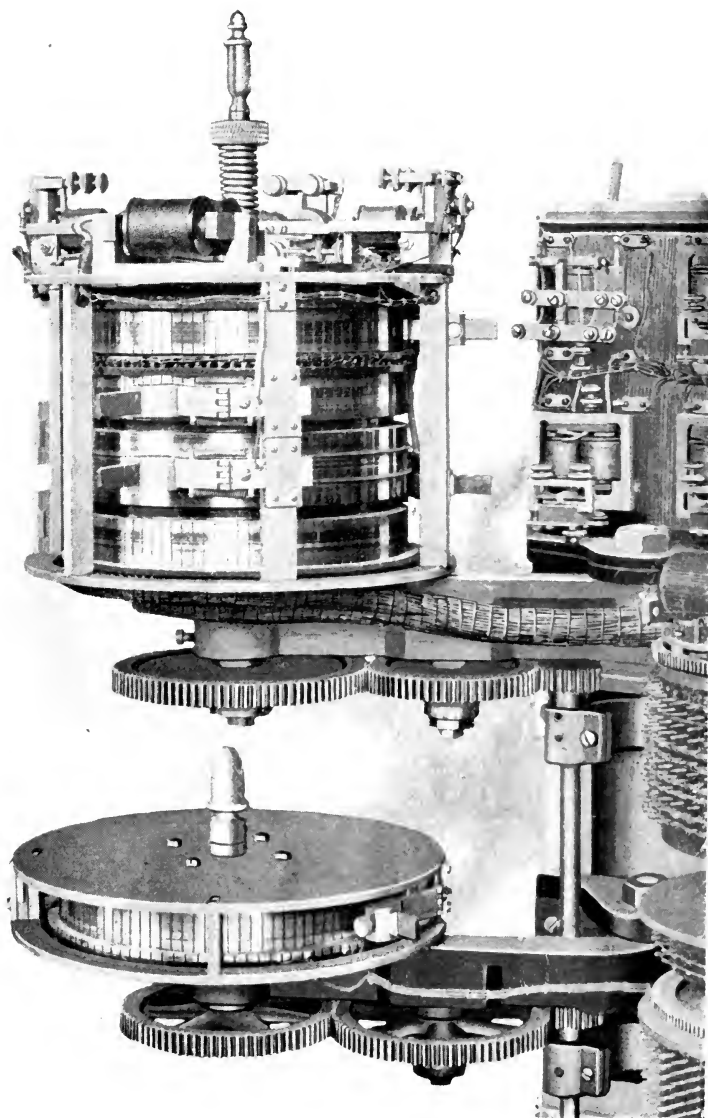


THE CANADIAN MACHINE COMPANY'S EXCHANGE ROOM AT PETERBOROUGH, SHOWING THE MACHINES THAT DO THE GIRLS' WORK AT "CENTRAL."

which forms the basis of the Lorimer system, is peculiar to itself, and is important from the economical and engineering point of view. The central office equipment consists of a number of units or sections, each complete in itself, and each serving one hundred subscribers. There is not an individual piece of apparatus for every subscriber, but a sufficient number of connecting divisions (made common to the one hundred subscribers) are provided in each section of one hundred to handle the greatest number of calls that are made at any one time. This reduces cost, induces simplicity and removes many of the expensive and puzzling engineering difficulties presented in other systems in the large multiple exchanges. We have all wondered why it was that the charge for telephone service increased where the largest number of subscribers were being served. This is explained by the fact that the large switchboards increase in cost out of proportion

to the number of subscribers they are going to serve and also owing to the fact that a large multiple switchboard cannot be added to. With the Lorimer system the cost is always almost directly in proportion to the number of subscribers served, as all sections or machines to do the work for one hundred subscribers are exactly alike, and as the initial installation may be increased as the business develops by simply adding another machine to look after each additional one hundred. The percentage may be increased or diminished as the demands of the particular community to be served may require.

Just one thing more while I am speaking about my visit to the Peterborough exchange. I called up some of the subscribers and found a delightfully clear talking line. The distinctness with which the voice was heard was very marked. This, as was explained to me, is largely due to the fact that the positive connection



THE DECIMAL INDICATOR. ONE OF THESE MACHINES ATTENDS TO THE CALLS OF EACH SECTION OF ONE HUNDRED SUBSCRIBERS

made by the machine is much more reliable than the easily worn plugs and cords used by the girl operators.

With so attractive a system as this in the field, it looks as if the "independent" movement, which seems bound to forge ahead, will have a remarkably rapid development, and that the telephone, instead of being a business necessity or a private luxury, will be found in almost every house in town and country as well

as in the cities. I was informed that already, while comparatively little has been heard through the daily press of this wonderful system, it is being installed in Brantford and Lindsay, Ontario, and Edmonton, Alta., the latter being a municipal plant. As a Canadian invention, developed by Canadian enterprise, Canadians will be interested in seeing it go forward to the success which would seem to surely await it.

The "Adagio Pathetique"

By R. E. CRINGAN*

Showing that, after all is said and done, experience is the great teacher.

"NO, no! you do not understand! You play the notes, but it is not the music. Listen!"

The pupil, a beautiful girl of about twenty years, lowered her violin impatiently, and stood listlessly watching the old man.

"Look," he said, "it is sad, very sad. It is like big waves that moan after the storm, and all is dark, dark. Ah! It is very sad. But now there comes a bright star—listen! It is a song of comfort, *molto pianissimo*, and sweet, sweet, like a pearl."

Yvonne listened as the master-hand swept slowly over the moaning chords; listened, but heard only a sweet melody in a minor key. The voice of sorrow, the moan of the waves, the song of comfort she heard not, yet from the intense emotion reflected in his yearning, gray eyes and from the deepness of his irregular breathing she felt that there was something there beyond her comprehension.

When he had finished, Yvonne raised her violin and tried again, but even she soon recognised that her efforts were only an imitation. Disappointed, the old man seated himself in a comfortable arm-chair and watched with an uncontrollable feeling of pity. How beautiful she appeared

to him! The afternoon sun breaking in through the curtains cast its beams on the graceful folds of her soft, rich gown, throwing its sapphire hue into innumerable harmonious shades; it shone on the ruddy, brown varnish of her violin, making it glow to the colour of her soft, wavy hair; it glanced on a magnificent diamond, flashing triumphantly as her fingers slowly shifted from one note to another; it illuminated a bright, happy face, the face of one who had yet to learn life's sadder lessons.

"No," he said, affectionately, "there is something I cannot teach you. Some day you will learn. For your next lesson let us try the *allegro brillante*."

At the next lesson hour, a week later, the professor stood reading a letter edged in black, signed by Yvonne.

"Poor, poor dear," he said.



Six months later he sat at the piano, idly shaping his passing fancies into melodious tone-pictures. All day he had worked hard, striving patiently to make the irresponsive minds of his pupils sensitive to musical emotion, but how hard it was: they did not understand. Now, as he played, ethereal visions of beauty, of love, of tenderness, like the inviting dreams of the frost-doomed traveller, passed lingeringly before his mind. Suddenly there was a light rap at the door, and a sweet-looking girl quietly entered. Pausing, she stood for a moment in the

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Cringan, who was one of the most promising of the younger musicians of Toronto, met a sad and untimely death by drowning while on a holiday last summer.

light of the low-burning lamp, and the old man recognised Yvonne.

"I hope," he said, after they had talked for nearly an hour, "that you have not forgotten your playing."

"No," she said, "I have learned to love, I have learned to love the *Adagio*."

"Play it," said the master, anxiously.

Then leaning back in the big arm-chair, he saw, in the dim light of the lamp, the same rich, golden hair and the same violin that he had known before, but all else was changed. The sad, sweet face was not the

one he had seen six months ago. The flashing diamond, too, was gone, and the only contrast to the dull black of her dress was a small pearl brooch at her throat, a brooch in the form of a wounded heart. Yes, it was a different picture, but he listened. Closing his eyes, he heard the moan of the billows, the great swelling moan of sorrow, and then the sweet *pianissimo* of the song of comfort, "sweet like a pearl," and the tears streamed down his withered face.

"Ah! my child!" he said, "you have learned. Now you understand."

Little Heart of Pity

BY MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

LITTLE heart, ah! foolish heart,
 Little heart of pity;
 You were sobbing till I came,
 Then you hummed a ditty:
 But I knew it just the same,
 Little heart of pity.

Little heart, ah! foolish heart,
 Little heart of pity;
 Oft the world has trod you down,
 Turning to the witty:
 You might better be a clown,
 Little heart of pity.

Silly little pity heart,
 Pity! Pity! Pity!
 Do you think they care for you,
 Proud folks in the city?
 Pity them—they hurt you too,
 Silly little pity.

Tender little pity heart,
 Now I see your pity;
 Who is this with struggling fate
 Finding life so gritty?
 Meet him at the city gate—
 Now he needs your pity.

Sturdy little pity heart,
 Tender little pity!
 He'll forget you and will go
 Backward to the city;
 God will always love you though,
 I, too, little pity.

The Irony of British Rule in India

By SAINT N. SING

EDITOR'S NOTE—The purpose of this article, from the publishers' standpoint, is to show what at least is an educated, native opinion in India. Mr. Sing is a cultured gentleman, and he has espoused the cause of his fellow-countrymen by coming to the West and practically bearding the lion in his den. Apparently he has an animated appreciation of the situation, but whether his representations are a result of over-zealousness or not, they doubtless indicate the feeling that has given rise to recent disturbances.

"I WILL not at once conclude," says Hon. John P. Morley, the Secretary of State for India, "that, because a man is dissatisfied and discontented, therefore he is disaffected. Why, our own reforms and changes have been achieved by dissatisfied men who were no more disaffected than you or I. If there be disaffection—and there may be some—I will not, as far as I have anything to do with the government of India, play the game of disaffection by exaggerating the danger or by overreadiness to scent evil."

Yet this self-same Secretary of State for India recently sanctioned the deportation of Lajpat Rai, the East-Indian patriot—without trial and under an obsolete, autocratic "regulation" enacted nearly a century ago, whose legal validity is of a very questionable character. The King-Emperor emphasises: "It is my earnest hope that in these Colonies, as *elsewhere throughout my Dominions*, the grant of free institutions will be followed by an increasing prosperity and loyalty to the Empire."

Yet the publicists of India are being jailed and persecuted for *constitutionally* agitating for the grant of free institutions. The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, one of the foremost of English statesmen, prescribes Liberty as the "best antidote for discontent and disloyalty." Yet the British Government of India is employing Russian despotism in an attempt to stamp out the love of liberty that is welling up in the hearts of East-Indians.

The Englishman prides himself on the fact that there breathes not a slave in the

Empire over which flies the Union Jack. Yet there are more than three hundred millions of serfs in the Indian Empire, and the Englishman in India is bending every nerve to perpetuate the *slavery* of the East-Indian masses. The Britisher in Hindostan is employing sophistry to defend his attempts to cauterise the East-Indian manhood.

One hundred million dollars go from India to England annually in the shape of pays, pensions and premiums—for "Home Charges." For a hundred and fifty years England has extended her Empire in the Orient with East-Indian men and money. For several hundred years the English merchant, with the help of the English legislator, has been enabled to transplant India's riches in England. Yet the East-Indian immigrants to the British Colonies are being insultingly treated, illegally barred out, disgracefully ejected from British soil.

At home the Englishman is just, manly and courteous. In India he is small-minded, snobbish and ill-mannered. In Hindostan the Britisher's attitude towards the East-Indian is supercilious. It is a matter of daily occurrence for Englishmen to grossly maltreat Indian gentlemen of high education and social rank. In England the Britisher stands for righting wrongs, for correcting errors, for following the guidance of conscience and God. In India the Britisher clamours for *prestige*. He considers no price extravagant to "save his face." Conscience—truth—God—all are sacrificed at the altar of snobbery. Says the largest English news-

paper in India: "When an Englishman has made a mistake, his pride and his courage unite to forbid him to correct it." Is it a wonder, then, that people of East-India to-day are in a social and political ferment? British rule in India has been, and continues to be, in the most literal sense of the word, un-British.

All these years East-Indians have been told that the Englishmen were in India for a Christian purpose. All along they have been given to understand that the Britishers in India were educating East-Indians and fitting them to govern themselves. As soon as the Hindus were capable of taking the reins of their government into their own hands, they were led to believe the English would evacuate India. Solemn vows have been given to the people of India.

As early as 1669, in the grant of the Island of Bombay to the East-India Company, the Government avowed: "And it is declared that all persons being His Majesty's subjects, inhabiting within the said Island, and their children and their posterity born within the limits thereof, shall be deemed free denizens and natural subjects, as if living and born in England." In 1838 an Act of Parliament emphasised: "No native of the said Territories nor any natural-born subject of His Majesty resident therein shall by reason only of his religion, place of birth, descent, or any of them, be disabled from holding any place, office or employment under the said Company."

Queen Victoria proclaimed in 1858: "And it is further our will that, so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability and integrity, duly to discharge." Queen Victoria, in asking Lord Derby to write the proclamation, said: "And point out the privileges which the Indians will receive in being placed on an equality with the subjects of the British Crown." Again, at the time of the Jubilee of 1897, she wrote: "Allusion is made to the proclamation issued on the occasion of my assumption of the direct government of India as the charter of liberties of the Princes and Peoples of

India. It has always been, and will be continued to be, my earnest desire that the principles of that proclamation should be unswervingly maintained."

Lord Lytton, who was then Viceroy of India, said anent this same proclamation: "The proclamation of the Queen contains solemn pledges spontaneously given and founded upon the highest justice."

To-day the people of India have reason to suspect that these promises were not sincere.

Is it strange, then, that East-Indians are chafing?

The poet, Frank Lawson, of London, Canada, writes in his "Canada—Our Hope and Pride":

There was Jewish blood in Nazareth, view
not history askance.
London is not all of England—Paris is not all
of France—
And when Britain realises that the blood of
every part
Of the body is as pure as that which surges
through the heart—
When her statesmen scorn traditions that as
stumbling-blocks have stood;
When they frame their legislation for a world-
wide Empire's good,
She will meet her distant subjects—noble,
loyal, true and tried,
And will know our fair Dominion—Canada—
her hope and pride.

What the poet says of Canada, eminently is true of India. England has notoriously failed to frame legislation for the good of that portion at least of her Empire. English officials and statesmen have grossly erred in gauging the needs and aspirations of the East-Indians.

The result is most deplorable—lamentable for India; for England and the British Empire, disgraceful.

To-day agitation is rampant throughout Hindostan. The spirit of discontent is active all over the country. Where a short while ago loyalty reigned, to-day recrimination rules. Where a few years since gratefulness and brotherliness bonded the ruler and the ruled, to-day resentment and animosity have torn them asunder.

Early in 1906, when the Prince and Princess of Wales visited India, the people of Bengal were smarting grievously under the violence done their Province. But a short time previously Bengal had

been dismembered in defiance of the consensus of native public opinion, in spite of solemn assurance and plighted troths. The Bengali-speaking community was divided against the concerted protests of the native publicists—the natives of the Province declared freely that they were “divided” in order to be “weakened”—so that they could be “ruled” with an iron ferrule by the aliens. The loyalty of the Bengalese, strong as it is, their affection to the Throne, deep as it is, made them seek to forget their sting, their sense of injury. They endeavoured to give themselves up to festivity and hospitality. The hurt, however, was too deep for the mere visit of royalty to heal. If the visit had been expressly undertaken to soothe the bitterness of feeling, to promise royal justice and good-will, the character of their welcome shows how effectual it would have been. As a mere diversion, a substitute for justice, it proved a failure. Discontent, therefore, reigns supreme in Bengal.

Signal has been the failure of the new Liberal ministry in England to assuage the grievous hurts of Indians. A year ago, when the biographer of Gladstone, Mr. John P. Morley, lover of liberty, free-thinker, philosopher and agnostic, was appointed Secretary of State for India, Hindostan felt that England would make good her plighted troths, and grant to India a government for India's welfare.

Not long ago Mr. Morley protested that: “The motion is made to protest against the suspension of parliamentary institutions in the Cape Colony. We then all get up, and we all make eloquent, passionate, argumentative speeches in favour of the right of the Colonies to govern themselves. The next day Mr. Redmond makes a motion in favour of giving self-government in one shape or another to Ireland. We then all pick out a new set of arguments. What was on Monday unanswerable, on Tuesday becomes not worth mentioning. What was on Monday a sacred principle of self-government becomes on Tuesday mere moonshine and clap-trap. That is a comedy in which I at least do not propose to take part. The Boers are to have self-government in order to make them loyal.

The Irish are not to have it because they are disloyal.”

Is it unnatural for East-Indians to expect that this same gentleman would heed his own words: “You cannot transplant bodily the venerable oak of our constitution to India, but you can transplant the spirit of our institutions—the spirit, the temper, the principles, and the maxims of British institutions.” Or is it presumptuous on the part of the natives of India to demand that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman should act up to his own maxims? He has said: “The views and opinions which I have set before you are those of a Liberal. They are the opinions which have been traditions in that party. We seek the good of the people through the people and by trusting the people. We wish to destroy privilege or monopoly, whether of class or sect or person, when it is hurtful to the people. And whether in internal constitution or in external policy, we hold that it is not power, nor glory, nor wealth that exalteth a nation, but righteousness, justice, and freedom. It is for you to say whether you are with us or against us. It is only by the consent of the governed that the British nation can govern. We Liberals are accustomed to freedom of thought and action. Freedom is the breath of our life. It possesses in two of its most sacred dogmas the only solution of the chief problems which confront our country in Imperial policy and in regard to our domestic needs. . . . It is the universal doctrine of government by assent—government with the consent of the governed. . . . Where there is but one cardinal condition again of Liberal principle—that of direct popular control by those concerned. Now these are two of the beacons by which Liberal policy should be guided.”

The educated people of India know their ground. They know that their agitation for autonomous government—for Home Rule in India, for India for the Indians—is sane, sound and practical. The publicists of India are deep students of economics and sociology. They are not rank “agitators” or mere revolutionaries.

The East-Indian is confronted with a colossal anomaly—with an irony unprec-

edented in the annals of the world's history. The result is that the people of India have lost their faith in British honour. They look upon British promises with the gravest suspicion. To them the Englishman's love of liberty, freedom of press and speech, sense of justice and righteousness, count for nothing.

The recent convulsion in the Punjab is, in some measure, the outcome of the native Indians smarting under the lash of "class privileges." To-day the Punjabees are insisting that justice shall be evenly dealt to the Englishman in the Province as well as to the native. The editor and the proprietor of *The Punjabee*, a semi-weekly paper of Lahore, have been consigned to the penitentiary for inciting hatred between Englishmen and East-Indians. The Hindus accused a daily newspaper conducted by Englishmen at the Capitol of the Punjab, of creating bad blood between the Hindus and Mohammedans. The local government was appealed to to institute proceedings against the paper. The authorities admitted the character of the writings but refused to prosecute. This is but a single instance of the flagrant injustice that characterises the dealings between Englishmen in India and the natives of the land. It is a notorious fact that where native Indians have been treated in the most summary manner, Englishmen have escaped scot-free. Hardly a week passes without being marred by some travesty of justice. Scarcely a native paper can be found which does not contain such an impeachment. The last twenty years' record of the Englishman in India contains not a few mentions of insults to East-Indian women. How many a time an English subaltern has kicked and cudgelled the native servant!

For fifty years India has been forwarding resolutions to the Indian government, sending deputations to the Secretary of State for India, begging, appealing and beseeching that the Britishers fulfil their promises. During earlier years the people of India were told they were "unfit" for self-government. To-day those who agitated for self-government are condemned as "disloyal." The government of India, constituted as it is to-day, ignores altogether the public opinion of India. In

answer to a query, if it was not a fact that the Indian press expressed strong dislike to the term "native chiefs" in official publications, thus alluding to Indian princes as if they were Zulus or Choctaws, Mr. John P. Morley answered: "I have not seen enough of the native press to enable me to judge"—a reply which excited loud laughter from the Opposition benches. Mr. Morley's reply is significant. It explains what is at the bottom of the present unrest in India—*e.g.*, that the official class in India is hopelessly out of touch with the native sentiments, aspirations and needs, and arrogantly prides itself on the fact.

For the East-Indian publicist the average Englishman in India has the supremest contempt. Every educated Hindu to him represents a fire-eating, rabid revolutionary. A Britisher in India looks upon the public men of the Indian Empire as arrogant upstarts—as presumptuous, semi-civilised beings, only worthy of being jailed, transported, outlawed. Mere mention of the grant of autonomy to the people of India is enough to invoke the ire of any Englishman in Hindostan. Talk of admitting the semi-educated Asiatic into a responsible share of the administration of the country jars on his nerves, grates on his susceptibilities. In the estimation of the average Englishman in Hindostan, East-Indians are by "divine right" the slaves of their "white" masters. In his haughtiness the Englishman feels that they will—at least they ought to—continue to be his serfs. The animosity entertained by the Englishman in India against the natives is not of a *negative* character. It is not like what we read in the following quatrain:

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

The Englishman's present conduct in India recalls to memory the Irishman who said: "I am open to conviction, but I should like to see the man who can convince me." No wonder that while the East-Indian to-day is impetuously, threateningly inquiring, "Are all the loaves and fishes of India reserved for the foreigner?" the Englishman in India is imprecating

the native Indians who sow the seed of the Monroe Doctrine in Hindostan. In the propaganda "India for the Indians," the Englishman sees a danger for himself. For over a dozen decades Britishers have looked upon India as their "preserves," have partaken of her substance to their heart's content. That the present slogan of "India for the Indians" should terrify these votaries of "divine right" is hardly to be wondered at. "India for the Indians" threatens the purse.

In Canada all sorts and conditions of men are posing as authorities on Indian affairs. Their views, however, are merely the reflection of those being aired by the Englishman in India. According to them, the unrest in the two Bengals is only a transient affair. The uprisings in Rawal Pindi, in Lahore and the Punjab are only street brawls. The agitations in Bombay and Madras impress them but as a passing cloud. The leader and patriot, Lajpat Rai, who recently was transported, is a "vulgar agitator," in the opinion of these cheerful sophists. The Indian leaders are a lot of "incompetents who, if the British were to withdraw, would come to grief in a couple of months." "All that will come of this agitation," in the lan-

guage of Mr. W. A. Fraser, the novelist, "will be a curtailment of the mischief-making *baboo's* power of vilification."

The Asiatic is represented as being an indiscriminate hater of the white races. "Formerly this animosity was blended with fear. To-day it is mingled with contempt." It is said that though there are many antagonisms of creed and caste among them, they are as a unit in animosity towards the European. "The Gaekwar of Baroda," it is insinuated, "professes a devotion to the English while in London, yet at heart he detests the English and is bitterly averse to their suzerainty."

Remarks such as the above are significant. They point out in an unmistakable way the spirit of the Englishman's exploitation of India, the spirit which more than anything else has been the cause of India's ruination. They indicate forcefully that the Englishman in India has forgotten:

Our life is like a winter's day:
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day—
He that goes soonest has the least to pay.

(Mr. Sing will contribute another article, which will appear in
The Canadian Magazine for November.)

At the Breath of Fall


BY DOUGLAS ROBERTS

LEAVING the shack at the break of day
We break a trail when the world is gray,
When the earth smells damp and the low, white mists
Over the marshes stray.

We stealthily make for the reed-rimmed pond,
Where ever again our guns respond
To the beat of wings, as the startled flocks
Take flight for the skies beyond.

When dusk has crept through the forest hall,
Hidden we lie by the old wind-fall,
And the moose by the stream forgets to feed
At the lure of our birch-bark call.

Then over the crunch of the forest floor
We seek our cabin; and comes once more
The chill, white dawn of an autumn day
Outside our lonely door.



Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

THE long talked of struggle between the white races and the people of the teeming East has come perceptibly nearer since the emergence of Japan, and it would seem not improbable that it is on the western shores of this continent that the storm will ultimately break. The ignoble treatment of the Japanese in California has alone caused a loud talk of actual war. The Chinese as bitterly resent their exclusion and the treatment of those of their nation who are already within the bounds of the Republic. Now comes the mad outburst of mobs in cities on the coast on both sides of the line, and we in Canada are able in no way to condemn the rioters on the American side. In the United States the men attacked were Hindus, in British Columbia it was the Japanese. The feeling seems to be directed indiscriminately against all Orientals. At the same time it is to the Orient that the West is turning on both sides of the boundary to find a ready market for its products. One attitude or the other must be abandoned—possibly both. Besides Japan must be reckoned with on other grounds. She is awake and alert, quick to act, eager to shine, and skilful and powerful in modern warfare. With Japan once established in the position of leader of the six or seven hundred millions who populate these eastern regions, half the world's population, and Japan is doubtless ready to fill the rôle, the outlook is not without its disturbing aspects. After the outcome of the Russo-Japanese war, it is evident that whatever attitude the white race may take towards the Orientals, the Japanese at any rate are not to be ignored or treated with contempt. That Japan should espouse openly, as she is already believed

to be doing in secret, the cause of the eastern races, is easily conceivable, and with her influence awaking them from the lethargy of ages, and her energy infusing itself throughout the uncounted hosts of China and India, History may well begin to re-write itself.

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Before the Hague Conference is over, France has entered on a conflict with Morocco—not a war, of course, in the first place, but likely to all appearances to be a very considerable war, in the second place. The incident shows how futile are theories when opposed to facts. It will be said by some that France is in the wrong, and should leave Morocco to itself; but those who look a little deeper will realise that while so large a part of the world remains in the helpless and anarchic condition of Morocco, the greater nations cannot help themselves. They must extend the sway of order, such as they know it, and oftenest it must be extended by the sword. If one could weigh in the balance the net result of the Hague Conference and the achievement of King Edward in the rôle of peacemaker, it would probably be found that the British sovereign is the far more important factor of the two so far as the maintenance of the world's peace is concerned.

U

It is to-day a very different Europe from that which the King found when he mounted the throne. The promotion of actual friendship between nations is a practical and beneficent policy. We can hardly imagine a Fashoda incident occurring to-day and bringing Britain and France to the very verge of war, as was the case some ten years ago. Even the

bitterness between England and Germany has been mitigated and after a few more interchanges of visits between the journalists and conciliatory conferences between the sovereigns of the two countries it may pass wholly away. Russia and France, lately such enemies, are both now friendly to Britain, and one of them practically an ally, and the changed attitude of both is credited largely to the King's zeal and tact in promoting international harmony. Spain, Portugal, Italy and Austria have all become pro-British. Denmark is bound to England by the closest of ties between the ruling families, and an English princess is on the new throne of Norway. On this continent there has been a continual *rap-prochement* between the United States and Great Britain ever since the English-hating microbe was killed during the Spanish-American war.



It is too true that a few years may change all this. Foolish men may succeed wise men in high places and trouble may follow. But how can we so regulate the affairs of the nations so as to prevent the foolish men obtaining power? And it is on the wisdom of the princes and their statesmen that the question of peace or war turns, not on a paper resolution passed at The Hague. Moreover, a thousand incidents may occur tending to promote ill-feeling, against which the wisdom of princes and statesmen may avail nothing. Of the policy of promoting international friendship and good feeling we can not have too much. Of peace conferences, which bring no peace, the world will soon tire, though some good may incidentally be achieved by the rules formulated at the conferences for the regulation of wars that are unavoidable—and these are the only wars that occur nowadays between civilised nations. But this is the strangest of uses for a peace conference.



It is, nevertheless, not impossible that the Peace Conference may yet contain within it the germ of some periodical conference of the powers, which, less ambitious and visionary in its undertaking

than the Conference, may achieve much of real value to the world in the way of progress along more modest and more practical lines. The copyright agreement and postal agreement are famous examples of international legislation. International conferences on labour legislation, from time to time, during the past few years, have helped to soften and humanise laws affecting the working classes of various great nations, and there is already a proposition under discussion by European nations, at the instance of Great Britain, to have the conference on such subjects made periodical and invested with certain advisory, though not legislative, powers. The principle may be developed indefinitely, given time, the chief element in all progress.



Prof. A. Stanley Jevons, in the current *Contemporary Review*, goes a good deal farther in his picture of the development of an International Parliament, which may eventually legislate on certain subjects for the world, thus realising Tennyson's dream of "The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World," but his arguments are sane and his propositions reasonable. "My conception of the ultimate formation of a Federal Government of the World," he says at the conclusion of a delightful article, "is not the sudden establishment of any complete scheme preconceived in its entirety. Human nature only permits changes which at any one time are small, but it is not averse to a succession of such changes tending even in one direction, and it is thus that gradually wholly new institutions may be built up. . . . Thus by some such changes as I have endeavoured to portray, the goal of universal confidence and world-wide peace will ultimately be reached. No doubt it is a long road which leads to permanent peace and disarmament, and many years will be required even to stop the growth of armaments, but there is no shorter way."



Australia has lingered so long in the adolescent stage that it is difficult to regard it even yet as a full-fledged commun-

ity. The recent budget of the Commonwealth, however, shows that it is beginning to move forward at the swiftest of paces. Trade returns, revenue, bank deposits, railway traffic, all show immense expansion. Population has not grown very fast, reaching only four millions even now, and showing an increase of only 350,000 since 1900, during which time we have in Canada added a million and a half; but the present government of the Commonwealth, stimulated by the example of Canada, is going actively into the immigration question and, as a start, has placed twenty thousand pounds in the estimates for advertising purposes. Australia has vast undeveloped resources, and the island continent may well become the scene of a great, new land movement, once the tide of emigration sets towards its shores. Canada may yet find her a dangerous rival for the surplus population of Britain.



The talk of old-age pensions or, at the very least, old-age insurance is almost universal. Not that the talk is universally favourable by any means to even the milder of these proposals, but the weight of opinion seems to incline in favour of a measure of some kind to alleviate the distresses of impoverished age. There is a curious cleavage of old party lines in Great Britain on the subject. There the project promises to become practicable by reason of the support of the Liberal Government, yet Mr. Harold Cox, one of the most advanced of Liberals, is out in strong opposition to the proposal, while it receives the support of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, though the latter is coupled with the suggestion that the money needed can only be found if the fiscal system of Britain be put on a new basis.



Mr. Cox is an extreme advocate of the *laissez-faire* policy, or what we may in less polite language call the devil-take-the-hindmost doctrine. He quibbles over the question of age. Why sixty-five, why not sixty? Why even not fifty? And how impossible to raise the prodigious sum needed if the age were put at fifty! This, of course, is fighting windmills. Sixty-

five has been named because there is a general agreement that this is the age at which, on an average, the great number of men fail, and does not call for a sum which is hopelessly beyond the resources of the nation, though it must be admitted that the estimate of £27,500,000, the sum named as that needed for a pension to every man and woman in the United Kingdom over the age of sixty-five, is formidable enough to frighten the ordinary finance minister. Mr. Cox, however, is opposed to the theory of old-age pensions, urging among other grounds that ninety per cent. of poverty being due to drink, an old-age pension would be a subsidy to the drink evil, and further, that there were practically no workers who could not make provision for their old age, instancing agricultural labourers earning fifteen shillings a week who had succeeded in doing so. Mr. Cox insists that the real remedy for existing evils is to raise the wages of the working classes.



No doubt there is force in all Mr. Cox's arguments, but they fail, after all, to meet the existing emergency. An old-age pension, if it can be afforded at all, would appear to be the readiest way of aiding those who are now aged and in poverty. It is of little use to tell them they should save, for they will earn no more money as a rule; and it is equally futile to talk of raising their wages, for the same reason. Indeed, Mr. Cox's plan of raising wages is beside the question. Parliament can hardly undertake to secure any such general rise, and apart from legislation on this subject, workmen everywhere are themselves forcing up the price of labour. Too often the rise in wages only follows the increase in the cost of living, and the worker finds himself still no better off, relatively, than before. The increase in the cost of living is apparently beyond the power of any single community to control, and is the outcome of a fine network of economic causes, international, if not actually universal, in character. On the whole, therefore, if impoverished age is to be assisted at all by the State, a pension would seem to be the most practicable and easily applied method, and in Eng-

land, at least, with its work-houses and paupers to-day, it would be a less degrading method of extending aid than that now prevalent. In Canada, the need is not so urgent and the remedy may well be less stringent.

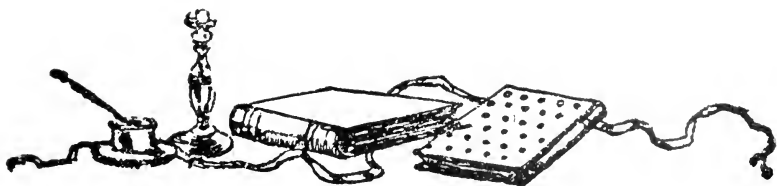


If there were any hope that Esperanto might become a universal tongue, there are some parts of Europe where it might assist in solving vital questions of politics. Austria-Hungary has been for twenty years past dreading the death of the Emperor Francis-Joseph as the removal of a link which has been effective in binding the two countries together; but there are symptoms now of disintegration, or, at least, serious disaffection within Hungary itself. Austria is a land of many nations and as many tongues. German is the official language for imperial purposes, and Austria has of late made somewhat determined, though unsuccessful, efforts to have German only recognised in the joint imperial assembly. Hungary, which protested so vigorously against this procedure, on her own part as vigorously strives to suppress the native tongues of Croatia and Slavonia, the small nations who have maintained their nationhood within her. The survival of the languages of these smaller peoples proves an impediment to the commercial progress of Hungary. This unrest and disunion within Hungary will perhaps tend to strengthen Austria relatively. But the crisis of the Emperor's death may well be the occasion of changes of vast import in central Europe. When Francis-Joseph came to the throne his empire was in the throes of civil war and it seems but too likely that his disappearance will be the signal for the general crash of an empire whose various parts are not naturally as-

similated, and have long been held together with difficulty.



The hopelessness of the propaganda of Socialism is shown in many ways, but the latest example of its ineptitude is found in the congress of Socialists recently held in Stuttgart, Germany, and which the Associated Press describes, perhaps not quite fairly, as "a saturnalia of rancour, vituperation and unrestrained outbursts of the worst human passions." "No international assemblage," continues the correspondent, "ever gathered presumably for a common object, ever witnessed such divergence of views, such bitter quarrels, such violent language, such absence of self-control, as was indulged in by the self-constituted apostles of peace and goodwill." The last expression of the writer of the dispatch shows him not friendly to Socialism, but there is evidently much truth in his statements as to this discord at the Stuttgart convention. Perhaps there is not more actual disagreement among the Socialists as to their objects, and the best method of securing them, than among other parties, but there is this difference between Socialism and the older parties: The followers of the new creed, so far as its uncertain dogmas can be called a creed, preach a policy, in the first place at least, of destruction rather than of construction, and the Socialist ideal, were it admitted to be practicable in the end, can only be realised through a welter of chaos and ruin, so that, on the whole, the imagination recoils and bids us follow the precedent of Hamlet, in bearing present ills rather than plunging into a dark unknown. Yet Socialism forces itself upon the public and may any day become vital in the affairs of any one or more of the greatest nations.





TO THE WIND

Wind, breathe thine art
Upon my heart;
Blow the wild sweet in!
Let my song begin.

Bring measures grave;
The hill pines wave;
Blow with thee along
All the valley song.

Hymn of the night,
Hymn of the light,
Rhythm of land and sea,
Breathe to the heart of me.

Swift wind of God,
Quickening the clod,
Give of the heavens strong
My heart a song!

II

Wind in the late September bough,
Rocking the empty nest,
Never before so sweet as now
Your melody of rest.

Is it because so close they be,
The loss, the bitter smart,—
The sighing in the naked tree,
The crying in the heart?

—John Vance Cheney in *Atlantic Monthly*.



IS IT TRUE?

IT is hard to tell just how highly to think of ourselves. In our childhood days we are exhorted to be humble and to regard our attainments with all lowliness of spirit. As we grow up, we hear many a time and oft that only those who push and pull are the successful ones. Fre-

quently the question is asked concerning an extremely mediocre man—"How has he managed to reach such prominence?" Sometimes the reply descends to school-boy vocabulary and becomes the one word—"cheek."

Now it would be a brave journal which would hint that Canadian girls are not the very finest specimens of the sex. While the Canadian woman has not yet shown a desire to pose in United States fashion as the most wonderful feminine being in the whole scale of creation, she has, nevertheless, a fairly good opinion of herself. But it is just as well to listen occasionally to the voice of the critic and learn thereby. Some months ago, that attractive journal, *Canada*, published a letter by *An Anglo-Canadian* who was in some respects very friendly to this country, but who ventured on some adverse comments:

"Comparatively few girls (in Canada) make themselves happy with a quiet home life; in the majority of cases the homes are merely centres outside which they get their pleasures. I remember asking a girl of seventeen if she had had happy holidays, and her answer seemed to me most pathetic: 'Oh yes, a lovely time! I did not spend one evening at home, and I only had tea three times.'

"The Canadian girl has certainly many wholesome pleasures within reach, but from my experience she is dependent upon them for her happiness, and this I do not

find the case to nearly so large an extent with English girls, who are generally quite content with the pleasures they get in their own home circle."

The writer tells only one side of the story. It is quite natural that a girl of seventeen, full of kittenish fun and frolic, should be never so happy as when she is "on the go." But that same girl is likely to assume domestic responsibilities with cheerfulness and resource and to show herself quite equal to the serious duties of life. Certainly no women worked harder than the pioneer wives and mothers of this country. Their descendants do not need to churn, to make their own soap and bake their own bread. Some Canadian girls may be utterly frivolous, but they have yet to equal the fashionable excesses of English society. Home life is more carefully guarded in Canada than in England. Divorce, for instance, is much more common in the old country than in the Dominion. Taking it altogether, we think that "Anglo-Canadian" could hardly prove her case, and has probably mistaken the brightness of Canadian girls for levity and lack of the domestic virtues. Canadians do not take their pleasures sadly. They do not, as a rule, fail in decorum, but they do not regard the rink, the tennis-courts or the canoe as enemies to home life. An outdoor life and a merry one is a good motto and most Canadian women get too much of the air of furnace-heated rooms and too little of the breeze from the pine country—which is the finest tonic manufactured in the finest land in the Empire. Doesn't that sound like Uncle Sam's boasting?



MY LADY NICOTINE

THE matter of smoking has been discussed quite seriously by certain women's journals in the old country. It seems to be a fad with the so-called "smart set," but it is doubtful whether any refined Englishwoman would tolerate the practice. It is all very well to ask why smoking should be considered an admirable indulgence for man, and a disgusting habit for woman. The characteristic of daintiness in personal habits will

always belong to the ideal woman, and assuredly the stained fingers of the cigarette user, while unpleasant in man, are absolutely repulsive in woman. Very few assert that smoking is wrong, but most of us feel that the woman who is addicted to the nicotine habit has lost in both grace and delicacy. The shrine of *My Lady Nicotine* should be for masculine devotees only. Canadian women have not followed the lead of fashionable New York and London, and smoking at a gathering of fair ladies is comparatively unknown in this country.

In one of Mr. Ade's social comedies there is a suggestive dialogue between a South Sea Islander and a modern citizen of the United States. Says the former: "Do your ladies smoke?"

"Our ladies may," was the reply, "but our women don't."

Only those who are consumed with a desire to be "smart" are in the habit of resorting to the cigarette for comfort. The woman who has no need to advertise her advanced views is quite content to leave tobacco to the newly rich and the loudly vulgar.



A SPOOL OF THREAD

NO one needs to be informed the prices are high, that loaves are smaller and butter dearer. But another danger threatens. From San Francisco comes the dire news that the price of a spool of thread—just plain, everyday thread—is ten cents. The *Argonaut* thus discourses on the subject:

"There is no need to remind the average householder that the cost of living is increasing. There is no fact of which he is more painfully conscious. He watches the price of necessities rise day by day with all the agility of a gas meter, and it is no longer a question with him what he shall buy, but rather what he shall do without. Now it seems that the price of thread is to be increased to ten cents a spool and we are glad to hear it, because at last there will be something doing. Men are tame-spirited and long-suffering creatures at best, but to ask a woman to pay ten cents for a spool of thread—and

poor thread at that—is simply to invite trouble.”

Then the explanation for this horrible state of affairs is given. According to the *Financial Chronicle*, the whole tendency of “legislation, of agitation and of agreement has been in the direction of giving the labourer more and more money for less and less work. Now, labour is a commodity, just like butter or cheese, but it is unlike butter or cheese, inasmuch as it enters into the production of all other commodities. The good women who will presently seethe with indignation at having to give ten cents for a spool of thread will be very much deceived if they attribute their misfortune to the greed of some corporation. That may be one of the factors, but the chief reason is to be found in the fact that the workmen, as a whole, who are handling the thread from the raw product upward, are now getting more money for less work than ever before. That is to say, one of the chief factors in the production of thread has enormously increased in price and the consumer has to pay the bill.”

Let us hope that the expensive spool will confine itself to the United States and not roll across the border into Canada.



THE IMPERIAL COLOUR

ENGLISH and French fashion authorities declare that purple is to be popular this autumn. A writer for the *Bystander* says: “The strong, vivid shade of bishops’ purple has found unmitigated favour, and within comparatively recent days it has been privileged to find a contrast in navy blue. A navy blue tailor-made suit, with the cutaway morning-coat so well beloved, worn with a large purple straw hat, ornamented with a diadem wreath of deeper mauve giant convolvulus, mauve silk petticoat, comprise an attire amenable to many early autumn vicissitudes.”

The meaning of the last clause is not exactly clear, but it has a pleasing alliterative ring, and the description of that costume is enough to make any woman’s eyes glisten with longing. But there is a fly in the ointment—or in the purple dye. The proper shade of this fashionable

colour has a price which is well-nigh prohibitive, but there is another and more subdued shade which passes with the multitude, so long as the richer tint is not in the neighbourhood. So it is bishops’ purple that we shall be wearing, in gowns and plumes and even in gloves, until the snows of December fall.



THE TALKING SEX

DO women talk too much? Most of us repudiate the charge at such length as to prove it. At last there has arisen a man who is both truthful and gallant enough to admit: “In fact, the world would be a much grayer place than it is if women had not studied talking.” Toronto is not considered a polite town. Many outsiders describe it by a term which is suggestive of bacon and boorishness. But the man who made that admission is the editor of the *Toronto Sunday World* (which, by the way, is published on Saturday night), and the only mistake in the declaration is the insinuation that woman has *studied* talking. She has no need for such a tiresome method. She “comes by” such expression as naturally as the small boy uses his fists. There have been few great women in artistic creation. But when it comes to conversation, man willingly and speedily retires in favour of the speaking sisterhood, and leaves woman to show how complete is her mastery of talking as a fine—and enduring art.



THE CHOCOLATE HABIT

MISS BOTHA and other colonial young women have drawn upon themselves the censure of certain English critics because they “ate chocolates during the whole play,” at the Comedy Theatre. The said critic declares that such a practice is crude and provincial, stamping the young person so indulging as ill-bred. This is rather severe judgment, but there may be something in it. Too many Canadian girls are like the Boer maiden in this respect. It may be admitted that chocolates are a delight unto the palate and that most women would not turn away from a box of dusky beauties with

cherries, violets and candied rose-leaves strewn carelessly among them. But there is a time to refrain from eating chocolates and there is no doubt that the devouring of either peanuts or candy in a theatre is dangerously near vulgarity. Chewing gum is, of course, unpardonable, but the eating habit is almost as bad when it is manifested at a concert or play. Surely one can wait until Romeo and Juliet are safely stowed away in the tomb of "all the Capulets" before one resorts to refreshment. There are times when the chocolate habit seems fatally incongruous. At one of the finest concerts of the season, just as the chorus and the orchestra were reaching the supreme heights of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, a flaxen-headed maiden with vacant blue eyes calmly stuffed a plump bon-bon between her full red lips. That girl is not to be trusted. She is fit for treasons, stratagems and all manner of spoils. She is utterly and tragically hopeless.



A BOOK WORTH READING

THOSE Canadians who read current fiction have awakened to the fact that *Joseph Vance* and *Alice-for-Short* are two delightful books, written by an author who is a spiritual brother of Charles Dickens. Perhaps, after all, the readers were not much surprised to learn that the author, William De Morgan, was sixty-seven years of age before he gave his first novel, *Joseph Vance*, to a world which has all too few of such creations. There is a clearness of vision, a gentleness of



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS CHRISTIAN

judgment in the volume which belong to him who has learned through the years "to see life steadily and see it whole."

Alice-for-Short is a curious title for a story which wanders for many, many pages through a maze of characters and incidents. The excursions from the main road of the story are frequent, but the by-paths are strewn with English wild-flowers. In these days, when even a gifted writer like Miss Sinclair considers it her duty to inflict such sordid dismalness as *The Helpmate* on a weary world, it is refreshing to find two English novels of such wholesome strength and sweetness as those which have come from the quiet study of William De Morgan.

Jean Graham.



The Jaded Window

BY sounding persistently on the port side, being careful to keep the ropes away from the driving apparatus, they had at last struck the rocky shoal where the bass were known to lie. The puffing of the gasoline then ceased, and the anchor was immediately cast. Bass seem to be universally respected to the full meaning of the word "gamy," and therefore eagerness to feel a two-pounder strike bait was an interesting manifestation. The launch contained ten men, men of business, men whose daily calling was very different from the pursuit of fish, and yet the ten of them displayed rare knowledge about the effect of sun and shadow and wind and rain on the susceptibilities of the finned creatures that follow the courses of many waters. Rod and tackle were at hand for all, so that it was not long before the click of reel and swish of line could be heard against the ripple of the water at the launch's side. Dew worms were the bait, dew worms that had been captured by lantern light on some lawn and sold by the hundred. Small fry and grasshoppers, so the information came, are on certain days and in certain seasons quite as tempting as worms, but worms are more available in most places. So it was worms on this occasion.

To see ten hard-headed business or professional men kneeling on plush cushions and leaning against the gunwale of a gasoline launch, with rod in hand and an expression of real elation on their faces, is to be witness of a spectacle that furnishes illuminating assurance that humanity flourishes by contrast, that man, like other creatures and things, yearns for the

farther shore of the river and takes no delight in anything that is not negative to his positive or positive to his negative. Nature abhors a vacuum, and monotony is equally ill-favoured. Likewise man delights in contrast. He must have shadow to stand out against light; he must have cold before he can appreciate heat, and weakness before he can know the glory of strength.

And thus we find the jaded business man of the city seeking contrast from his daily round by plying a line in the hope of attracting an unwary fish. And thus we find fishermen, depressed by a surfeit of baiting and catching, seeking distraction amidst the noises of the city or the odours of the grog shop. The ten business men on this occasion had no need or wish for fish as food, and yet we saw them casting line with a zest and eagerness that from a certain point of view was amazing. From all appearance, they were simply trying to catch fish, but in reality they were experiencing the exhilaration of contrast and change, the excitement of uncertainty, and the prompting effect of anticipation.

Fishing seems to have some dependence on strength of wind, light of the sun, amount of cloud, and time of day. Obviously, the ten men had appreciation in that respect, for after they had rebaited the hooks and cursed the calm, one of them was heard to observe that it was a pity they had not got out earlier and let breakfast be hanged. At any rate, they were not catching fish. But there was plenty of refreshment, both solid and liquid, aboard, and so it afforded a bit of con-

trast in itself just to turn around and have a try at something.

Soon conditions changed. The water began to ripple, and the sun was lightly overcast. Still, it was scarcely the right time of day for bass, even though an occasional perch languidly took bait. Suddenly one of the ten braced himself and gripped his pole with both hands. The rapid swish of line through water and the leap into air proclaimed a bass, and every one dropped his own pole in order that he might be untrammelled when giving advice as to how the fish ought to be captured. Judging by the expressions of the nine whose hooks the bass had slighted, the one who held the lucky pole knew nothing whatever about the art of angling. On one hand he was advised to reel out, and, on another hand, to reel in. He was urged, cajoled, enjoined, and even threatened. There were two catastrophes most to be avoided: not to let the bass off the hook, nor to so play him that the pole would snap. It really seemed as if he had no right to an opinion of his own. Owing to the scarcity of bass, his own identity as an amateur fisherman was merged with the identity of his nine companions, so that if he lost the fish, indignation would be heaped upon him tenfold.

Meantime, the bass was rending the water with right-hand and left-hand dashes, and the eagerness to proffer advice that could be heard showed no sign of abating. If the one at the pole acted as if he were about to lift the fish out of the water, he was entreated on all sides to wait for some one to gaff it. The man next to him at last lost all respect for etiquette, and simply took hold of the pole himself. That action at once elicited a series of protests, but immediately thereafter the fish appeared two feet above water, and was just being swung aboard when the hook slipped and it fell with a sickening splash back into its own element.

The remorse that follows the escape of a fish is undoubtedly keen in all circumstances; at least, it was so in those far-away, misty days when, barefoot and eager-eyed, we followed the dust-lined road to the spot on the old bridge whence

we could see the gurgling stream come into sight under Jimmy Bell's fence, turn down over the shallow reaches towards the highway, pass the alderberry bushes, creep along under the planks at our very feet, turn again to the left at the root of the poplar, strike out in bolder certainty as the sun filtered through the elms to show the verdant wholesomeness of the meadow, and finally to outstretch the eye into the cool, sequestered depths of the entangled willows. To chase a chubb from sod to sod, to lie down flat and try to secure it by thrusting willing hands recklessly after it, to hear the water moving softly by, and see the iridescent gleam of a summer sun on the rippled surface, was to us quite as entrancing as the effort was of the ten men of business to catch bass on the shoals of Lake Simcoe.

But what a difference!

The contrast brings to mind an afternoon of the long ago, when the warm sun had dried the grass of dew and black-birds were whistling in the willows beyond the bend. We had startled a lusty chubb from his nap under the forked log above the bridge, and had watched with quickened eagerness his dark form quiver through the water and disappear into the shadows of a convenient sod. The chubb was larger than the ones we had been pleased to chase on a Saturday afternoon of the earlier season, and so we had increased eagerness to possess him. Hook and line were of no advantage now, because a fish thus perturbed would not readily rise to proffered bait. Therefore it was a case for the hands, a case in which all the thrill of line-jerking would be reduced to the commonplace by the greater and subtler delight of immediate, personal contact. To roll one's sleeves to the shoulder and lie prone on the sod, was but the work of a moment, and then an instant was indulged with a glance at the pebbles on the bottom, at the small fry dodging in and out amongst the sunbeams and at the merciless crab crawling backwards into the hole.

One hand, the fingers spread wide apart to receive the warning touch, reached down at the upper end of the sod, and the other hand, similarly distended, went down at the lower end. There was tempta-

tion, perhaps, to grip a willing shiner or a lazy minnow, but they were suffered to escape by the desire to feel the horns of the chubb rasp the palm and his stout body convulse when the fingers closed. But for one sickening moment it seemed as if he had gone, for the fingers had failed to locate him. Then, as if possessed of no instinct of danger, he lolled out from an inner recess and submitted to an intimate fondling before the fingers felt sufficiently sure that the moment for tightening had come. There was an instant of joyous suspense, and then a deliberate contraction, in which the confiding chubb found himself more than comfortably embraced. A sure hold having been obtained, the fish was raised from the water and carried to a safe distance for examination. It proved to be a splendid specimen of its kind.

"It's a Benjamin!" we exclaimed in the excitement of so supreme a capture, and to this day that fish is recalled by no other name. It stands out as a background for much later experience, as a gauge for exultation or disappointment.

We did not need that chubb for meat, nor could we sell it. But we needed the contrast its capture afforded with the routine of school, the change from the monotony of study or work to the open field, the open mind and the open lung. And so it was with the ten hard-headed men of business; and thus it is that (although in actuality it is a far cry) we find little difference between the motive of the small boy with his bare hands and the grown man with all the comforts and facilities for his gasoline launch.

THE MAN NOT THE POSITION

THE action of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in continuing his practice of calling to Council men who have first gained their experience in the Provincial field could not possibly please everybody. It seems almost natural that he should pursue that policy, for Provincial politics was the avenue through which he himself first gained an entrance into the larger arena. But that is neither here nor there. The

important part about the appointments is the assurance that seems to be given that certain portfolios need not go to men from certain Provinces. There had been almost a tradition that the portfolio of railways must go to a man from New Brunswick. But now Mr. Graham, an Ontario man, has it. The change will at least be interesting, and one well worth a trial under present conditions. No matter how rigid a man may be, he is superhuman if he can withstand the claims of friendship or the demands of kinship. Most persons know that the operation of the



HON. GEORGE P. GRAHAM, THE NEW MINISTER
OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS

Intercolonial Railway in the Maritime Provinces provides employment for a considerable proportion of the population of that part of the Dominion, and that there is abundant opportunity for the Minister of Railways to practise the art of preferment and to consider the claims of his friends and supporters, the number of whom surely must be legion after a career in Provincial politics. Mr. Graham should be able to go to the position without that horde of place-seekers at his heels. To be sure, the proneness to rely on political prestige for appoint-

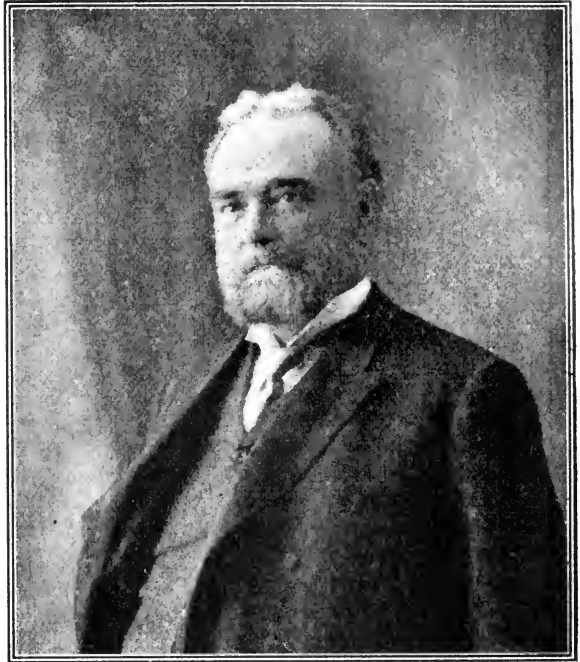
ment is just as much a weakness in Ontario as it is in the Maritime Provinces, but it is scarcely likely that many of those who might have hoped for something from Mr. Graham's elevation would care to sever other ties and go to a Province and to conditions new to them.

The appointments of Mr. Graham to the Ministry of Railways and of Mr. Pugsley to the Ministry of Public Works provide another thing worth noting. Some party men have had a tendency to feel that length of service in the party should have weight over other qualifications; for instance, that a man who has been an unswerving supporter of the party in the House of Commons for many years should get whatever honour the party in the federal field can give him. But they forget that honours and service are two different things. What the people want is an efficient administration of the affairs of the Dominion, irrespective of the personal disappointments of ambitious politicians. The wisdom of any choice from among a group of men is always debatable, but there can be no question of whether the position should be found for the man or the man for the position.

W

THE PERIL IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

TWO things should be kept constantly to the front by those who pretend to think at all about the apparent crisis that has been reached in British Columbia. The first is that a refusal to admit the Japanese or any other people affords an opportunity to brand Canada as a country wherein the traditions of liberty, freedom and British fair play have failed of perpetuity. The second is that if we open our gates and admit freely, we run the tremendous risk of experiencing what as yet is, happily, known only as "the yellow peril," a peril that might easily become a terrible reality. If the whites



HON. WILLIAM PUGSLEY, THE NEW MINISTER
OF PUBLIC WORKS

are to predominate, and we must predominate, how can it be done without a sacrifice of either honour or prestige? That is the difficulty that the Government have to face. It is a very grave difficulty. We know with what indignation we have received news of the Chinese taking measures to exclude "foreign devils" from their vast domains. Undoubtedly other nationalities have a sense of indignation equal to ours. A large percentage of the population of British Columbia wish to exclude cheap labour, but they should be careful not to injure their cause. And so long as the Japanese or Chinese or any others reside in Canada, they must receive the same consideration and the same protection as any other class or all classes of the community. When they are here we must accept the responsibilities of their presence.

The Editor



WHEN Wilfred Campbell undertook to write a book on Canada he had before him a somewhat imposing task. It was possible to approach the subject from three distinct and fairly comprehensive standpoints—history, commerce and natural characteristics. He might have included all three, but in that case he would likely have failed to do justice to any. Being a poet himself, he naturally chose the most picturesque standpoint, and we therefore find in "Canada" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$6 net) an artful appreciation of the composition and varying aspects of the Dominion, quite apart from what might be regarded as the more material qualities, the qualities of productiveness, of resourcefulness and of profitability. In that he made a wise choice, for the things about which he might likely have written are the very things that everybody sees, the very things about which almost everybody would have expected him to write. All of us cannot see with the poet's eye the glory of our eternal hills, nor feel with the poet's sensitiveness the seductiveness of our autumn woods. We cannot even hear as he hears the music of the pines, nor absorb with his gusto the warmth of our sunlight and the exhilaration of our seasons. But we may all read the book, and, having done so, come to a fuller conception of our heritage, a fuller appreciation of our wonderful land. The chapter entitled "The Seasons and Woods" is indeed a remarkable essay in itself. Two paragraphs of it are here quoted:

"Far different from the others is the

identity of the pine forest. As the beechwood is Greek in its suggestion, and the maple and elm-wood Gothic, so the pine-wood is in its whole character distinctly Celtic. There is an undefiled wildness and a sense of primitive savagery under its mighty shades, where in the stillest day one could hear one of its needles drop for half a mile, and where at other times the wind roars like the Atlantic in the swaying tops. Its poetry is more that of Ossian than of Homer. Everything here suggests withdrawal and seclusion, that almost childish pride in self which is so true of the Celt. There is that shadowed gloom which seems to hold an imagination peculiarly its own. And the sunlight which reaches these deeps seems to stab with a passion that only the true Celt can feel.

"There is a sense of awe which pervades these precincts. But it is not the spiritual reverence of the Gothic aisle. It is the sense of the unknown, felt by the child of the primitive world, when he first found himself alone. There is a kinship here to the ancient Hebrew idea of Deity, as He walked 'in the garden in the cool' or the wind of the day. It is not the bending down, spiritual Deity, but the god of the primal world, aloof and alien from man, feared and sought only in the fierce elements, and propitiated only in human sacrifice and physical delight."

The attractiveness of the volume is greatly increased by a series of exquisite reproductions in colours of paintings by T. Mower Martin. There are seventy-seven of them in all, and those who know

Mr. Martin's work will have no doubt about their quality. The subjects of the pictures are in keeping with the text.



A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

THE early rush of fortune-seekers into Missouri and Nebraska has furnished foundation for a rather pretty romance by William R. Lighton, entitled "The Shadow of a Great Rock" (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1.25). Before the advent of railways in the western States an immense amount of teaming was done by oxen, and even those who wished eventually to go as far as the Pacific coast depended largely on these docile animals for their means of transportation. So it happened in the case of a beautiful young woman, Dorothy Braidlock, who had undertaken to reform her drunken brother by removing him from tempting associations and giving him a chance to start afresh among strangers. During the hardships of the trip she encountered Mark Bailey, a young man who had gone out there to try his luck. The two were thrown much together, and it is an account of the development of their regard for each other in circumstances so unconventional that adds interest to the book, apart from its value as a picture of a most portentous occasion. It is a rather unusual setting for a novel, but the author has seized on its most picturesque aspects, and has woven a plot whose action nearly all takes place during the progress of the ox-waggons across those uncharitable stretches.



LAST OF THOMAS DIXON'S TRILOGY

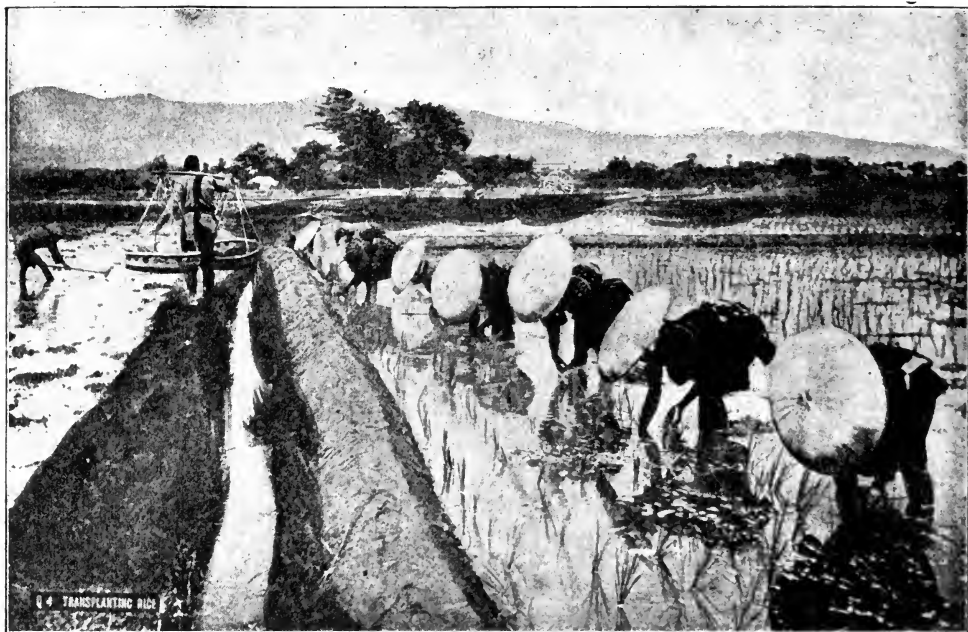
THOMAS DIXON, Jun., has finished the last of his series of novels known as *The Trilogy of Reconstruction*, and consequently "The Leopard's Spots" and "The Clansman" are followed with "The Traitor" (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.25), a story that possesses the happy quality of progressive improvement. Unlike most novels it is not very promising at the outset, but it increases in interest to a marked degree as the chapters go by, until it enters upon

situations so dramatic that one feels sure of seeing it presented some day on the stage. It deals with the difficulties that were faced in the Piedmont region of the South, after the Civil War. The Ku Klux Klan again figures prominently, but it is disbanded at the propitious moment, and peace is restored. However, the subjection of the South and the entanglements that followed gave rise to a remarkable courtship between John Graham, leader of the Ku Klux Klan, and Dorothy Fairfax, the beautiful daughter of Judge Fairfax, who had sworn to rid the county of the Klan and bring the leader to justice. The story is written to enlist the sympathy of the reader with the cause of the Southerners, and in that respect also it is well done. Apart from its romantic aspect "The Traitor" has certain historical value, and if all the things which it discloses really existed as a result of the war, it would seem that there was some excuse for the *quasi* guerilla tactics that were practised in the South after peace had been at least nominally restored.



JAPAN AS SEEN BY A WOMAN

A PART from the world-wide attention that was directed to Japan owing to the war with Russia, that country is still in the limelight because of the aggressiveness of the Japanese in countries foreign from them. We have had lamentable evidence of that fact only too recently here in Canada, and therefore much interest centres in a volume written by Gertrude Adams Fisher entitled "A Woman Alone in the Heart of Japan" (Boston: L. C. Page and Company). It is the more valuable from a popular standpoint because it tells of the customs and habits of the people of Japan as the author observed them herself rather than of the politics of that country. Nothing is minced or smoothed over. If there were vices to be seen in a casual way, they are dealt with in the book, and it may astonish some to know that the Geisha, which is popularly regarded as a picturesque and harmless means of entertainment, gives place to what might be regarded as a national vice. Some of the



IN THE RICE FIELDS

Illustration from "A Woman Alone in the Heart of Japan," by Gertrude Adams Fisher.

chapters deal with the following subjects: "The Cherry-blossom Season," "The Buddhist University and the Jud School," "The Great Japanese Industries, and the Stock Market," "Woman's Education in Japan." The volume is well illustrated with reproductions of actual photographs, and is in every respect a very attractive publication.



ROMAN ECONOMICS

IN "Roman Economic Conditions to the Close of the Republic," Prof. Edmund Henry Oliver has made a valuable contribution to the *University of Toronto Studies*. Prof. Oliver will be remembered as the Alexander Mackenzie Fellow in political science at the University of Toronto, and later as lecturer in history at McMaster University. He undertook the work of writing on the economics of Rome in order to fulfil an obligation incurred during his fellowship at the University of Toronto. He had long given a great deal of serious study to the subject, with the result that the volume may be regarded as a conscientious, illuminative treatment

of an extremely interesting period in the world's history.



THE DRESDEN ART GALLERY

LOVERS of art, students of the history of art, and those who are interested in noted collections of art, have much to interest them in "The Art of the Dresden Gallery," by Julia de Wolf Addison (Boston: L. C. Page and Company. Cloth, \$2). The book is written from notes and observations on the old and modern masters and paintings in the royal collection by one who has devoted an immense amount of time to the study and appreciation of art as well in other famous collections as at Dresden. The Dresden gallery contains one of the most noted assemblies of pictures in the world, and it is without doubt one of the most interesting and valuable; in fact, not to know its contents is not to know art. It contains Raphael's San Sisto Madonna, that great master's greatest work; a gem by Van Eyck, a celebrated Holbein; many examples of Rubens and Rembrandt, Van Dyck's *Man in Armour*,

splendid specimens of the Venetians, with Titian's *Tribute Money*; the finest row of Correggios in Europe, and innumerable treasures in Flemish, Dutch and German art, besides a splendid Murillo. The author is not overly fulsome in her praise, because she admits that there is considerable indifferent work in the gallery. The collection was started by the Elector Augustus in 1560. The volume describing it in its present glory contains forty-eight full-page duogravure illustrations.



THE CANADIAN ANNUAL REVIEW

THE annual publication of "The Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs," by J. Castell Hopkins (Toronto: The Annual Publishing Company) is always watched with interest, and it is now regarded as a valuable contribution to the discussion of public questions. The sixth issue, which deals with the year 1906, maintains the standard that had been set for it. Comparison is made between the trade of Canada, which rose to \$91 per head of population, and that of the United States, which was only \$40 per head. The volume contains almost 650 pages devoted to the affairs of the year, and there are as well numerous half-tone reproductions of photographs of persons who figured prominently in various capacities.



NOTES

—Gilbert Parker's latest novel, "The Weavers," which is regarded as the author's strongest work, and which has had the distinction of running serially in Harper's Magazine, will be issued in book form late in September in a Canadian Copyright Edition by The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Toronto. The publishers report that they have received from the booksellers unusually large advance orders for this novel.



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Whose latest book "Haunters of the Silences" was reviewed in the August number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

—Under the editorship of the literary correspondent, Mr. J. H. W. Mackie, the Canadian Club of Toronto have issued a neat volume entitled "Proceedings of the Canadian Club, Toronto, for the year 1906-1907." The book contains all the speeches that were delivered before the Club last season, together with reproductions of photographs of the speakers, and it is therefore a valuable publication.

What Others Are Laughing at

STRINGER AND THE SAFE MAN

THE *Saturday Evening Post* tells this story of two Canadian writers now living in the United States: "Before Arthur Stringer came into the popular favour which he now enjoys as a writer of stories, he was living with a fellow

author, Harry O'Higgins, on the top floor of the old studio building at 146 Fifth Avenue, New York. It was very bohemian, that top floor, with one whole wall, in what they called The Chamber of a Thousand Sorrows, papered with rejection slips from editors. But in winter it was as cold as charity, for the only steam heat was in the halls. So Stringer and O'Higgins, in those early 'lean years,' used to hang an old burlap curtain across their stair-head, and, when the rest of the house had settled down to slumber and quietness, used to take up their beds, or rather their two-dollar cots, and steal out in their pyjamas to the hallway, to slumber in that nice, warm, and steam-heated atmosphere.

"Stringer had been wrestling with a safe-breaking story, and had read a vault advertisement in the back of a magazine where 'catalogues free' were announced. So, naturally enough, he ventured to write and ask for all descriptive catalogues dealing with extra-large burglar-proof vaults. That Fifth Avenue address brought a silk-hatted and frock-coated representative of the well-known Broadway safe-makers over, with the catalogues in question, the very next morning. He ascended those shabby studio stairs, flight by flight, with gradually darkening hopes. When he lifted the old burlap curtain and discovered that the recumbent frame on the two-dollar cot was his dreamed-of purchaser, he gave vent to one silent look of disgust and departed without a word!

"And O'Higgins always claimed that



A CORDIAL SMILE

—Punch.

Stringer threw a milk-bottle at the man for waking him up at ten o'clock in the morning!"



ANY ONE BUT THE COOK

A MAN shouldn't marry his cook—no matter how well she cooks. He will probably lose a good friend in the kitchen for an indifferent one in the dining-room.—*The Lone Hand*.



A CURIOUS DEBTOR

"I WAS asked to find out when you would pay this little account," said the collector pleasantly.

"Really," answered the debtor, "I am unable to enlighten you. However, there is a soothsayer in the next block who throws a fit and reveals the future at fifty cents a throw."

"I've no money to waste," growled the collector.

"Just add the fifty cents to my account," continued the other, "for I have curiosity on the point myself."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



A LUCKY MONTH

SOMETHING at the Dutch Treat Club dinner recently reminded George Mallon, of the *Sun*, of an old man up in Malone, N.Y., called Uncle Ike. He was so famed for his wisdom that whenever anything extraordinary happened, the villagers always asked: "What does Uncle Ike say?"

Once a man became ill there and had to go West. Word came back to Malone about the end of the winter that he had reached the point of death. Everybody naturally asked: "What does Uncle Ike say?"

"He'll live till June," said Uncle Ike, promptly.

"Why do you think so?" asked Malone, breathlessly.

"Well," answered Uncle Ike, sagely, "he always has."—*Everybody's*.



WHAT IS MOLLYCODDLE

THIS paper tried last week to help a correspondent to an understanding of the significance of the word "mollycoddle," recently popularised by the President. We gave the Century Diction-



LITTLE WILLIE BEAR: "Oh, please, father, do buy me one of these cute little Teddy-men!"—*Life*.

ary's definition. Perhaps a more vivid conception of the idea sought to be conveyed by the President's word will be imparted if we define a mollycoddle, in language once attributed to an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as a person with a chocolate-eclair backbone.—*Harper's Weekly*.



NO CHANGING THE LOG

ON a certain ship the mate was too fond of the cup that cheers. The captain did his utmost to break him of this habit, and, everything else failing, told him that the next time he was drunk he would write it in the log. For a long time after this the mate stopped drinking, but one day he fell into his old habit. Thereupon the captain wrote the following entry in the log:

"August 12, 19—; 60 deg. north longitude, 70 deg. west latitude. Mate Jones is drunk to-day."

The mate begged him to take this off, saying that it would spoil his chances of ever being made captain of a ship. But the captain said, "It's true, isn't it?"

"Yes; but—" replied the mate.

"Well," said the captain, "the record stands."

A few days later the mate had to write the entry. On looking over the log the amazed captain saw this entry:

"August 15, 19—; 80 deg. north longitude, 67 deg. west latitude. Captain Smith is sober to-day."



"What are those boys fighting about?"
 "Just me."—*Life*.

He sent for the mate and demanded what he meant by such an entry, ordering him to take it off.

"Well," said the mate, "it's true, isn't it?"

"Of course it's true!" roared the captain.

"Then the record stands," replied the mate.—*Judge*.



COULDN'T BE BRIBED ON CREDIT

IN one of the Upper Peninsula counties of Michigan is a lawyer, not a bad fellow, but possessing the capacity to say the wrong thing at the right time. He was recently employed as attorney for the plaintiff in an action before a justice growing out of an assault. The defendant and plaintiff are labourers, both foreigners, and the defendant, as soon as process was

served, anxious to settle, went to see the plaintiff's attorney to effect a compromise. He had no money, but was profuse in promises to fix it up "pay day," and told the attorney if he consented to fixing the matter up he would make it right with him personally. Assuming that dignity which pertains to the profession, and filled with righteous indignation over the mere suggestions of payment from the opposition, he replied in just anger:

"My dear sir, I am the plaintiff's attorney in this case, and can't accept any compromise without consulting my client, and you must not come to me with such a proposition. I want you people to distinctly understand once for all time

that you can't bribe an honest lawyer, *on credit*."—*Green Bag*.



DEFINITION OF A LIE

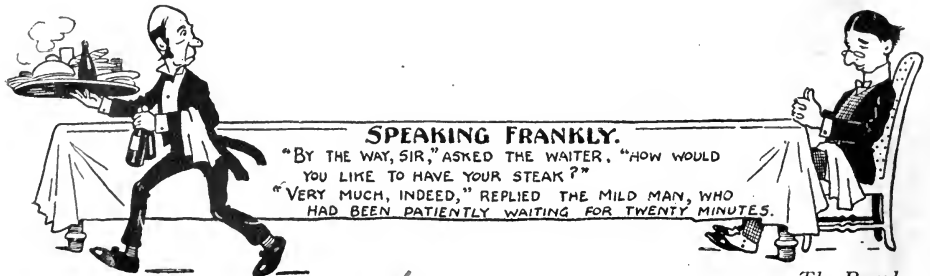
THE vicar was addressing the school on the subject of truth. He expounded at some length on the wickedness of lying, and before going on to the merits of speaking the truth he thought he would see if the children really understood him.

"Now," said he, "can any one tell me what a lie is?"

Immediately a number of small hands shot up. The vicar selected a bright-looking youngster.

"Well, my little man?"

"Please, sir, a lie is an abomination unto every one, but a very pleasant help in time of trouble."—*Lutheran Observer*.



SPEAKING FRANKLY.

"BY THE WAY, SIR," ASKED THE WAITER, "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE YOUR STEAK?"

"VERY MUCH, INDEED," REPLIED THE MILD MAN, WHO HAD BEEN PATIENTLY WAITING FOR TWENTY MINUTES.

—*The Royal*.

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